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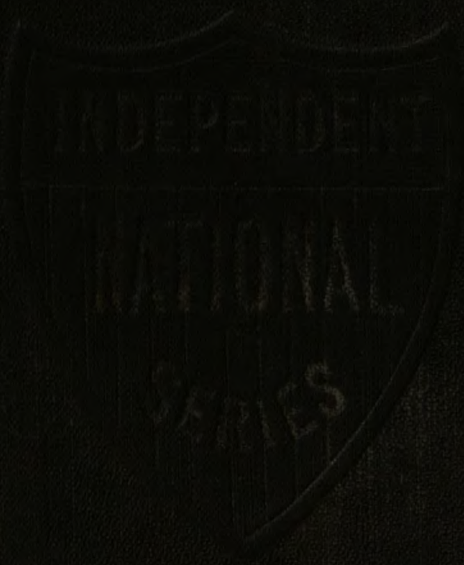
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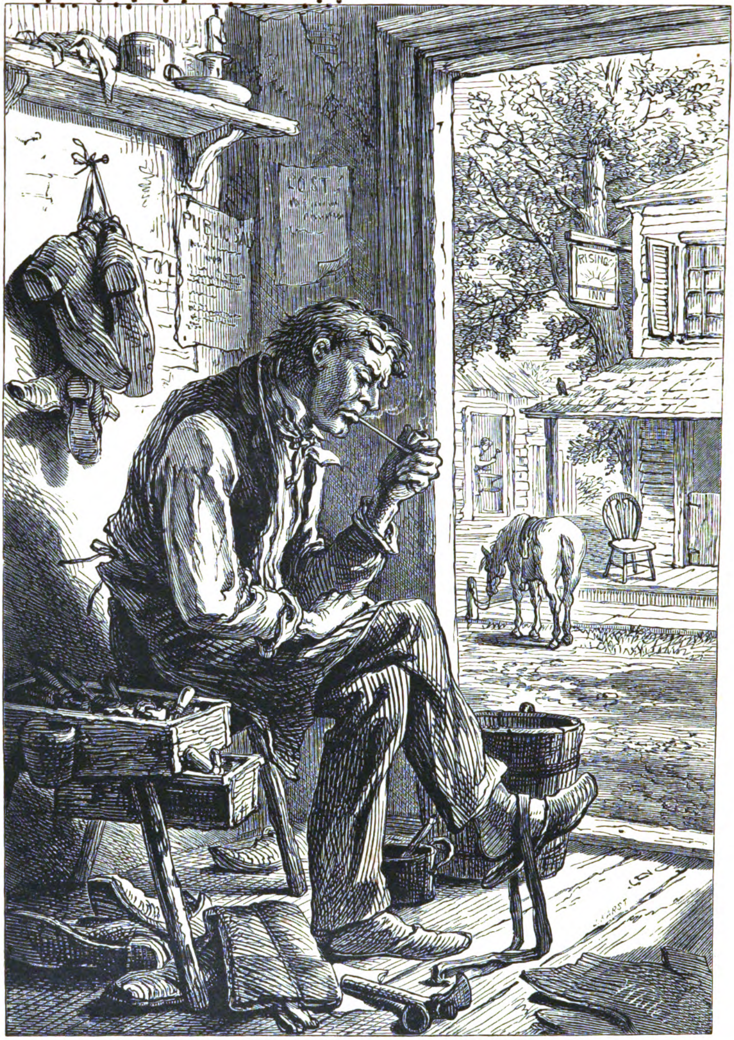
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THE STRANDED VILLAGE (WHITTIER).

The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

INDEPENDENT

SIXTH READER:

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL TREATISE
ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS;
SELECT READINGS AND RECITATIONS;
WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND A
FULL INDEX THERETO.

BY J. MADISON WATSON,

Author of the National and the Independent Readers, Spellers, and Primers; The Hand-Book of Gymnastics; the Manual of Calisthenics; Tablets, etc.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, & NEW ORLEANS.

TO TEACHERS.

ZEALOUS ***and well-directed Effort*** in the use of this concluding volume of the Series must result in success. The *Introductory Treatise* presents all needful directions and exercises for a thorough and practical knowledge of Elocution. Require students to commit to memory and recite the important principles, definitions and examples. Employ the lessons for *Readings*, and apply the principles daily, in all recitations and conversations, until their right use shall become easy, uniform, and habitual.

The Readings of Part Second, while illustrating most felicitously and *in extenso* all the elements of Elocution, afford mental nutriment of the highest order for a literary education which shall develop and unfold both the practical and the ideal man. Now, if ever, the student must acquire a love for a pure, finished, manly style—for the genuine prose and verse which refine, strengthen, ennoble, give wholesome conceptions of life, and minister alike to mental and spiritual growth.

Require a Preparation, before reading, which shall enable the student, *without formal questions*, to give, *first*, the title of the piece; *secondly*, the words liable to mispronunciation in the reading and the notes; *thirdly*, all needful definitions, explanations, and biographical sketches, either immediately connected with the lesson, or found by reference to the *Index to Notes*; *fourthly*, a summary of the reading, in his own language; and *fifthly*, the moral, conclusion, or outcome. Direct his attention daily to the character of the composition—its grammatical construction, rhetorical figures, logical arrangement, etc.

AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS are cautioned against the use, in their publications, of the original material, classifications, arrangements, methods, and other features of the Independent Readers.

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PREFACE.

A READING-BOOK of moderate size, for advanced classes, presenting Elocution in its entirety both as a science and an art, is an urgent need which this work is designed to supply. Its purpose, also, is to serve as a companion-book to the many excellent works on grammar, rhetoric, and English composition, affording numerous and apposite illustrative examples, and, above all, to present such a Course of Readings, with the requisite Annotations, as shall give to the great mass of students, who do not aspire to *belles-lettres*, a love for the pure, beautiful, and invigorating elements in literature, which, while elevating the soul, promote healthful mental growth.

Part First exhibits in logical order, and with scientific precision, the Elocutionary Principles of recognized importance now employed by our ablest instructors. The rules are stated in language so succinct, perspicuous, and comprehensive, that the necessity for *exceptions* is avoided. A novel feature, and one of the most valuable for class instruction, is the introduction of a Series of Blackboard Diagrams, presenting in due order all the divisions of the Treatise and their relations to each other. The examples for illustration and class drill are the most valuable of an extensive collection, made during a period of twenty years chiefly devoted to elocution and literature.

Part Second contains one hundred and five selections of surpassing worth, representing every variety of style and subject, and specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. Believing that the essentiality of a good reading, either in prose or verse, calls for a profound and enduring, as well as a brilliant or vivid effect—a result never secured by undue brevity—special efforts have been made to present selections of suitable length, and of a character that will not permit the interest to flag. They are chiefly new, and derived from the most reliable sources, many of them with such important and original Adaptations as retain the gist of the matter, and, at the same time, bring them within the prescribed limits.

The Readings are graded in a systematic manner, the simplest appearing first in order, and their classification is more thorough than that of any corresponding work. They are divided into formal sections, in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or a single element of elocution rendered prominent. The introduction of full-page wood-cuts of the highest degree of merit—not only faithfully illustrating the text, but serving as incentives and accessories to æsthetic studies—it is to be hoped will inaugurate a new era in the style of school-book publications.

The orthoëpical and explanatory *Aids* which accompany the text are unusually complete. The pronunciation of words liable to be mispronounced; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of authors, and of persons whose names occur in the readings, are introduced in due order; and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference. In this Edition, all of *Webster's* marked letters, and the combinations ou, ch, sh, th, wh, and ng, forming a complete phonic alphabet, are used to indicate pronunciation in the *Notes and the Body of the Readings*.

As a table-book for individuals and families, not less than a text-book for students, the author trusts that this concluding volume of his new series will supply an acknowledged want.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1877.

CONTENTS.

I. ELOCUTION.

I. ORTHOEPY.

PAGE
ARTICULATION.......... 18
  Definitions.......... 18
  Oral Elements.......... 21
  Table of Oral Elements.......... 21
  Cognates.......... 23
  Alphabetic Equivalents.......... 23
  Oral Elements combined.......... 25
  Errors in Articulation.......... 27
  Words.......... 28
  Analysis of Words.......... 28
  Rules in Articulation.......... 31
  Exercises in Articulation.......... 32
  Phonetic Laughter.......... 33
SYLLABICATION.......... 34
  Definitions.......... 34
  Rules in Syllabication.......... 35
  Exercise in Syllabication.......... 36
ACCENT.......... 37
  Definitions.......... 37
  Exercises in Accent.......... 38
  Words distinguished by Accent.......... 39
  Accent changed by Contrast.......... 39

II. EXPRESSION.

EMPHASIS.......... 41
  Definitions.......... 41
  Rules in Emphasis.......... 42
  Exercises in Emphasis.......... 43

PAGE
INFLECTION 45
  Definitions 45
  Rules in Inflection 46
  Exercises in Inflection 47

SLUR 50
  Exercises in Slur 50

MODULATION 56
  Pitch 56
  Force 59
  Quality 62
  Rate 67

MONOTONE 70
  Exercises in Monotone 70

PERSONATION 73
  Exercises in Personation 73

PAUSES 78
  Definitions 78
  Grammatical Pauses 79
  Rhetorical Pauses 80
  Suspensive Quantity 81
  Exercises in Pauses 82

KEY TO MARKED LETTERS 86

II. READINGS.

I. PROSE PIECES.

SECTION I 91
  2. The Sense of Beauty—Part First 91
  3. The Sense of Beauty—Part Second *O. Dewey.* 93

SECTION II 98
  5. Youthful Friendship—Part First 98
  6. Youthful Friendship—Part Second *John Wilson.* 101

SECTION IV 119
  11. The Bashful Man *Thomas Gray.* 119
  13. Dominie Sampson *Sir Walter Scott.* 126

PAGE
SECTION V.......... 142
16. The Sky.......... *John Ruskin.* 142
18. The Natural and Moral Worlds.......... *T. S. Grimkè.* 145
19. Provident Nature.......... *R. W. Emerson.* 148
20. Nature's Teaching.......... *O. Dewey.* 150
22. Earth and its Creator.......... *Thomas Chalmers.* 158
SECTION VI.......... 161
24. Sleepy Hollow.......... *Washington Irving.* 163
SECTION VIII.......... 189
33. The First Man.......... *Comte de Buffon.* 190
34. The Man of Ideality.......... *R. H. Dana.* 194
SECTION IX.......... 202
39. Right Use of Wealth.......... *Ruskin.* 214
SECTION XI.......... 227
45. It will Never do to be Idle.......... 228
47. Agriculture—Part First.......... 233
48. Agriculture—Part Second.......... *H. Greeley.* 237
49. An Ideal Farm.......... *Edward Everett.* 242
SECTION XII.......... 244
51. Mother and Son—Part First.......... 247
52. Mother and Son—Part Second.......... 248
53. Mother and Son—Part Third.......... *R. H. Dana.* 251
SECTION XIII.......... 257
55. Intemperance.......... *W. E. Channing.* 257
58. The Duel—Part First.......... 264
59. The Duel—Part Second.......... *Charles Dickens.* 267
SECTION XIV.......... 270
60. Cheerfulness—Part First.......... 270
61. Cheerfulness—Part Second.......... *E. P. Whipple.* 276
62. The Candid Man—Part First.......... 281
63. The Candid Man—Part Second.......... *E. B. Lytton.* 284
SECTION XV.......... 296
65. Character of Lord Byron.......... *H. S. Legaré.* 296
67. Capture of Breda.......... *J. L. Motley.* 302
69. Recapture of the Philadelphia.......... *J. F. Cooper.* 312
SECTION XVI.......... 319
70. Eloquence—Part First.......... 319
71. Eloquence—Part Second.......... *R. W. Emerson.* 325
73. Arts of Expression.......... *O. Dewey.* 335

PAGE
SECTION XVII 338
74. The Drama of History .... *J. A. Froude.* 338
76. The Ransom of Atahuallpa .... *W. H. Prescott.* 343
77. King Philip's War—Part First 347
78. King Philip's War—Part Second .... *W. Irving.* 351
79. Character of Franklin. .... *Geo. Bancroft.* 356
80. Character of Washington .... *D. Webster.* 360
SECTION XXII 431
98. Charity .... *E. Everett.* 441
SECTION XXIII 455
102. Vision of Sudden Death .... *De Quincey.* 456

II. PIECES IN VERSE.

SECTION I 87
1. Address to Beauty .... *Mrs. Norton.* 87
4. Hymn to the Beautiful .... *R. H. Stoddard.* 95
SECTION II 98
7. Scenes of Youth .... *Ralph Hoyt.* 104
SECTION III 108
8. The Hunters' Vision .... *W. C. Bryant.* 108
9. The Lost Hunter .... *Albert. B. Street.* 113
10. The Hunters' Legend .... *J. G. Whittier.* 117
SECTION IV 119
12. The Old Man of the Sea .... *O. W. Holmes.* 123
14. Skipper Ireson's Ride .... *J. G. Whittier.* 129
15. Miss Kilmansegg's Ride .... *Thomas Hood.* 132
16. How the Old Horse Won the Bet .... *O. W. Holmes.* 136
SECTION V 142
21. Earth and her Praisers .... *Elizabeth B. Browning.* 152
SECTION VI 161
23. The Deserted Road .... *T. B. Read.* 161
25. The Stranded Village .... *J. G. Whittier.* 165
26. The Fire of Drift-Wood .... *H. W. Longfellow.* 167
SECTION VII 169
27. Lord William .... *R. Southey.* 169
28. Garnaut Hall—Part First 174
29. Garnaut Hall—Part Second .... *T. B. Aldrich.* 178
30. O'Connor's Child .... *T. Campbell.* 181

PAGE
SECTION VIII.. 189
31. Adam First Awakened........................*H. Coleridge.* 189
32. Eve First Awakened..........................*John Milton.* 189
35. The Last Man...................................*T. Campbell.* 200

SECTION X... 218
40. Annabel Lee.......................................*Edgar A. Poe.* 218
41. The Message..........................*Miss A. A. Procter.* 220
42. Evelyn Hope.............................*Robert Browning.* 221
43. Barbara..*Alex. Smith.* 223

SECTION XI.. 227
44. The Lost Day..*C. Mackay.* 227
46. What is Noble...*C. Swain.* 231

SECTION XII... 244
50. Better Moments......................................*N. P. Willis.* 244
54. The Rim of the Bowl..............................*C. Mackay.* 255

SECTION XIII.. 257
57. The Vagabonds ....*J. T. Trowbridge.* 261

SECTION XIV... 270
64. L'Allegro...*John Milton.* 288

SECTION XV.. 296
66. Address to the Ocean.........................*Lord Byron.* 300
68. Hervé Riel..*R. Browning.* 309

SECTION XVII.. 338
75. The Western World.............................*W. C. Bryant.* 341

SECTION XVIII... 366
81. Haunted Houses..........................*H. W. Longfellow.* 366
82. The Haunted House—Part First.......................... 368
83. The Haunted House—Part Second...................... 373
84. The Haunted House—Part Third...........*Thomas Hood.* 376

SECTION XIX... 380
86. The Lay of the Bell—Part First............................ 385
87. The Lay of the Bell—Part Second ...*Schiller, Lytton's trans.* 391

SECTION XX.. 397
88. Countess Laura—Part First.................................. 397
89. Countess Laura—Part Second ....*George H. Boker.* 402
90. The Golden Supper—Part First.............................. 409
91. The Golden Supper—Part Second.........*Alfred Tennyson.* 414

PAGE
SECTION XXII.. 431
94. Vision of Sir Launfal—Prelude to Part First.............. 431
95. Vision of Sir Launfal—Part First.......................... 434
96. Vision of Sir Launfal—Prelude to Part Second............ 436
97. Vision of Sir Launfal—Part Second.......*James R. Lowell.* 438
99. Hymn to the Nativity—Part First 446
100. Hymn to the Nativity—Part Second ....*John Milton.* 451

SECTION XXIII... 455
101. Death in June ....*W. C. Bryant.* 455
103. Death.................................*W. E. Channing.* 463
104. Intimations of Immortality..................*Wordsworth.* 466
105. At the Grave.................................*R. H. Dana.* 471

III. DIALOGUES.

SECTION IX 202
36. The Dower.....................................*Philip Massinger.* 202
37. The Three Dowers............................*Shakspeare.* 206
38. Enjoying Money ....*H. W. Beecher.* 208

SECTION XIII.. 257
56. Regrets of Drunkenness......................*Shakspeare.* 258

SECTION XVI... 319
72. Epictetus and Seneca........................*W. S. Landor.* 331

SECTION XIX... 380
85. Scene from Wallenstein...........*Schiller, Coleridge's trans.* 380

SECTION XXI... 422
92. Tiberius and Vipsania.......................*W. S. Landor.* 422
93. The Court Scene ....*Shakspeare.* 426

Alphabetical List of Authors.[1]

Aldrich, T. B., 174, 178.
Bancroft, George, 356.
Beecher, H. W., 208.
Boker, G. H., 397, 402.
Browning, Elizabeth B., 152.
Browning, Robert, 221, 309.
Bryant, W. C., 108, 341, 455.
Buffon, Comte de, 190.
Byron, G. G., 300.
Campbell, Thomas, 181, 200.
Chalmers, Thomas, 158.
Channing, W. E., 257, 463.
Coleridge, Hartley, 189.
Coleridge, S. T., 380.
Cooper, J. Fennimore, 312.
Dana, R. H., 194, 247, 248, 251, 471.
De Quincey, Thomas, 456.
Dewey, Orville, 91, 93, 150, 335.
Dickens, Charles, 264, 267.
Emerson, R. W., 148, 319, 325.
Everett, Edward, 242, 441.
Froude, J. A., 338.
Gray, Thomas, 119.
Greeley, Horace, 233, 237.
Grimke, T. S., 145.
Holmes, O. W., 123, 136.
Hood, T., 132, 368, 373, 376.
Hoyt, Ralph, 104.
Irving, W., 163, 347, 351.
Landor, W. S., 331, 422.
Legare, H. S., 296.
Longfellow, H. W., 167, 366.
Lowell, J. R., 431, 434, 436, 438.
Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, 281, 284, 385, 393.
Mackay, Charles, 227, 255.
Massinger, Philip, 202.
Milton, John, 189, 288, 446, 451.
Motley, John L., 302.
Norton, Mrs., 87.
Poe, Edgar A., 218.
Prescott, William H., 343.
Procter, Miss A. A., 220.
Read, T. B., 161.
Ruskin, John, 142, 214.
Schiller, J. C. F. von, 380, 385, 391.
Scott, Sir Walter, 126.
Shakspeare, Wm., 206, 258, 426.
Shelley, P. B., 142.
Smith, Alexander, 223.
Southey, Robert, 169.
Stoddard, R. H., 95.
Street, A. B., 113.
Swain, Charles, 231.
Tennyson, Alfred, 409, 414.
Trowbridge, J. T., 261.
Webster, Daniel, 360.
Whipple, E. P., 270, 276.
Whittier, J. G., 117, 129, 165.
Willis, N. P., 244.
Wilson, John, 98, 101.
Wordsworth, William, 466.

---

[1] *The figures refer to Readings. For Biographical Sketches, see next page.*

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF AUTHORS.[1]

SHAKSPEARE, WILLIAM	260
MASSINGER, PHILIP	205
MILTON, JOHN	295
BUFFON, COMTE DE	194
GRAY, THOMAS	123
SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON	396
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	470
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	128
COLERIDGE, S. T.	385
SOUTHEY, ROBERT	173
LANDOR, W. S.	335
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	188
CHALMERS, THOMAS	161
CHANNING, W. E.	258
WEBSTER, DANIEL	366
IRVING, WASHINGTON	165
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS	462
WILSON, JOHN	103
GRIMKE, T. S.	147
DANA, R. H.	199
BYRON, G. G.	301
COOPER, J. FENNIMORE	318
SHELLEY, P. B.	144
BRYANT, W. C.	110
DEWEY, ORVILLE	95
EVERETT, EDWARD	244
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY	189
PRESCOTT, WILLIAM H.	346
LEGARE, H. S.	299
HOOD, THOMAS	136
BANCROFT, GEORGE	359
SWAIN, CHARLES	233
EMERSON, R. W.	149
LYTTON, SIR E. BULWER	288
WILLIS, N. P.	246
LONGFELLOW, H. W.	168
NORTON, MRS. C. E. S.	90
WHITTIER, J. G.	119
HOLMES, O. W.	125
BROWNING, ELIZABETH B.	158
TENNYSON, ALFRED	422
GREELEY, HORACE	241
POE, EDGAR A.	219
STREET, A. B.	117
DICKENS, CHARLES	270
HOYT, RALPH	108
BROWNING, ROBERT	222
MACKAY, CHARLES	228
BEECHER, H. W.	213
MOTLEY, JOHN L.	309
FROUDE, J. A.	341
WHIPPLE, E. P.	280
RUSKIN, JOHN	145
LOWELL, J. R.	441
READ, T. B.	162
BOKER, G. H.	409
STODDARD, R. H.	98
TROWBRIDGE, J. T.	264
ALDRICH, T. B.	181
SMITH, ALEXANDER	224
PROCTER, MISS A. A.	221

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[1] *The figures refer to Biographical Sketches. For Readings, see Alphabetical List.*

PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e̱; as, āle, ve̱il: *2.* ă; as, făt: *3.* ä; as, ärm: *4.* a̤, or ô; as, a̤ll, côrn: *5.* â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: *6.* ȧ; as, lȧst: *7.* ē, or ï; as, wē, pïque: *8.* ĕ; as, ĕnd: *9.* ẽ, ĩ, or û; as, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: *10.* ī, or ȳ; as, īce, skȳ: *11.* ĭ, or y̆; as, ĭll, ly̆nx: *12.* ō; as, ōld: *13.* ŏ, or a̤; as, ŏn, wha̤t: *14.* o̤, o͞o, or ṳ; as, do̤, fo͞ol, rṳle: *15.* ū; as, mūle: *16.* ŭ, or ȯ; as, ŭp, sȯn: *17.* ụ, ọ, or o͝o; as, bụll, wọlf, wo͝ol: *18.* Ou, or ou; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; as, babe: *2.* d; as, did: *3.* ḡ; as, ḡiḡ: *4.* j, or ġ; as, jig, ġem: *5.* l; as, loll: *6.* m: as, mum: *7.* n; as, nun: *8.* n̲, or ng; as, lin̲k, sing: *9.* r; as, rare: *10.* Th, or th; as, This, with: *11.* v; as, vat: *12.* w; as, wig: *13.* y; as, yet: *14.* z, or s̱; as, zinc, his̱: *15.* z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

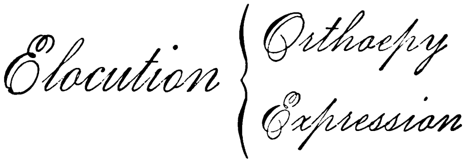
1. f; as, fife: *2.* h; as, hot: *3.* k, or ȼ; as, kin̲k, ȼat: *4.* p; as, pop: *5.* s, or ç; as, sense, çity: *6.* t; as, tart: *7.* Th, or th; as, Thorn, pith: *8.* Ch, or ch; as, Charles, rich: *9.* Sh, sh, or çh; as, Sharon, ash, çhaise: *10.* Wh, or wh; as, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; as, of*te*n (ŏf′n): x̱ for gz; as, ex̱ ăȼt′.

PART I.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. *Good Elocution* is the art of uttering ideäs understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOEPY and EXPRESSION.



BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.[1]

To secure *effective reading*—the only reading that can satisfy a laudable ambition—it will be necessary for the student, *first*, to acquire such a practical knowledge of the oral elements of the language as shall insure the precise pronunciation of the separate words, with as little apparent effort of the mind as is ordinarily employed in the act of walking; *secondly*, to learn the definitions of unusual or peculiarly significant words in the lesson—the explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions—and the analysis of all sentences that embrace parenthetical or other incidental matter; and *thirdly*, to acquire such a command of the perceptive faculties, of the emotional nature, and of the elements of expression, as shall enable him to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause the hearers to see, feel, and understand.

---

[1] **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as *indispensable*, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, they are here introduced not less for the convenience of young teachers than to serve as constant reminders, to all educators, of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces **Articulation**, **Syllabication**, and **Accent**.

Orthoepy { Articulation
Syllabication
Accent

Orthoëpy has to do with *separate* words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words. It properly embraces both the oral elements and the letters which represent them.

Articulation { Oral Elements
Letters

2. Oral Elements are the sounds which, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. Oral Elements are produced by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. ***The Principal Organs of Speech*** are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. ***Voice is produced*** by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. ***Oral Elements are divided*** into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

Oral Elements
- Tonics
- Subtonics
- Atonics

7. ***Tonics*** are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. ***Subtonics*** are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. ***Atonics*** are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. ***Letters*** are characters which are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. ***Letters may be classed*** as *representative*, into vowels and consonants; and as *formative*, into labials, dentals, linguals, and palatals.

Letters
- Representative
  - Vowels
  - Consonants
- Formative
  - Labials
  - Dentals
  - Linguals
  - Palatals

---

[1] **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe, consisting of five gristly pieces which form the organ of voice.

12. Vowels are the letters that usually represent the tonic elements. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[1]

13. A Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as ou in our, *ĕa* in br*ĕa*d.

14. A Proper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, nēither of which is silent: as ou in out, *ai* in s*ai*d.

15. An Improper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as ō*a* in lō*a*f, ō*u* in cō*u*rt.

16. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as *eau* in b*eau*, *ieu* in ad*ieu*.

17. Consonants[2] are the letters that usually represent ēither subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, sin̲gle letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations ch, sh, wh, ng; th subtonic, and th atonic.

18. Alphabetic Equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e* in p*i*que.

19. Labials are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and wh. *M* may be regarded as a nasal-labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

20. Dentals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, ch, and sh.

21. Linguals are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; and *y*, a lingua-palatal. Th subtonic and th atonic are lingua-dentals.

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[1] **W not a Vowel.**—As *w*, standing alone, does not represent a pure or unmodified tone, it is not here classified with the vowels.

[2] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant,* literally meaning *sounding with,* is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rârely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *tāken* (*kn*).

22. Palatals are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. The combined letter ng is a nasal-palatal.

23. Cognates are letters whose ōral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v; k* of *g*, etc.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the thrōat should be thrown, as much as possible, dĭrĕctly upward against the ro͞of of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then dĭmĭnish gradually and ēquably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with fōrce; and to prolŏng the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will fĭrst require the students to pronounce a cătch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, fōur times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; ăt—ă, ă, ă, ă; ăsh—ă, ă, ă, ă, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

ā,[1]	as in	āġe,	āte.	ä,	as in	ärt,	ärm.
ă,	"	ăt,	ăsh.	a̤,	"	a̤ll,	ba̤ll.

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[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the clȧss should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a cûrved line.

â,[1]	as in	bâre,	câre.	ō,	as in	ōld,	hōme.
ȧ,[2]	"	ȧsk,	glȧss.	ŏ,[4]	"	ŏn,	frŏst.
ē,	"	hē,	thēşe.	o̤,	"	do̤,	pro̤ve.
ĕ,	"	ĕlk,	ĕnd.	ū,[5]	"	cūbe,	cūre.
ẽ,[3]	"	hẽr,	vẽrse.	ŭ,	"	bŭd,	hŭsh.
ī,	"	īce,	chīld.	ụ,	"	fụll,	pụsh.
ĭ,	"	ĭn̲k,	ĭnch.	ou,	"	our,	house.

II. SUBTONICS.

b,	as in	*b*a*b*e,	ọr*b*.	*r*,[6]	as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
d,	"	*d*i*d*,	*d*im.	ŧh,	"	ŧhis,	wiŧh.
ḡ,	"	ḡaḡ,	ḡiḡ.	*v*,	"	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
j,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.	*w*,	"	*w*ake,	*w*işe.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.	*y*,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es.
m,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.	*z*,	"	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*i*n*e.	*zh*,	"	a*z*ure,	gla*z*ier.
ng,	"	gang,	lin̲k.				

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[1] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

[2] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by ȧ, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in ăt, ăsh, and *a*, as in ärm, ärt. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening short ă.

[3] **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by *e* (ẽ), is *e* as heard in *e*nd, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

[4] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ŏ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modified or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in n*o*t, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ŏff*, s*ŏft*, cr*ŏss*, c*ŏst*, br*ŏth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in g*ŏn*e, beg*ŏn*e; l*ŏng*, pr*ŏng*, s*ŏng*, thr*ŏng*, wr*ŏng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad a̤ [*a* in a̤ll], is *vulgar*.

[5] **U initial.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *ū*se.

[6] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the ro͞of of the mouth. Frequently require the student, ȧfter a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as lŏng as possible. When immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable, it always should be trilled.

III. ATONICS.

f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*i*f*e.	*t*,	as in	*t*ar*t*,	*t*oas*t*.
h,	"	*h*ark,	*h*arm.	th,	"	thank,	youth.
k,	"	*k*ind,	*k*iss.	ch,	"	chase,	march.
p,	"	*p*i*p*e,	*p*um*p*.	sh,	"	shade,	shake.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*en*s*e.	wh,[1]	"	whale,	white.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and ōnly differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
li*p*,	*p*.	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*i*f*e,	*f*.	*v*ase,	*v*.
white,	wh.	*w*ise,	*w*.
*s*ave,	*s*.	*z*eal,	*z*.
shade,	sh.	a*z*ure,	*zh*.
charm,	ch.	*j*oin,	*j*.
*t*ar*t*,	*t*.	*d*i*d*,	*d*.
thing,	th.	this,	th.
*k*in*k*,	*k*.	ḡiḡ,	ḡ.

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following fôrmulȧ: The Alphabetic Equivalents of

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[1] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of wh, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the âir is escaping.

A first power are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey;* as in the words g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, m*e*l*ee*′, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ā, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, e̱, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey;* as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, me̱l*ee*′, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For ă, *ai*, *ua;* as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For ä, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua;* as in h*au*nt, s*e*rgeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For a̤, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, ô, *oa*, *ou;* as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, côrk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For â, *ai*, ê, *ea*, *ei;* as in ch*ai*r, thêre, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ē, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, ï, *ie;* as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, valïse, f*ie*ld.

For ĕ, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue;* as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ẽ, *ea*, ĩ, *o*, *ou*, û, *ue*, *y;* as in *ea*rth, gĩrl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, bûrn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ī, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, ȳ, *ye;* as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, mȳ, r*ye*.

For ĭ, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, y̆; as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, hy̆mn.

For ō, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow;* as in h*au*tboy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ŏ, ạ, *ou*, *ow;* as in whạt, h*ou*gh, kn*ow*ledge.

For o̤, *ew*, *oe*, o͞o, *ou*, ṳ, *ui;* as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, spo͞on, s*ou*p, rṳde, fr*ui*t.

For ū, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui;* as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ŭ, ȯ, *oe*, *oo*, *ou;* as in lȯve, d*oe*s̱, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For ụ, ọ, o͝o, *ou;* as in wọlf, bo͝ok, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow;* as in n*ow*.

For oi (a̤ĭ), *oy* (ôy̆); as in bôy̆.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph;* as in côu*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, ġ; as in ġem, ġin.

For k, c, *ch*, *gh*, *q;* as in cole, cŏn̲*ch*, lŏu*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, *ç;* as in çell.
For t, *d*, *th*, *phth;* as in dance*d*, *Th*ames, *phth*işie.
For v, *f*, *ph;* as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.
For y, *i;* as in pin*i*on.
For z, *c*, ş, *x;* as in suffi*c*e, roşe, *x*ebec.
For zh, *g*, *s;* as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.
For ng, n̲; as in an̲ger, ban̲k.
For ch, *t;* as in fus*t*ian.
For sh, *c*, *çh*, *s*, *ss*, *t;* as in o*c*ean, *çh*aişe, *s*ṳre, a*ss*ṳre, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a clȧss thôrōugh drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exerciseş will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sounds.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bā, bă, bä, ba̤, bâr, bȧf; bē, bĕ, bẽr;
īb, ĭb; ōb, ŏb, o̤b; ūb, ŭb, ụb; oub.
dā, dă, dä, da̤, dâr, dȧs; dē, dĕ, dẽr;
īd, ĭd; ōd, ŏd, o̤d; ūd, ŭd, ụd; oud.
ḡā, ḡă, ḡä, ḡa̤, ḡâr, ḡȧn; ḡē, ḡĕ, ḡẽr;
īḡ, ĭḡ; ōḡ, ŏḡ, o̤ḡ; ūḡ, ŭḡ, ụḡ; ouḡ.

2. jȧs, jâr, ja̤, jä, jă, jā; jẽr, jĕ, jē;
ĭj, īj; o̤j, ŏj, ōj; ụj, ŭj, ūj; ouj.
lȧs, lâr, la̤, lä, lă, lā; lẽr, lĕ, lē;

ĭl, īl ; o̤l, ŏl, ōl ; ụl, ŭl, ūl ; oul.
mȧs, mâr, ma̤, mä, mă, mā ; mẽr, mĕ, mē ;
ĭm, īm ; o̤m, ŏm, ōm ; ụm, ŭm, ūm ; oum.

3. ān, a̤n, ăn, ârn, nȧn, än ; ēn, ẽrn, ĕn ;
nī, nĭ ; no̤, nō, nŏ ; nū, nụ, nŭ ; nou.
ăng, ârng, äng, ȧf, a̤ng, āng ; ĕng, ẽrng, ēng ;
ĭng, īng ; ŏng, ōng, o̤ng ; ụng, ŭng, ūng ; oung.
rā, rä, râr, ră, ra̤, rȧf ; rē, rẽr, rĕ ;
rĭ, rī ; rŏ, rō, ro̤ ; rụ, rŭ, rū ; rou.

4. ăth, a̤th, ȧf, āth, ârth, äth ; ĕth, ẽrth, ēth ;
thī, thĭ ; thŏ, thō, tho̤ ; thū, thụ, thŭ ; thou.
vā, vä, vâr, vă, vȧf, va̤ ; vẽr, vē, vĕ ;
īv, ĭv ; o̤v, ōv, ŏv ; ŭv, ūv, ụv ; ouv.
wā, wä, wâr, wă, wa̤, wȧf ; wẽr, wĕ, wē ;
wĭ, wī ; wō, wŏ, wo̤ ; wū, wụ, wŭ ; wou.

5. yā, yă, yä, ya̤, yâr, yȧn ; yē, yĕ, yẽr ;
yī, yĭ ; yō, yŏ, yo̤ ; yū, yŭ, yụ ; you.
zou ; zụ, zŭ, zū ; zo̤, zŏ, zō ; zĭ, zī ;
zẽr, zĕ, zē ; zȧf, zâr, za̤, zä, ză, zā.
ouzh ; ụzh, ŭzh, ūzh ; o̤zh, ŏzh, ōzh ; ĭzh, īzh ;
ẽrzh, ĕzh, ēzh ; ȧf, ârzh, a̤zh, äzh, ăzh, āzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fe̱, fă, fä, fô, fêr, fȧs ; fï, fĕ, fĩr ;
īf, ĭf ; ōf, ŏf, o̤f ; ūf, ȯf, ọf ; ouf.
hâr, hȧn, ha̤, hä, hā, hă ; hĕ, hē, hẽr ;
hĭ, hī ; hō, hŏ, ho̤ ; hū, hụ, hŭ ; hou.
āk, ăk, a̤k, äk, ârk, ȧf ; ĕk, ēk, ẽrk ;
kĭ, kī ; kō, kŏ, ko̤ ; kū, kụ, kŭ ; kou.

2. e̱p, ăp, äp, ôp, êrp, pȧf ; pĕ, pï, pûr ;
py̆, pȳ ; ōp, o͞op, a̤p ; pū, pȯ, po͝o ; oup.
ȧf, ârs, a̤s, äs, ăs, ās ; sẽr, sĕ, sē ;
ĭs, īs ; o̤s, ŏs, ōs ; sụ, sŭ, sū ; ous.
tȧs, têr, tô, ät, ăt, āt ; tĩr, ĕt, ēt ;
tĭ, tī ; tŏ, to̤, tō ; ūt, ụt, ŭt ; tou.

3. thȧf, thâr, tha̤, thä, thā, thă; thẽr, thē, thĕ;
īth, ĭth; ōth, o̤th, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, ụth; outh.
ouch; ụch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, o̤ch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ẽrch, ēch, ĕch; chȧf, chā, chä, châr, cha̤, chă.
oush; ụsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, o̤sh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
shẽr, shē, shĕ; shȧn, shâr, shā, sha̤, shă, shä.
whou; whŭ, whụ, whū; whō, who̤, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whẽr, whĕ, whē; whȧs, whâr, whä, whă, whā, wha̤.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS ***in Articulation,*** arise, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	sta̤'m,	for	stô*r*m.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	wa̤'m	"	wa̤*r*m.
blīn'ness	"	blin*d* ness.	bois t'rous	"	bois tẽr ous.
fac's	"	fac*t*s.	chick'n	"	chick ĕn.
sŏf'ly	"	sŏf*t* ly.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
fiēl's	"	fiēl*d*s.	nov'l	"	nov ĕl.
wīl's	"	wīl*d*s.	trav'l	"	trav ĕl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ēv ĕn	for	ēv'n.	rav ĕl	for	rav'l.
hĕav ĕn	"	hĕav'n.	sev ĕn	"	sev'n.
tāk ĕn	"	tāk'n.	sof tĕn	"	sof'n.
sick ĕn	"	sick'n.	shāk ĕn	"	shāk'n.
driv ĕl	"	driv'l.	shȯv ĕl	"	shȯv'l.
grov ĕl	"	grov'l.	shriv ĕl	"	shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sĕt	for	sĭt.	păst	for	pȧst.
sĕnce	"	sĭnce.	ăsk	"	ȧsk.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	grăss	"	grȧss.
for gĭt	"	for gĕt	*s*rill	"	shrill.
căre	"	câre.	*w*irl	"	whirl.
dănce	"	dȧnce.	ẽ gān	"	a gain (ă gĕn).

ā gānst	for	against (ă gĕnst).	sŭl ler	for	çĕl lar.
hĕrth	"	hearth (härth).	mel l*er*	"	mel lō*w*.
ha̤rse	"	hōarse.	fur ni chọr	"	fur ni tūre.
re pa̤rt	"	re pōrt.	mo m*u*nt	"	mo mĕnt.
trŏf fy	"	trō phy.	harm l*i*ss	"	harm lĕss.
pā rent	"	pâr ent.	kind n*i*ss	"	kind nĕss.
bŭn net	"	bŏn net.	*w*is per	"	whis per.
chil dr*u*n	"	chil drĕn.	sing i*n*	"	sing ing.

Th ***subtonic and*** Th ***atonic.***—Nouns which, in the singular, end in th atonic (th in thin), usually preserve the same sound in the plural; as, death, deaths; sabbath, sabbaths; truth, truths; youth, youths, etc.; but in the plurals of the *seven* following words the *th* is subtonic (th in this); viz., bäth, bäthş; clŏth, clŏthş; läth, läthş; mouth, mouthş; oath, oathş; päth, päthş; wreath, wreathş.

VII.

WORDS.

A WORD is one or more oral elements or letters used to represent an idea.

2. ***Words are Divided*** into primitive, derivative, simple, and compound.

3. ***A Primitive Word*** is not derived, but constitutes a ro͞ot from which other words are formed; as, faith, ease.

4. ***A Derivative Word*** is formed of a primitive and an affix or prefix; as, faith*ful*, *dis*ease.

5. ***A Simple Word*** is one that can not be divided without destroying the sense; as, an, the, book.

6. ***A Compound Word*** is formed by two or more words; as, inkstand, book-binder, läughing-stock.

VIII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to lēarn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple, analysis.

Analysis of the word Salve.—The word salve, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s ä v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic.[1] The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

The word salve, *in writing*, is represented by five letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. A represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labiodental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f;* hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

Analysis of the word Shoe.—The word shoe, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o̤—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

The word shoe, *in writing*, is represented by four letters; s h o e—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z.* The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o̤; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o̤.

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[1] **The analysis logical.**—It will be seen that this analysis is strictly logical; and that each conclusion is deduced from two premises, one of which (the major proposition) is suppressed. The first syllogism, fully stated, is as follows:—All modified breathings are Atonics;

The oral element of *s* is a modified breathing;

Hence, the oral element of *s* is an Atonic.

Analysis of the word Fruit-bud.—The compound word fruit′-bud is a dissyllable, accented on the penult. *In pronunciation*, it is formed by the union of seven oral elements; fro̤t′-bŭd—fruit′-bud. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic. The *third* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *fourth* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *fifth* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic. The *sixth* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *seventh* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

The word fruit-bud, *in writing*, is represented by eight letters; fruit-bud. *F* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *v;* hence, it is a cognate of *v.* *R* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. The combination *ui* is formed by the union of two vowels; hence, it is a diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o̤; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o̤. *T* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. Its oral element is produced by the same organ and in a similar manner as that of *d;* hence, it is a cognate of *d.* *B* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lips; hence, it is a labial. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *p;* hence, it is a cognate of *p.* *U* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *D* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. Its oral element is produced by the same organ and in a similar manner as that of *t;* hence, it is a cognate of *t.*

IX.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS the name of a letter, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should always be pronounced ā (*a* in *age*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter ā, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. The word A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in ȧsk, grȧss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

3. The, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U preceded by R.—When *u* long (*u* in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do;* as,

Are you s*u*re that shr*ew*d youth was r*u*de?

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[1] **A initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (ă), its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of a *sixth power* (ȧ), as in ălȧs, ămȧss, ăbȧft.

5. R may be Trilled when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it always should be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

X.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT letters are here omitted, and the words are spelled as they shoụld be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, bōth separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words, bōth as spoken and written, and name the rṳles in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. It mŭst bē sō.
2. Thŭ bōld băd ba̤ĭz brōk bōlts ănd bärz.
3. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf rĕd rŏks.
4. Hī ŏn ă hĭl Hū hẽrd ha̤rsĕz ha̤rnĭ ho̤fs.
5. Sho̤r a̤l hẽr päthz är päthz ŏv pēs.
6. Bä! thăt'z nŏt *sĭks* dŏllärz, bŭt *ā* dŏllär.
7. Chärj thē ōld măn to̤ cho̤z ă cha̤ĭs chēz.
8. Līt sēking līt, hăth līt ŏv līt bēgīld.
9. Bo̤th'z yo̤ths wĭth tro̤ths yūz wĭkĕd ōthz.
10. Arm ĭt wĭth răgz: ă pĭgmĭ stra̤ wĭl pērs ĭt.
11. Nou sĕt thŭ tēth ănd strĕch thŭ nŏstrĭl wīd.
12. Hē wŏcht ănd wĕpt, hē fĕlt ănd prād fa̤r a̤l.
13. Hĭz ĭz ămĭdst thŭ mĭsts, mĕzhẽrd ăn ăzhẽr skī.
14. Thŭ whālz whēld ănd whẽrld, and bârd thâr bra̤d, broun băks.
15. Jīlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā—Arōrȧ, ălȧs, ămȧs, mănnȧ, vĭllȧ, na̤r Lūnȧ.
16. Thŭ strīf sēsĕth, pēs ăpprōchĕth, and thŭ gụd măn rēja̤ĭsĕth.
17. Thŭ shro̤d shro̤z băd hĭm sā thăt thŭ vīl vĭksnz yūzd shrŭgz, ănd shärp, shrĭl shrēks.

18. Sho̤rlĭ, thō wo̤ndĕd, thŭ pro̤dĕnt rēkro̤t wụd nŏt ēt thăt kro̤d fro̤t.

19. Amĭdst thŭ mĭsts ănd kōldĕst frŏsts, with bârĕst rĭsts ănd stoutĕst bōsts, hē thrŭsts hĭz fĭsts ăgĕnst thŭ pōsts, ănd stĭl ĭnsĭsts hē sēz thŭ gōsts.

20. A sta̤rm ărīzĕth ŏn thŭ sē. A mŏdĕl vĕssĕl ĭz strŭgglĭng ămĭdst thŭ wa̤r ŏv ĕlĕmĕnts, kwĭvēring ănd shĭvērĭng, shrĭngkĭng ănd băttlĭng līk ă thĭngkĭng bēĭng. Thŭ mērsĭlĕs, răkĭng whērlwĭndz, līk frītfụl fēndz, houl ănd mōn, ănd sĕnd shärp, shrĭl shrēks thro̤ thŭ krēkĭng ka̤rdăj, snăppĭng thŭ shēts ănd mȧsts. Thŭ stērdĭ sāla̤rz wĕthēr thŭ sĕvērĕst sta̤rm ŏf thŭ sēzn.

21. Chāst-īd, chĕrĭsht Chĕs! Thŭ cha̤rmz ŏv thī chĕkērd chāmbērz chān mē chānjlĕslĭ. Chāmbērlĭnz, chăplĭnz, ănd chȧnsĕlla̤rz hăv chȧntĕd thī chĕrṳbĭk cha̤ĭsnĕs. Chēftĭnz hăv chānjd thŭ chărĭŏt ănd thŭ chās fa̤r thŭ chĕs-bōrd ănd thŭ chärmĭng chärj ŏv thŭ ches-nīts.

22. Nō chĭlĭng chērl, nō chētĭng chăffērēr, nō chăttērĭng chānjlĭng kăn bē thī chōzn chămpĭŏn. Thou ärt thŭ chāssnēr ŏv thŭ chērlĭsh, thŭ chīdēr of thŭ chānjăbl, thŭ chĕrĭshēr ŏv thŭ chērfṳl ănd thŭ chărĭtăbl.

23. Fa̤r thē är thŭ chăplĕts ŏv chānlĕs chărĭtĭ ănd thŭ chălĭs ŏv chīldlīk chērfụlnĕs. Chānj kăn nŏt chānj thē: frŏm childhụd to̤ thŭ chärnĕl-hous, frŏm our fērst chīldĭsh chērpĭngz to̤ thŭ chĭlz ŏv thŭ chērch-yärd, thou ärt our chērĭ, chānjlĕs chēftĭnĕs.

XI.

PHONETIC LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, by the aid of Phonetics, is easily taught, as an *art*. It is one of the mōst interesting and healthy of all clȧss exercises. It may be ēither vocal or respiratory.

2. Thêre are thĭrty-two well-defined varieties of läughter in the English language, eighteen of which are produced in connection with the *tonics;* nine, with the *sub-*

tonics of *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*, *r*, *th*, *v*, and *z;* and five, with the *atonics* of *f*, *h*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*.

3. Commencing with vocal laughter, the instructor will first utter a tonic, and then, prefixing the oral element of *h*, and accompanied by the class, he will produce the syllable continuously, subject only to the interruptions that are incidental to inhalations and bursts of laughter; as, ā, hā, hā, hā, hā, hā, etc.,—ă, hă, hă, hă, hă, etc.

4. The attention of the students will be called to the most agreeable kinds of laughter, and they will be taught to pass naturally and easily from one variety to another.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. ***A Monosyllable*** is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. ***A Dissyllable*** is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. ***A Trisyllable*** is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. ***A Polysyllable*** is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy*, *un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. ***The Ultimate*** is the *last* syllable of a word; as, *ful*, in peace-*ful.*

7. ***The Penult,*** or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as, *māk*, in peace-*mak*-er.

8. ***The Antepenult,*** or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *ta*, in spon-*ta*-ne-ous.

9. ***The Preantepenult,*** or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *cab*, in vo-*cab*-u-la-ry.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

INITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.

2. ***Final Consonants.***—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his faul*ts*.

3. ***When one word of a sentence ends*** and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pai*n* *n*obody, if the sa*d* *d*angle*r* *r*egai*n* *n*eithe*r* *r*ope.

4. ***Final Cognates.***—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. ***Unaccented Syllables*** should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented; they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thought*less*, help*less*, home*less* girl did not resent his rude*ness* and harsh*ness*.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

EXERCISE IN SYLLABICATION.[1]

1. THIRTY years ago, Marseilles[2] lay burni*ng* in the sun, one day. A *bl*azi*ng* sun, upon a fierce Augus*t* *d*ay, was (wŏz) no greate*r* *r*arity in Southern France then, than at any othe*r* time, befōre or sĭnce.

2. Every thi*ng* in Marseilles, and ăbou*t* Marseilles, had *st*ared at the fervid sky, and been *st*ared at in return, until a stari*ng* habi*t* had become universal there.

3. *Str*ăngers were *st*ared out of counten*a*nce by *st*ari*ng* white houses, stari*ng* white walls, stari*ng* white stree*ts*, stari*ng* trac*ts* of ari*d* *r*oa*d*, stari*ng* hills from whi*ch* *v*erdure was burnt ăwāy.

4. The ōnly thi*ngs* to be see*n* *n*ot firedly stari*ng* and glari*ng* were the vines droopi*ng* under their load of grapes. These did occasionally win*k* a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

5. There was no win*d* *t*o make a *r*ipple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea withou*t*. The line of dēmarkātion between the two colors, blac*k* and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abŏm*i*nable pool, with which it never mixe*d*.

6. Bōa*ts* without awni*ngs* were too ho*t* *t*o tou*ch*; ships blistered at their moori*ngs*; the stones of the quays (kēz) had not coole*d* for mon*ths*.

7. The universal *st*are made the eyes ache. Tōward the distant line of Italian (ĭ tăl′ yăn) cōa*st*, indee*d*, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mi*st*, slowly risi*ng* from the evaporation of the sea; but it sŏftened nowhere else.

8. Far ăwāy the stari*ng* roa*ds*, deep in du*st*, stared from the hillsi*d*e, stared from the hollow, stared from the interm*i*nable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhangi*ng* wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parche*d* *t*rees withou*t* *sh*ade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky.

9. So, too, drooped the horses with drowsy bells, in lŏng files of car*ts*, creepi*ng* slowly tōward the interior; so did their recumben*t* *d*rivers, when they were *ă*wa*k*e, which rarely happene*d;* so did the ex*h*austed laborers in the fiel*ds*.

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[1] **Direction.**—Students will give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, and tell what rule for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in *Italics*, in this exercise, is designed to illustrate.

[2] **Marseilles (mär sālz′).**

10. Ev*e*ry thing that *l*ived or *gr*ew was oppressed by the *gl*are; excep*t* the lizar*d*, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cĭcāda, chirping his dry hot chir*p*, like a rat*tl*e. The vĕry dus*t* was scorche*d* *b*rown, and somethi*ng* quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panti*ng*.

11. Blin*ds*, shutters, curtains, awni*ngs*, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chin*k* or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot ărrōw.

12. The church*e*s were freëst from i*t*. To come out of the twilight of *p*illars and arches—dream*i*ly *d*otted with winki*ng* lam*ps*, dream*i*ly peopled with ugly ol*d* *sh*adōws piously dozi*ng*, spitti*ng*, and beggi*ng*—was to *pl*unge into a fiery river, and *sw*im for life to the near*est* *st*rip of sha*d*e.

13. So, with people loungi*ng* and lyi*ng* wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barki*ng* of do*gs*, with occasional jangli*ng* of discord*a*nt church bells, and rattli*ng* of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fac*t* to be strŏngly smel*t* an*d* *t*aste*d*, lay broili*ng* in the sun one day.

14. Shall I be le*ft*, forgotten in the du*st*,
When Fa*t*e, relenti*ng*, lets the flowe*r* *r*evi*v*e?
Shall Nature's voice, to Man ălōne unju*st*,
Bid hi*m*, though doomed to peri*sh*, hope to li*v*e?

III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary;* as, *hab*-i-TA-tion.

Accent { Primary
Secondary

3. The Mark of Acute Accent [′], *heavy*, is uşed to indicate *primary* accent; *light*, ['] *secondary* accent: also, the rising inflection; as,

Líly, or lil′y. Ig'nomin′ious. If he húnger, give him bread.

4. The Mark of Grave Accent [`] is used to indicate, that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; and, the falling inflection; as,

A learnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Her goodnèss [not good*niss*] moved the roughèst [not rough*ist*]. Act wìsely.

The pupil will be required to give the ŏffice of each *mark* in the following

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. Hónèst stúdènts lĕarn the greátnèss of hu'mil′ity.
2. Ve'rac′ity first of all, and for'ev′er.
3. That bléssèd and belóvèd child loves évèry wíngèd thing.
4. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
5. A fòol with júdges; among fóols, a jùdge.
6. The agree′able ar′tisan' made an ad′mirable păr′asŏl' for that beau′tiful Russian (rŭsh′an) la′dy.
7. No′tice the marks of ac′çent and al′ways accent′ corrĕct′ly words that should have but one ac′cent, as in *sen′sible*, *vaga′ry*, *cir′cumstances*, *dif′ficulty*, *in′teresting*, etc.
8. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, civ'ilizátion, have no pérmanènt ínterèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offénds his trúest friends.
9. In a crówdèd life, on a stage of nátions, or in the obscúrèst hámlèt, the same bléssèd élemènts óffer the same rich chóicès to each new cómer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY ***words,*** or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Note the mark of *ac'cent,* and *accent'* the right syllable.

2. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume.*

3. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.

4. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert.*

5. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand.*

6. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.

7. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.

8. If they *rebel',* and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow.*

9. In *Au'gust,* the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact'* discourse.

10. Within a *min'ute* I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.

11. *In'stinct,* not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

THE ***ordinary accent of words*** is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.

2. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.

3. Consider well what is done, and what is left *un'*done.

4. I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.

5. He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.

6. This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION ***of Speech*** is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Expression
- *Emphasis*
- *Inflection*
- *Slur*
- *Modulation*
- *Monotone*
- *Personation*
- *Pauses*

Orthoepy is the mechanical part of elocution, consisting in the discipline and use of the organs of speech and the voice for the production of the alphabetic elements and their combination into separate words. It is the basis—the subsoil, which, by the mere force of will and patient practice, may be broken and turned up to the sun, and from which spring the flowers of expression.

Expression is the soul of elocution. By its ever-varying and delicate combinations, and its magic and irresistible power, it wills—and the listless ear stoops with expectation; the vacant eye burns with unwonted fire; the dormant passions are aroused, and all the tender and powerful sympathies of the soul are called into vigorous exercise.

Orthoepy has to do with separate words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables: expression, with words as found in sentences and extended discourse.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence. It is both *absolute* and *antithetic*.

Emphasis. { *Absolute.*
Antithetic.

2. Absolute Emphasis is that which is used when words are peculiarly significant, or important in meaning; as,

To *whom,* and for *what,* was the ring given? Is an *if* to decide it? He is *prompt* and *bold.*

3. Antithetic Emphasis is that which is used when words contrast, or point out a difference; as,

He selected the *agèd* for *counsel,* the *young* for *war.* I said the *taller* man, not the *better.*

4. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, however, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

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[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch,* but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch,* when reading or speaking.

5. ***Emphatic words are often printed*** in *Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

6. ***By the proper use of emphasis,*** we are enabled to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence ŏften depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words.

Students, however, should be required to observe carefully the following rules, both with reference to *kinds* and *degrees* of emphasis.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS ***and phrases peculiarly significant,*** or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. ***Words and phrases that contrast,*** or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder.*

3. ***The repetition*** of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—YOU, sir!

4. ***A succession*** of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment,* his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

The students will tell which of the preceding rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be considered as possessing mĕrit.

2. He buys, he *sells*—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.

4. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.

5. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

6. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

7. But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

8. I shall know but one country. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

9. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

10. The young are slaves to novelty: the old, to custom: the middle-aged, to bōth: the dead, to neither.

11. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

12. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

13. Love comfortèth like sunshine after rain;
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; Lust full of fōrgèd lies.

14. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a fŏreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.[1]

15. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves;

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[1] In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep depression of the voice—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

16. What STRŎNGER breastplate than a heart *untainted!* THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel JUST; and he but NAKED, though locked up in STEEL, whose *conscience* with INJUSTICE is corrupted.

17. For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honor:
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

18. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounce* it to you: *trippingly* on the tongue; but if you *mou*th it, as *many* of our players do, I had as liēf the town-*crier* spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently;* for in the very tŏrrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begĕt a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness.*

19. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate—
Him vile, that was your garland.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide,* is properly a part of *emphasis.* It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection {
Rising
Falling
Circumflex

3. ***The Rising Inflection*** is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. ***The Falling Inflection*** is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward *from the general pitch,* and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences *above the general pitch,* and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. ***The Circumflex*** is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling,* or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising,* thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent [′] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [ˋ], the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

7. The *falling* circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide of the voice, is marked thus ⌒; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus ◡, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fo͡ol, to think I could do tha͜t.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

INFLECTION, or the slide, usually occurs on the accented or heavy syllable of an important or *emphatic* word; as,

I will *nèver* stay. I said an *òld* man, not a *bétter.*

2. The falling inflection is usually employed for all ideäs that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively;* as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. It is your place to obèy. Spèak, I charge you!

3. The rising inflection is usually employed for all ideäs that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete; for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; and for those of concession, politeness, admiration, and entreaty; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrn, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of gràtitude and jòy. You are ríght: he is wanting in éase and fréedom.

4. Questions for information, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection: but their answers, when positive, the *falling;* as,

Do you love Máry? Yès; I dò.

5. ***Declarative Questions,*** or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection; as,

What mèans this stìr in town? When are you going to Ròme?

6. ***When words or clauses are contrasted or compared,*** the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *lóve* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *míne*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

7. ***The Circumflex is used*** when the thoughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, irony, or double meaning—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

He intends to rîde, not to wălk. Ah, it was Mâud that gave it! I never thought it could be yŏu!

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. *Beliève* me, I said a *nàtive*, not an *álien.*
2. The war must go *òn.* We must fight it *thròugh.*
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies:* the *càuse* will create *nàvies.*
4. That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character.
5. Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brìghtness of the fùture, as the sùn in hèaven.
6. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.

7. Do you see that bright stár? Yès: it is splèndid.

8. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blàme?

9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.

10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?

11. Hunting *mèn,* not *béasts,* shall be his game.

12. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

13. There is a tìde in the affairs of mén, which, taken at the flóod, leads on to fòrtune.

14. O Róme! O my coúntry! how art thou fàllen!

15. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.

16. Sínk or swìm, líve or dìe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and heàrt to this vote.

17. If Cau̮dle says so, then ȃll must believe it, of cou̮rse.

18. What should I say to you? Should I not say, hath a dog money? is it possible, a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

19. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?

20. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him: as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

21. I práy thee remémber, I have done thée worthy sérvice; told thee no líes, made no mistákes; served without grúdge or grùmbling.

22. Ŏh, but you regrȇtted the robbery! Yȇs, regrȇtted!—you regrȇtted the violence, and that is àll you did.

23. Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What glorious conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not raised a universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
Who comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone! run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

24. Are flĕets and ărmies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliátion? Have we shown ourselves so unwĭlling to be reconciled, that fŏrce must be called in to win back our lóve?

25. Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
  Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom?
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. ***Emphatic Words,*** or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more fōrcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. ***Slur must be employed*** in cases of *parenthesis*, *contrast*, *repetition*, or *explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and ŏften when *qualification* of *time*, *place*, or *manner* is made.

4. ***The Parts which are to be Slurred*** in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whōle sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. The slurred portions in *unmarked* examples will be read in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be,* all angry thoughts.

2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

3. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,* seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

4. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

5. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries,*
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;

Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes,*
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

6. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

7. Ingenious boys, *who are idle,* think, *with the hare in the fable,* that, *running with SNAILS* (*so they count the rest of their school-fellows*), they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting.*

8. Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no mōre; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

9. They shall hear my VENGEANCE, that would scorn to LISTEN to the story of my WRŎNGS. The MISERABLE HIGHLAND DROVER, *bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay,* shall BURST on them in an AWFUL CHANGE.

10. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

11. No! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price,* I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

12. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

13. If there's a power above us—*and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue; and that which he delights in must be happy.

14. Here we have butter pure as virgin gold;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bōvīne pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise

Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

15. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned;*
Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round;*
Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale;*
Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale;*
For me your tributary stōres combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

16. The village church, among the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

17. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

18. Think
Of the bright lands *within the western main,*
Where we will build our home, *what time the seas*
Weary thy gaze;—there the broad palm-tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whōle trĕasure in the lap of Time.—
On turfs, *by fairies trod,* the Eternal Flora
Spreads all her blooms; and *from a lake-like sea*
Wooes to her odorous haunts the western wind!
While, *circling round and upward from the boughs,*
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, *like a happy soul released,*
Hangs in the air, and *from invisible plumes*
Shakes sweetness down!

19. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,

At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

20. Beauty—*a living presence of the earth,*
Surpaṡsing the most fair ideäl forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me *as I move,*
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—*like those of old*
Sought in the Atlantic main—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the dis̩cerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, should find these
A simple produce of the common day.

21. As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once mōre upon its stem—so one who is bowed down with affliction lŏngs for a friend to lift him out of his sŏrrōw, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon viŏlet roots.

22. The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon (faw′kn), poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likenèss and their lineäge spare.

Man, ōnly, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

23. Dear Brothers, who sit at this bountiful bōard,
With excellent viands so lavishly stōred,
That, in newspaper phrase, 't would undoubtedly groan,
If groaning were but a convivial tone,
Which it isn't—and therefore, by sympathy led,
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing instead;
Dear Brothers, I rise—and it wōn't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising—
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial reünion this glōrious night!

24. Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting fōrth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glōrious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when Gŏd's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

25. How beautiful this night! The balmiēst sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this movelèss scene. Heaven's ĕbon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yŏn gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangèth o'er the time-wōrn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemèth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift

Her soul above this sphere of earthlinèss;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch ălōne,
So cold, so bright, so still.

26. O Time, who knowest a lēnient hand to lay,
Sŏftèst on sŏrrōw's wǫunds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealèst unperceived away:
On thee I rest my only hopes at last;
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

27. "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound fōrth still
The sŏng of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.

Modulation {
Pitch
Force
Quality
Rate

The four general divisions, or modes of vocal sound, presented in this section, are properly the *elements of expression;* as, by the combination of the different forms and varieties of these modes, emphasis, slur, monotone, and other divisions of expression are produced.

I.

PITCH.

PITCH[1] ***refers*** to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

Pitch {
High
Moderate
Low

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[1] **Exercise on Pitch.**—For a general exercise on *pitch,* select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as often as possible.

2. *High Pitch* is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

2. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

3. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe dĭvīne. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

3. *Moderate Pitch* is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or cälm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Their ideä of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

2. The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,
  I thought that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

3. The seas are quiet when the winds give ō'er;
So calm are we when passions are no mōre;
For then we know how vain it was to bōast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lŏst.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

4. The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Strŏnger by weaknèss wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, bōth worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

4. ***Low Pitch*** is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

2. Sŏftly woo away her breath,
      Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mōurnful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day:
  She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and sinks away,
  Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

3. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battle-fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking,

In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy streams of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare ō'er,
Dream of fighting fields no mōre;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

4. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pībroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
  At the daybreak from the făllōw,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shăllōw.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

II.

FORCE.

FORCE[1] is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking. There are *three* general degrees: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

Force { Loud
Moderate
Gentle

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[1] **For an Exercise on Force,** select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard; then gradually increase the quantity, until the whōle power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the prŏcess, without change of key, ending with a whisper.

2. ***Loud Force*** **is used in strŏng, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sŏrrōw, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,**

1. How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*
If I but cătch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ăncient grudge I bear him.

2. VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

4. O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the Gŏd
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O SUN, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glōrious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

3. ***Moderate Force,*** **or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,**

1. What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the sŏft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

2. I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell:

To which, in silence hushed, his vĕry soul
Listened intently;—and his countenance
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonōrous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.

3. Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's drŏss refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

4. ***Gentle Force,*** or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

1. First FEAR, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

2. Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As sŏftly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy fŏrest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shōre,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no mōre.

3. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—sŏftly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the **kinds of tone** used in reading and speaking. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

Quality {
Pure Tone
Orotund
Aspirated
Guttural
Trembling

2. ***The Pure Tone*** is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

1. Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repāy
For all else fortune tears ăwāy?

2. A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow soft to head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,

Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

3. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dŏg's hŏnèst bark
  Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
  Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
  Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

4. It is the hour, when from the boughs
  The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour, when lovers' vows
  Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So sŏftly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

3. ***The Orotund*** is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last armed foe *expires;*
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
  GOD—and your *native land!*

2. Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death rode the six hundred.
"*Forward, the Light Brigade! charge for the guns!*" he said:
Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

BUGLE SONG.[1]

1. The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in stōry;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glōry.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

4. The Aspirated Tone is an expulsion of the breath more or less strŏng—the words, or pōrtions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

1. How ill this taper burns!—
Ha! who comes here?—
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*

2. The ăncient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper, in an under-tone,
"*Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.*"

3. And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

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[1] **The Bugle Song is a most happy combination of the *pure tone* and the *orotund.***

While thrŏnged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"*The foe! they come, they come!*"

*5. **The Guttural*** is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

1. Thou *slave,* thou *wretch,* thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame,* and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

2. Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
Of all earth's grŏveling crew the most accursed!
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!

3. Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessèd cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcasts of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parched desert thirsting die—
While lakes that shōne in mŏckery nigh
Are fading ŏff, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glōrious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

4. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and hŏrrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her lōathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes shall sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their swēetèst shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefèst prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their sŏftèst touch, as smart as lizard's stings;
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell.

6. ***The Tremulous Tone,*** or *tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The Tremulous Tone is not applied throughout the whōle of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest;* but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

1. *O love,* re*main!* It is not yet *near dāy!*
It was the nightin*gale*, and not the *lark,*
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings in yon pômegranate-tree:
Be*lieve* me, love, it was the nightin*gale.*

2. *Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,*
Whose trembling limbs have bōrne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortĕst span:
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your stōre.

3. I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

IV.

RATE.

RATE[1] refers to movement in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

Rate { Quick
Moderate
Slow

2. ***Quick Rate*** is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

1. Away! away! our fires stream bright
Alŏng the frozen river,

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[1] **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the prŏcess, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at plĕasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

And their ărrōwy sparkles of brilliant light
On the fŏrĕst branches quiver.

2. Away! away to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

3. The lake has burst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
They gallop ălŏng with a rōaring sŏng,
Away to the eager awäiting sea!

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pōuring forward wịth impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. ***Moderate Rate*** is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

1. No life worth naming ever comes to good,
If always nourished on the self-same food:
The creeping mite may live so if he please,
And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese;
But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt,
If mammals try it, that their eyes drop out.
No reasoning natures find it safe to feed,
For their sole diet, on a single creed;
It spoils their eyeballs while it spares their tongues,
And starves the heart to feed the noisy lungs.

2. When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown:
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it—'t is a butterfly:
The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark:
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.

So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue—
Except when squabbling turns them black and blue!

3. I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that luster have imbibed
In the sun's palace-pōrch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

4. Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the lŏng sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lŏfty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strŏng feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wīnd,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yĕt it may be, more lŏfty coŭrage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*,
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

4. ***Slow Rate*** is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation; as,

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-dĕv′astating flight;
Thou ōnly Gŏd! There is no God beside!

2. The curfew tōlls the knell of parting dāy;
The lōwing herd winds slowly ō'er the lea;

The plowman homeward plods his weary wāy,
  And leav̌es the world to darknèss and to me.

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thèe in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
  Stops with the shōre;—upon the watery plain
  The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadōw of man's ravage, save his own,
  When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncŏffined, and unknown.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE ***consists*** of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. A perfect Sameness is rarely to be observed in the delivery of any passage. But very little variety of tone will be used in reading ēither prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. The Monotone usually requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolŏnged fōrce, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone ōnly, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

4. The Sign of Monotone is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*, or without inflection; as,

I heard a voice saying, $\overline{\text{Shall}}$ $\overline{\text{mortal}}$ $\overline{\text{man}}$ $\overline{\text{be}}$ $\overline{\text{more}}$ $\overline{\text{just}}$ $\overline{\text{than}}$ Gòd! $\overline{\text{Shall}}$ a $\overline{\text{man}}$ $\overline{\text{be}}$ $\overline{\text{more}}$ $\overline{\text{pure}}$ $\overline{\text{than}}$ $\overline{\text{his}}$ Màker!

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. $\overline{\text{Lord,}}$ $\overline{\text{thou}}$ $\overline{\text{hast}}$ $\overline{\text{been}}$ $\overline{\text{our}}$ $\overline{\text{dwelling-place}}$ in $\overline{\text{all}}$ $\overline{\text{generations.}}$ $\overline{\text{Before}}$ the $\overline{\text{mountains}}$ $\overline{\text{were}}$ $\overline{\text{brought}}$ $\overline{\text{forth,}}$ or $\overline{\text{ever}}$ $\overline{\text{thou}}$ $\overline{\text{hadst}}$

formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art Gòd.

2. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations, also, of the hills moved, and were shaken, because he was wròth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devòured. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down, and darkness was under his fèet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly′; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wìnd.

3. Man dieth, and wasteth awày: yea, man giveth up the ghóst, and where is hè? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth úp, so man lieth down, and riseth nòt; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their slèep.

4. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and góld,
Satan exalted sàt!

5. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immóvable,
Looking tranquìllity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sìght: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heàrt.

6. Our revels are now ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vísion,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itsèlf—
Yea, all which it inhèrit, shall dissólve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, fáded—
Léave not a ràck behìnd.

7. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged awày. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfóld, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy sòul; freeze thy young blòod;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their sphères;
Thy knottèd and combinèd locks to pàrt,
And each pàrticular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful pòrcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blòod:—Lìst—líst—Ô lìst!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father lóve,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural mùrder.

8. Earth yawned; he stood the center of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came:

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O king? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs and cold;
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day;
Then we mix our moldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side,
To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION ***consists*** of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking, or to *characterize* objects and ideas.

2. ***Personation applies*** both to *persons*, either real or imaginary, and to *things*. When properly employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature, or in making sound, by skillful modulations, "an echo to the sense," it adds much to the beauty and efficiency of delivery.

Personation { *Persons*
Things

3. ***The Student will*** exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of persons or things to be represented, fully informing himself with regard to their peculiarities and conditions, and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISES IN PERSONATION.

1. Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth cōat;
My brother should sail a painted bōat.
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our dōor."

2. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-dāy,
Like her, a harvester of hāy:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrŏngs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

3. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadōw vīōlet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so Gŏd sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

4. The gate self-opened wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Dĭvīne the sovereign Architect had framed.

5. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges *grate*
Harsh thunder.

THE WINNING OF JULIET.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face:
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dŏst thou love me? I know thou wilt say, Ay:
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.
Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo. What shall I swear by?
Juliet. Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Romeo. If my heart's dear love—
Juliet. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden:
Too like the lightning, which dòth cease to be
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Romeo. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Romeo. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Romeo. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

He. Dȯst thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dȯst thou not love these āye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy fŏ̄rests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering—far ăwāy,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?
She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? thïs palm that rears
Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?
She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
My héart is wandering round our āncient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were fōrced to roam!
She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*—FOR HOME!

ELIZA.

1. Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm

Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her arm:
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

2. Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,
Heard the exulting shout—"They run!—they run!"
"He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides,)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:
The red stream issuing from her ăzure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.

3. "Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound:
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,
Wait, gushing life, oh! wait my love's return!"—
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war;—
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caressed,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

4. From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain—and in the tangled wood—
Lo! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds,
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."

5. "She'll wake no mōre!" the hopeless mōurner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
"Oh, Heaven!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live."
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing, to his aching breast.

VII. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give significance and effect to expression.

2. ***This Section embraces*** bōth grammatical and rhetorical pauses, and suspensive quantity.

Pauses { *Grammatical*
Rhetorical
Suspensive Quantity

3. ***Pauses differ*** greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous, and more prolonged. They are often more eloquent than words.

II.

GRAMMATICAL PAUSES.

GRAMMATICAL PAUSES are those which are used to make clear the meaning of a writing or discourse, and are usually indicated by the punctuation.

2. ***The Punctuation Points*** usually employed for this purpose are four, namely, the *comma*, the *semicolon*, the *colon*, and the *period*. The other points used in composition are chiefly of a rhetorical nature.

3. ***The Time*** of these pauses is not fixed, but relative. The comma usually indicates the shortest pause; the semicolon, a pause longer than the comma; the colon, a pause longer than the semicolon; the period, a full stop, or a pause longer than the colon.

4. ***The Notes of Interrogation and Exclamation*** do not mark the relative pauses of the voice; occupying, as they do, sometimes the place of the comma or the semicolon, and sometimes that of the colon or the period. They are often put at the end of sentences, and are then equivalent to a full point.

5. ***The Dash*** does not mark the relative rests of the voice; but it is often used where a significant or long pause is required; as,

He is a person of illustrious birth, of many virtues, but—of no experience.

EXAMPLES.

1. Can flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

2. The spirit of the Almighty is within, around, and above us.

3. Men must have recreation; and literature and art furnish that which is most pure, innocent, and refining.

4. Men are often warned against old prejudices: I would rather warn them against new conceits.

5. May the sun, in his course, visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

6. HERE LIES THE GREAT—False marble! where? Nothing but sordid dust lies here.

III.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are chiefly used to give effect to expression, and are addressed to the ear. They are marked thus ‿, in the following directions, illustrations, and exercises.

2. ***The Subject of a Sentence,*** or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it; as,

The *cause* ‿ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ‿ form the basis of every virtue.

3. ***Two Nouns in the Same Case,*** without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire *Webster* ‿ the *orator*.

4. ***Adjectives that follow*** the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind ‿ deep ‿ active ‿ well stored with knowledge.

5. ***But, Hence,*** and other words that mark a sudden transition, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But ‿ these joys are his. Hence ‿ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ‿ the beginning of wisdom.

6. ***In cases of Ellipsis,*** a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times ‿ Kate but once. Call this man friend, that ‿ brother.

7. ***That, when a Conjunction or Relative,*** requires a pause before it, as well as the relatives *who*, *which*, *what;* together with *when*, *whence*, and other adverbs of time and place which involve the ideä of a relative; as,

He went to school ‿ that he might become wise. This is the man ‿ that loves me. We were present ‿ when La Fayette embarked at Havre for New York.

8. ***The Infinitive Mood*** requires a pause before it,

when it is governed by another verb, or separated by an intervening clause from the word which governs it; as,

He has gone ⌣ to convey the news. He smote me with a rod ⌣ to please my enemy.

9. ***A Slurred Passage*** requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ⌣ though none of the homeliest ⌣ has nothing bright or showy in it.

These rules, though important, if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought. A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity.*

IV.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without an actual pause; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

2. ***The Prolongation*** on the last syllable of a word, or suspensive quantity, is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover¯sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
  Her chief¯is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows¯flee—she checks their base career;
  The foe¯retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill¯your friend and benefactor? Would you practice hypocrisy¯and smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing wherever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

> Warms¯in the sun, refreshes¯in the breeze,
> Glows¯in the stars, and blossoms¯in the trees;
> Lives¯through all life, extends¯through all extent,
> Spreads¯undivided, operates¯unspent.

GENERAL RULE.—*When a Preposition is followed* by as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride¯of the whole country.

Require students to tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated, wherever a mark, representing the pause or suspensive quantity, is introduced in the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. It matters very little ¬ what immediate¯spot ¬ may have been the birth-place¯of such a man as Washington. *No* people ¬ can claim ¬¬ no country ¬ can appropriate him. The boon¯of Providence to the human race ¬ his fame ¬ is eternity ¬¬ and his dwelling-place¯creation.

2. Though it was the defeat ¬ of our arms ¬ and the disgrace ¬ of our policy ¬¬ I almost bless¯the convulsion ¬ in which he had his ŏrigin. If the heavens thundered ¬ and the earth¯rocked ¬¬ yet ¬ when the storm passed ¬ how pure¯was the climate ¬ that it cleared ¬¬ how bright ¬ in the brow of the firmament ¬ was the planet ¬ which it revealed to us!

3. In the production of Washington ¬ it does reälly appear ¬ as if nature ¬ was endeavoring to improve¯upon herself ¬¬ and that all the virtues¯of the āncient world ¬ were but so many *studies* ¬ preparatory¯to the pātriot of the new. Individual¯instances ¬ no doubt there were ¬ splendid exemplifications ¬ of some single qualification. Cæsar ¬ was merciful ¬¬ Scipio ¬ was continent ⌣⌣ Hannibal ⌣ was patient. But ⌣ it was reserved for Washington ⌣ to blend‾them all in one ⌣⌣ and ⌣ like the lovely masterpiece‾of the Grecian artist ⌣ to exhibit ⌣ in one glow‾of associated beauty ⌣ the pride‾of evèry modèl ⌣ and the perfection‾of every master.

4. As a general ⌣⌣ he marshaled the peasant ⌣ into a veteran ⌣⌣ and supplied by discipline ⌣ the absence of experience. As a statesman ⌣⌣ he enlarged the policy of the cabinet ⌣ into the most comprehensive system‾of general advantage. •And such ⌣ was the wisdom‾of his views ⌣ and the philosophy‾of his counsels ⌣⌣ that ⌣ to the soldier ⌣ and the statesman ⌣ he almost added ⌣ the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror ⌣ he was untainted‾with the crime of blood ⌣⌣ a revolutionist ⌣ he was free‾from any stain of treason ⌣ for aggression‾commenced the contest ⌣ and his country‾called him to the field. Liberty ⌣ unsheathed his sword ⌣⌣ necessity ⌣ stained ⌣⌣ victory ⌣ returned it.

6. If he had paused *here* ⌣ history might have doubted ⌣ what station‾to assign him ⌣⌣ whether at the head of her citizens ⌣ or her soldiers ⌣⌣ her heroes ⌣ or her pātriots. But the last‾glōrious‾act ⌣ *crowns*‾his career ⌣ and banishes‾all hesitation. Who ⌣ like Washington ⌣ after having emancipated‾a hemisphere ⌣ resigned‾its crown ⌣⌣ and preferred the retirement of domestic life ⌣ to the adoration of a land ⌣ he might almost be said to have created?

7. How‾shall we rank thee ⌣ upon glōry's‾page,
Thou *mōre*‾than *soldier* ⌣ and just *less*‾than *sage!*
All thou *hast*‾been ⌣ reflects less‾praise ⌣ on thee,
Far‾less ⌣ than all thou hast forbōrne‾to be.

- **ELOCUTION**
  - ORTHOËPY
    - Articulation
      - *Oral Elements*
        - *Tonics*
        - *Subtonics*
        - *Atonics*
      - *Letters*
        - *Representative*
          - *Vowels*
          - *Consonants*
        - *Formative*
          - *Labials*
          - *Dentals*
          - *Linguals*
          - *Palatals*
    - Syllabication
    - Accent
      - *Primary*
      - *Secondary*
  - EXPRESSION
    - Emphasis
      - *Absolute*
      - *Antithetic*
    - Inflection
      - *Rising*
      - *Falling*
      - *Circumflex*
    - Slur
    - Modulation
      - *Pitch*
        - *High*
        - *Moderate*
        - *Low*
      - *Force*
        - *Loud*
        - *Moderate*
        - *Gentle*
      - *Quality*
        - *Pure Tone*
        - *Orotund*
        - *Aspirated*
        - *Guttural*
        - *Trembling*
      - *Rate*
        - *Quick*
        - *Moderate*
        - *Slow*
    - Monotone
    - Personation
      - *Persons*
      - *Things*
    - Pauses
      - *Grammatical*
      - *Rhetorical*
      - *Suspensive Quantity*

PART II.

SELECT READINGS.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e̱; as, āle, ve̱il: *2.* ă; as, făt: *3.* ä; as, ärm: *4.* a̤, or ô; as, a̤ll, côrn: *5.* â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: *6.* ȧ; as, lȧst: *7.* ē, or ï; as, wē, pïque: *8.* ĕ; as, ĕnd: *9.* ẽ, ĩ, or û; as, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: *10.* ī, or ȳ; as, īce, skȳ: *11.* ĭ, or y̆; as, ĭll, ly̆nx: *12.* ō; as, ōld: *13.* ŏ, or ạ; as, ŏn, whạt: *14.* o̤, o͞o, or ṳ; as, do̤, fo͞ol, rṳle: *15.* ū; as, mūle: *16.* ŭ, or ȯ; as, ŭp, sȯn: *17.* ụ, ọ, or o͝o; as, bụll, wọlf, wo͝ol: *18.* Ou, or ou; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; as, babe: *2.* d; as, did: *3.* ḡ; as, ḡiḡ: *4.* j, or ġ; as, jig, ġem: *5.* l; as, loll: *6.* m: as, mum: *7.* n; as, nun: *8.* n̲, or ng; as, lin̲k, sing: *9.* r; as, rare: *10.* Th, or th; as, This, with: *11.* v; as, vat: *12.* w; as, wig: *13.* y; as, yet: *14.* z, or ş; as, zinc, hiş: *15.* z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: *2.* h; as, hot: *3.* k, or c; as, kin̲k, cat: *4.* p; as, pop: *5.* s, or ç; as, sense, çity: *6.* t; as, tart: *7.* Th, or th; as, Thorn, pith: *8.* Ch, or ch; as, Charles, rich: *9.* Sh, sh, or çh; as, Sharon, ash, çhaise: *10.* Wh, or wh; as, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; as, of*t*en (ŏf′n): x̧ for gz; as, ex̧ ăct′.

PART II.

READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. *ADDRESS TO BEAUTY.*

SPIRIT! who over this our mortal earth,
Where naught hath birth
Which imperfection doth[1] not some way dim
Since earth offendèd Him—
Thou who unseen, from out thy rādiänt[2] wings
Dost[3] shower down light ọ̄'er mean and common things;
And, wandering to and fro,
Through the[4] condemned and sinful world dost go,
Haunting[5] that wildernèss, the human heart,
With gleams of glōry that too soon depart,
Gilding bōth weed and flower—
What is thy birth dĭvīne? and whence thy mighty power?

2. The sculptor owns thee! On his high, pale brow
Bewildering images are pressing now;
Groups whose immortal grace
His chisel ne'er shall trace,
Though in his mind the fresh creation glōws;
High forms of gŏdlike strength,
Or limbs whose languid[6] length
The marble fixes in a sweet repose!
At thy command, his true and patient hand

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[1] **Doth** (dŭth).

[2] **Rā' dĭ ant,** beaming with brightness; shining.

[3] **Dost** (dŭst).

[4] **The** (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 31.

[5] **Haunting** (hänt' ing).

[6] **Languid** (lăng' gwĭd), heavy, dull, weary.

Molds the dull clay to beauty's richĕst line,
Or with mōre tēdĭoŭs skill, obedient to thy will,
By touches imperceptible and fine,
Works slowly dāy by day the rough-hewn block ăwāy,
Till the sŏft shădōw of the bust's pale smile
Wakes into *statue-life* and pays the assiduous[1] toil!

3. Thee the young painter knows—whose fervent[2] eyes,
O'er the blank waste of canvas fondly bending,
See fast within its magic[3] circle rise
Some pictured scene, with colors sŏftly blending—
Green bowers and leafy glades, the old Arcādian[4] shades,
Where thwarting glimpses of the sun are thrown,
And dancing nymphs and shepherds one by one
Appear to bless his sight in fancy's glowing light,
Peopling that spot of green earth's flowery breast
With every attitude of joy and rest.

4. Lo! at his pencil's touch steals faintly fōrth
(Like an uprising star in the cold north)
Some face which soon shall glow with beauty's fire:
Dim seems the sketch to those who stand around,
Dim and uncertain as an echoed sound,
But oh! how bright to him, whose hand *thou* dost inspire!

5. Thee, also, doth the dreaming poet hail,
Fond comforter of many a weary day—
When through the clouds his fancy's car can sail
To worlds of rādiance far, *how* far, ăwāy!
At thy clear touch (as at the burst of light
Which morning shoots along the purple hills,

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[1] **As sĭd′ ū oŭs,** done with constant diligence or attention; unremitting.

[2] **Fer′ vent,** earnest; glowing; warm in feeling.

[3] **Măġ′ ic,** pertaining to the hidden wisdom supposed to be possessed by the Māġī, or "wise men from the East," who brought gifts to the infant Jesus; apparently requiring more than human power.

[4] **Ar cā′ di an,** relating to Arcadia, an inland, central, and mountainous country of Peloponnesus, or Moreä. It had magnificent, evergreen mountain sides, innumerable brooks, rich pastures, and never-failing springs for the flocks and herds. Its people, who were of the Doric race, always led a pastoral life, and cared not for the life of towns and cities.

Chaṣing the shădōws of the vanished night,
And silvering all the darkly gushing rills,
Giving each waking blossom, gemmed with dew,
Its bright and proper hue)—
He suddenly beholds the checkered face
Of this old world in its young Eden grace!
Diṣease, and want, and sin, and pain, are not—
Nor homely and familiar things:—man's lot
Is like his aspirations—bright and high;
And ev*e*n in the haunting thought that man must die,
His dream so changes from its fearful strife,
Death seems but fainting into purer life!

6. Nor ōnly these thy presence woo,
The less inspirèd own thee too!
Thou hast thy tran̲quil sōurce
In the deep well-springs of the human heart,
And gushèst with sweet fōrce
When mōst imprisoned; causing tears to start
In the wōrn citiz*e*n's ō'erwearied eye,
As, with a sigh,
At the bright close of some rare holiday,
He sees the branches wave, the waters play—
And hears the clock's far distant mĕllōw chime
Warn him a busier world reclaims his time!

7. Thee, childhood's heart confessès—when he sees
The heavy rose-bud crims*o*n in the breeze,
When the red cŏral wins his eager gaze,
Or the warm sunbeam dazzles with its rays,
Thee, through his varied hours of rapid joy,
The eager boy—
Who wild ăcrŏss the grassy mĕadōw springs,
And still with sparkling eyes
Pursues the uncertain prize,
Lured by the velvet glōry of its wings!

8. And so from youth to age—yeā, till the end—
An unforsaking, unforgĕtting friend,
Thou hȯverest round us! And when all is ō'er,

And earth's mōst loved illusions[1] please no mōre,
Thou stealèst gently to the couch of death;
There, while the lagging breath
Comes faint and fitfully, to usher nigh
Consoling visions from thy native sky,
Making it sweet to die!
The sick man's ears are faint—his eyes are dim—
But his heart lis*te*ns to the heavenward hymn
And his soul sees—in lieū of that sad band,
  Who come with mōurnful tread
  To kneel about his bed—
Gŏd's white-robed āngels, who around him stand,
And wave his spirit to the "Better Land!"

9. So, living—dying, still our hearts pursue
That lovelinèss which never met our view;
Still to the last the ruling thought will reign,
Nor deem one feeling giv*e*n—was given *in vain!*
For it may be, our banished souls recall
In this, their earthly thrall
(With the sick dreams of exiles), that far world
Whence angels once were hurled;
Or it may be, a faint and trembling sense,
Vague, as permitted by Omnipotence,
Foreshows the immortal rādiance round us shed,
When the imperfect shall be perfectèd!
Like the chained eagle in his fettered might,
Straining upon the heav*e*ns his wistful sight,
Who tōward the upward glōry fondly springs,
With all the vain strength of his shivering wings—
So chained to earth, and baffled—yet so fond
Of the pure sky which lies so far beyŏnd,
We make *the attempt to sōar* in many a thought
Of beauty born, and into beauty wrought;
Dimly we struggle onwards:—who shall sāy
Which glimmering light leads nēarèst to the dāy?

MRS. NORTON.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON, an English poetess, was born in 1808. Her father, who died when she was nine years old, was a son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

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[1] **Illusion** (ĭl lū′zhŭn), a deceptive appearance; a false show.

The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius, and she has well sustained the family honors. In her seventeenth year, this lady had composed her poem, "The Sorrows of Rosalie." She termed her next poem, founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, "The Undying One." Her third volume, entitled "The Dream, and other Poems," appeared in 1840; and "The Child of the Island," in 1845. She has written novels of great power, the last of which, "Stuart of Dunleith, a Story of Modern Times," first appeared in 1847. "Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse," a collection of miscellaneous contributions to periodicals, was published in 1850. "This lady," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forcible expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel." She was married at the age of nineteen to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to Lord Grantley, and himself a police magistrate in London. After being the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description, the union was dissolved in 1840. She died in 1877.

II.

2. THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

PART FIRST.

BEAUTY in nature has a double function.[1] The colors, green and blue, and the neutral tints,[2] scarcely less common, are naturally agreeable to the eye; and if red and yĕllōw were the pervading hues, the organ of sight would be dazzled and blīndĕd by them. Then again[3] variety, bōth in color and form, is naturally grateful; and if all the objects in nature were of one shape and of one hue, no *prison* could be so dreadful. To our constitution, therefore, nature's garniture[4] is almost as *necessary* as her substantial supplies of food.

2. But the beauty of her works ministers to purposes far beyŏnd convenience, far beyond utility. It is connected with higher laws in us; it touches a finer sense than of good, than of advantage. Beauty, to all who truly know it, is a thing dĭvīne. Its trĕasures are pōured with lavish abundance through the world, its banners are spread upon the boundlĕss air and sky, to entrance the eye and soul with visions of mōre than earthly lovelinĕss.

3. The whōle influence of nature's beauty, and of all that is akin to its beauty—how manifestly is it dĭvīne! It holds no compact with anything base or lōw. Man may mar and desecrate its fairĕst scenes; but he can never say to the majesty or lovelinĕss of nature, "*Thou* hast temptĕd me!" Wĭckĕd and hateful passions may break out—jarring upon her sublime symphonies,[1] disturbing her holy quiet; but *nature* has no part with them.

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[1] **Function** (fŭngk′ shŭn), office; performance.

[2] **Neū′ tral**, not decided or pronounced; *neutral tint*, an artificial gray pigment, used in water colors, composed of blue, red, and yellow in various proportions.

[3] **Again** (ă gĕn′).

[4] **Gar′ ni tūre**, that which serves for ornament; embellishment.

4. Did ever the grandeur of the midnight heav*e*n, or the thunder in the sky, or the answering thunder of the ocean beach, make any man proud? Did the murmurings of the everlasting sea, or the solemn dirge of the winter's wind, or the voice of birds in spring, or the flashing light of summer streams, or the mountaĭn's awful brow, or the vales "stretching in pensive quietness between," did ever these make any man rude or ungentle?

5. Did ever the fulnĕss and lovelinĕss of the creation, weighing upon the human sense and soul almost with an oppression of joy, make any man selfish and grasping? No; the true lovers of nature are never ignoble nor mean. She would unnerve the oppressor's hand, or melt the miser's ice, or cool the voluptuary's[2] fever, this hour, if he would ōp*e*n his heart to her transforming companionship.

6. Nor are the trĕasures of her beauty hälf explored. What unfolding wonders shall yĕt burst upon us; what pictures shall be unrolled to the vision of purer natures; what seals shall be tāk*e*n from the great deeps of beauty—it may not be for us to know in this world. Our sense is dim, our power feeble; the present revelation, I suppose, is all that we can bear.

7. But the time may come, when there shall visit us melodies, such as were never drank in by the ravished ear; sights, such as never entranced mortal eye; when perpetual raptures may be felt without exhaustion;[3] when lŏfty states of mind, such as noble genius and hĕroism inspire, may become the habit of the soul, and ecstasy[4] may crowd on ecstasy forever.

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[1] **Sy̆m′ pho ny̆**, a harmony or agreement of sounds, pleasant to the ear, ēither vocal or instrumental; an instrumental composition for a band of music.

[2] **Vo lŭpt′ u a ry̆**, one who makes bodily enjoyment his chief object.

[3] **Exhaustion** (ĕgz ha̤st′ yŭn), the state of being deprived of strength or spirits.

[4] **Ec′ sta sy̆**, excessive or overpowering delight.

8. Full of mŏral influence, full of prŏphecy̆, full of religion, is the true sense of beauty. When I sit down in a summer's day, with the shade of trees around me, and the wind rustling in their leaves; when I look upon a fair landscape—upon mĕadōws and streams, stealing ăwāy through and behind the clustering groves; when the sun goes down behind the dark mountains or beyŏnd the glōrious sea, and fills and flŭshès the deeps of the western sky with purple and gold; when, through the gates of parting day, other worlds, other heavens come to view—spheres so distant that it takes the light thousands of years to reach us; then ōnly one word is great enough to embrace all the wonder—GOD!

III.

3. THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

PART SECOND.

THE sense of beauty is *innate,*[1] as much so as reason or conscience. Outward sights and sounds do but wake it up—do but nurture and cultivate the inward power—do but answer to it. A fair landscape does not create the sense of beauty. That already existed within—made *ready* by the hand of its Creator, to receive the outward impression.

2. The soul *demands* beauty and harmony, just as it demands truth and right, to satisfy it. It can no mōre admire deformity and discord, than it can admire falsehood and injustice. It is not education that creätes these finer instincts. If a human being were brought up ămĭdst ugly forms and jarring dissonances,[2] the moment that lovely sights and sweet melodies broke upon his eye and ear, he would turn to them delīghtèd.

3. Nay mōre, this inner sense is never satisfied. All that fills the eye and ear, does but awaken the desire of things more beautiful, of sounds more melodious. The realm of cultivated taste and imagination is forever widening, and forever leading the soul onward and upward.

4. I say distinctly, *upward;* from things seen to things unseen; from things earthly to things heavenly. It is possible indeed, but it is *not* natural, to behold all the glōry and goodliness of the creātion, without being led to the Infinite Glory. It is not natural. It is as if one should look upon a lovely countenance, and never think of the lovelinĕss which it enshrines.

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[1] **In nāte′, inborn; native; natural; not gained from experience.**

[2] **Dĭs′ so nance, a mingling of discordant sounds; want of agreement.**

5. No, the grandeur and lovelinĕss of nature—sunsets and stars, and the almost literally uplifting deeps of the blue sky, as we gaze upon them—and earth with its beauty, sŏft, wild, entrancing—with its glōrious verdure, its autumn splendor, its sprinkled wildernĕss of charming hues and forms; and ocean, bathing its summer shōres, and bearing like many-colored gems upon its bọsom the green and flowery islands—these things are not ōnly beautiful, but they are images and revelations of a glory and a goodlinĕss, unseen and ineffable.[1]

6. They steep the soul in reveries[2] and dreams of enchantment, unearthly and immortal. How has the rādiant vision kindled the poet's eye and lighted the torch of genius, and come down as fire from heaven upon the altars of piety, in all ages! A bed or a bouquet[3] of flowers—who can read anything upon their soft and shining pĕtals[4] and delicate hues, but sweetnĕss, purity, and goodnĕss; and how many silent thanksgivings from those who bend over them, have ascended to Heaven, on the breath of their fragrant incense!

7. And music—what chord in all its wondrous harmonies ever touched any evil passion? I have heard of *voluptuous*[5] music; but I never heard it, and can not conceive of it. Words may be voluptuous, or wrathful, or revengeful; but not melodies. Hotbeds of musical culture there may be, that corrupt the heart; but it is not music that does it. I should as soon think of a sunbeam's soiling the atmosphere it passes through.

8. No, there is no possible con̲cord of sweet sounds, there is no combination of tones within the rānge of harmony, but it weaves garments of light and purity for the soul. All melody naturally bears the thoughts into realms of holy imagining, sentiment, and worship. I would cultivate music in a family, with the same intent as I would build an altar. Away with the unworthy notion of it, as a mere fashionable accomplishment! It is a high ministration. And the highèst musical culture, so far from being time and means thrown away, is reälly as a priesthood in the household.

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[1] **In ĕf′ fa ble,** not capable of being expressed in words; untold; unspeakable.

[2] **Rev er iē′,** a loose or irregular train of thoughts, occurring in musing; wild, extravagant conceit of the fancy or imagination.

[3] **Bouquet** (bo̤ kā′).

[4] **Pĕt′ al,** one of the inner or colored leaves of a flower.

[5] **Vo lŭpt′ ū oŭs,** full of delight or pleasure; exciting sensual desire.

Adapted from Dewey.

Orville Dewey, D. D., was born in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, March 28th, 1794. He entered Williams College, in his native county, at the age of seventeen, where he gained a high position. He was thorough in all his studies. Rhetoric he cultivated with uncommon perseverance. He was critical and severe upon his own literary productions, revising and pruning with a fidelity which gained him preeminence in his class, as already attaining a style of classic strength and purity. He was graduated in 1814, with the highest honors of the institution, having received the appointment of valedictorian. He pursued his professional studies at Andover Theological Seminary. In 1823 he received and accepted a call to become pastor of a Unitarian Church in New Bedford, where he remained ten years. During this period he lectured frequently, and wrote for the press. He first visited Europe for the improvement of his health in June, 1833, where he spent a year. After his return, he published some results of his travels in a volume entitled, "The Old World and the New." This book contains some of the best criticisms on painting, on music, on sculpture, on men, things, and places; and more than all, views of society, of government, of the tendency of monarchical institutions, and of the condition of the European people, which are sound, comprehensive, and deeply interesting. On his return from Europe he was settled over the Second Congregational Unitarian Society of New York. In 1842 he again went abroad for his health, taking his family with him. He passed two years in France, Italy, Switzerland, and England. In 1848, his health again failing, he dissolved his connection with his church. Since that time he has occasionally preached and lectured in nearly all the large cities of the Union. All, except his late writings, are bound in one volume, published at London, in 1844. His productions since that period are published in New York, in three volumes, except his latest, "The Problem of Human Destiny," which appeared in 1864. Dr. Dewey has great depth of thought. His imagination is rich, but not superfluous; ready, but not obtrusive. His style is artistic and scholarly. His periods are perfectly complete and rounded, yet filled by the thought; the variety is great, yet a symmetry prevails; and in general we find that harmony between the thoughts and their form which should always obtain.

IV.

4. HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

SPIRIT of Beauty! whatsoe'er thou art,
I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power;
It is thy presence fills this charmèd hour,
And fills my charmèd heart;
Nor mine ălōne, but myriads[1] feel thee now,
That know not what they feel, nor why they bow;

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[1] **Mўr' ĭ ads**, a myriad is the number of ten thousand, but is sometimes used for any very large number; a very great many.

Thou canst not be forgot,
For all men worship thee, and know it not;
Nor men ălōne, but babes with wondrous eyes,
New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!

2. We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
The gift and *h*eirloom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at Heav*e*n's gate,
Transfigured[1] in the light that streams ălŏng the lands!
Around our pĭllōws gold*e*n ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With wingèd sandals shod,
The angels come, and go, the messengers of Gŏd!
Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart—
It is the childish heart:
We walk as heretofōre,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermōre!
Not Heav*e*n is gŏne, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way ălŏng the downward slope of years!

3. From earliĕst infancy my heart was thine;
With childish feet I trod thy temple aisles;
Not knowing tears, I worshipped thee with smiles,
Or if I ever wept, it was with joy dĭvīne!
By day, and night, on land, and sea, and air—
I saw thee everywhere!
A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with sŏft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

4. Not lŏng can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
We feel a growing want we can not name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined;
The wants of Beauty other wants creäte,
Which overflow on others soon or late;

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[1] **Trans fĭg′ ured**, changed in outward form or appearance.

For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
By Love, or Sŏng, or Art:
Dĭvinĕst Melancholy walks with thee,
Her thin white cheek forever leaned on thine;
And Music leads her sister Poesy,
In exultation shouting songs dĭvīne!
But on thy breast Love lies—immortal child!—
Begot of thine own lŏngings, deep and wild:
The mōre we worship him, the more we grōw
Into thy perfect image here belōw;
For here below, as in the spheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty, Love!

5. Not from the things around us do we draw
Thy light within: within the light is born;
The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
And added canons of eternal law.
The painter's picture, the rapt poet's sŏng,
The sculptor's statue, never saw the Day,
Not shaped and molded after aught of clay,
Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrŏng;
Hue after hue dĭvinĕst pictures grow,
Line after line immortal sŏngs arise,
And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes!
And in the master's mind
Sound after sound is born, and dies like wīnd,
That echoes through a range of ocean caves,
And straight is gŏne to weave its spell upon the waves!
The mystery is thine,
For thine the mōre mysterious human heart,
The temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
The ŏracle[1] of Art!

6. Earth is thine outer cōurt, and Life a breath;
Why should we fear to die, and leave the Earth!

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[1] **Oracle** (ŏr′ a kl), the answer of a god, or some person said to be a god, among the heathen, to an inquiry made in regard to some future event; the god who gave the answer, or the place where it was given; the Sacred Scriptures; a wise person.

Not thine ălōne the lesser key of Birth—
But all the keys of Death;
And all the worlds, with all that they contain
Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone;
The universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the throne
Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless—
Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal lovelinèss! **STODDARD.**

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, an American poet and author, was born in Hingham, Mass., July, 1825. He became a contributor to periodicals in 1848, and published his first volume of poems, entitled "Footprints," in 1849. He has published several volumes since, both in prose and verse. He is still a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers.

SECTION II.

I.

5. *YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP.*

PART FIRST.

SUBLIME solitudes of our boyhood! where each stone in the desert was sublime, unassociated though it was with dreams of mĕmŏry, in its own simple native power over the human heart! Each sŭddĕn breath of wind passed by us like the voice of a spirit. There were strange meanings in the clouds—ŏf*te*n so like human forms and faces threatening us ŏff, or beckoning us on, with lŏng black arms, back into the long withdrawing wĭldernĕss of heav*e*n.

2. We wished then, with quaking bosoms,[1] that we had not been all ălōne in the desert—that there had been another heart, whose beatings might have kept time with our own, that we might have găthered coŭrage in the silent and sŭllĕn gloom from the light in a brother's eye—the smile on a brother's countenance. And ŏf*te*n had we such a friend in these our far-off wanderings, over moors and mountains, by the edge of lo*chs*[2] and through the umbrage[3] of the old pine-woods. A friend from whom "we had received his heart and given him back our own"—such a friendship as the mōst fortunate and the most happy—and at that time we were bōth—are sometimes permitted by Providence, with all the passionate devotion of young and untamed imagination, to enjoy, during a bright dreamy world of which that friendship is as the polar star.

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[1] **Bosom** (bụ′zum).

[2] **Loch** (lŏk), a lake; a bay or arm of the sea. [Scottish.]

[3] **Um′ brage,** shade; shadow; hence, that which affords a shade, as a screen of trees.

3. Emilius Godfrey! forever holy be the name! a boy when we were but a child—when we were but a youth, a man. We felt strŏnger in the shădōw of his arm—happier, bolder, better in the light of his countenance. He was the protector—the guardĭăn of our mŏral being. In our pastimes we bounded with wilder glee—at our studies we sat with intenser earnĕstnĕss, by his side. He it was that taught us how to feel all those glōrious sunsets, and imbued our young spirit with the love and worship of nature. He it was that taught us to feel that our evening prayer was no idle ceremony to be hastily gŏne through—that we might lay down our head on the pĭllōw, then soon smoothed in sleep—but a command of Gŏd, which a response from nature summoned the humble heart to obey.

4. He it was who forever had at command, wit for the spōrtive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed in the mĕrry music of his lips—they lightened from the gay glancing of his eyes—and then all at once, when the one changed its mĕasures, and the other găthered, as it were, a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in intercommunion of spirit felt to be, indeed, dĭvīne!

5. It seemed as if we knew but the words of language—that he was a scholar who saw into their vĕry essence. The books we read together were, ĕvĕry page, and every sentence of every page, all covered over with light. Where his eye fell not as we read, all was dim or dark, unintelligible, or with imperfect meanings. Whether we perused[1] with him a volume writ by a nature like our own, or the volume of the earth and the sky, or the volume revealed from Heaven, next day we always knew and felt that something had been added to our being.

6. Thus imperceptibly[2] we grew up in our intellectual stature, breathing a purer mŏral and religious air; with all our finer affections tōward other human beings, all our kindred and our kind, touched with a dearer domestic tĕndernèss, or with a sweet benevolence that seemed to our ardent fancy to embrace the dwellers in the ŭttermōst regions of the earth. No secret of plĕasure or pain—of joy or grief—of fear or hope—had our heart to withhold or conceal from Emilius Godfrey. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections—may we venture to say, with all its virtues.

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[1] **Perused** (pē ro̤zd′), read with attention.

[2] **Im′ per cĕp′ ti bly,** in a manner not to be perceived or observed.

7. A repented folly—a confessed fault—a sin for which we were truly contrite[1]—a vice flung from us with lōathing[2] and with shame—in such moods as these, happier were we to see his serious and his solemn smile than when in mirth and mĕrrimènt we sat by his side, in the social hour, on a knōll in the open sunshine. And the whōle school were in ecstasies to hear tales and stōries from his genius; even like a flock of birds, chirping in their joy, all newly alighted in a vernal[3] land.

8. In spite of that difference in our age—or oh! say rather because that vĕry difference did touch the one heart with tĕnderness, and the other with reverence; how ŏf*te*n did we two wander, like elder and younger brother, in the sunlight and the moonlight solitudes! Woods into whose inmōst recesses we should have quaked ălōne to penetrate, in his company were glad as gard*e*ns, through their mōst awful umbrage; and there was beauty in the shădōws of the old oaks. Cataracts—in whose lonesome thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not, by ourselves, have faced the spray—in his presence, dinned with a mĕrry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air.

9. Too severe for our unaccompanied spirit, then easily overcome with awe, was the solitude of those remote inland lochs. But as we walked with him ălŏng the winding shōres, how passing sweet the calm of bōth blue depths—how magnificent the white-crested waves, tumbling beneath the black thunder-cloud! Mōre beautiful, because our eyes gazed on it along with his, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, the Apparition of the Rainbow. Grander in its wildness, that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods to our ear, because his too lis*t*en*e*d, the concert by winds and waves played at midnight when not one star was in the sky.

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[1] **Cŏn′ trīte,** sorrowful; bowed down with grief.

[2] **Lōath′ ing,** very great disgust.

[3] **Ver′nal,** belonging to the spring; appearing in spring; hence, belonging to youth, the spring of life.

II.

6. *YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP.*

PART SECOND.

WITH Emilius Godfrey we first followed the falcon[1] in her flight—he showed us on the Echo-cliff the eagle's eyry.[2] To the thicket he led us, where lay couched the lovely-spŏttĕd doe, or showed us the mild-eyed creature browsing on the glade with her two fawns at her side. But for him we should not then have seen the antlers of the red-deer, for the fŏrĕst was indeed a mōst savage place, and haunted—such was the superstition at which those who scorned it trembled—haunted by the ghost of a huntsman whom a jealous rival had murdered as he stooped, after the chase, at a little mountain well that ever since oozed out blood.

2. What converse passed between us two in all those still shadowy solitudes! Into what depths of human nature did he teach our wondering eyes to look down! Oh! what was to become of us, we sometimes thought in sădnĕss that all at once made our spirits sink—like a lark falling suddenly to earth, struck by the fear of some unwonted[3] shădōw from above—what was to become of us when the mandate should arrive for him to leave the Manse[4] forever, and sail away in a ship to Indĭă never more to return! Ever as that dreaded day drew nearer, more frequent was[5] the haze in our eyes; and in our blindnĕss we knew not that such tears ought to have been far mōre rueful[6] still, for that he then lay under orders for a longer and more lămentable[1] voyage—a voyage over a nărrōw strait to the eternal shōre.

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[1] **Falcon** (fa̤′ kn), a bird of prey which is of*ten* trained to catch other birds, or game.

[2] **Eyry** (ā′ rĭ), the place where birds of prey build their nests and hatch their young.

[3] **Unwonted** (un wŭnt′ ed), unaccustomed; rare; not usual.

[4] **Mănse**, a habitation, or house; especially, a parsonage-house; a farm.

[5] **Was** (wŏz).

[6] **Rueful** (ru̦′ ful), causing one to grieve for; mournful; sorrowful.

3. All—all at once he drooped: on one fatal morning the dread decay began—with no forewarning, the springs on which his being had so lightly, so proudly, so grandly moved—gave way. Between one sabbath and another his bright eyes darkened—and while all the people were assembled at the săcrament, the soul of Emilius Godfrey sōared up to heaven. It was indeed a dreadful death; serene and sāintèd though it were—and not a hall—not a house—not a hut—not a sheeling[2] within all the circle of those wide mountains, that did not, on that night, mōurn as if it had lŏst a son.

4. All the vast parish attended his fūnèral—Lowlanders and Highlanders, in their own garb of grief. And have time and tempest now blackened the white marble of that monument—is that inscription now hard to be read—the name of Emilius Godfrey in green obliteration—nor haply one surviving who ever saw the light of the countenance of him there interred! Forgotten, as if he had never been! for few were that glōrious orphan's kĭndrèd—and they lived in a fŏreign land—forgotten but by one heart; faithful through all the chances and changes of this restlèss world! And therein inshrined, amongst all its holiëst remembrances, shall be the image of Emilius Godfrey, till it too, like his, shall be but dust and ashes.

5. Oh! blame not boys for so soon forgĕtting one another in absence or in death. Yĕt forgetting is not just the word; call it rather a reconciliation to doom and destiny—in thus obeying a benign law of nature that soon streams sunshine over the shadows of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoings of this world be continued. The nascent[3] spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still, thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead, perish not, lying sometimes in slumber—sometimes in sleep.

6. It belŏngs not to the blĕssèd season and genius of youth to hug to its heart uselèss and unavailing griefs. Images of the

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[1] **Lăm′ ent a ble,** fitted to cause grief or weeping; sorrowful.

[2] **Shēel′ ing,** a hut or small cottage, such as is used by shepherds in the field, or by fishermen upon the shore.

[3] **Năs′ cent,** beginning to exist or to grow.

well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mold, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our main business—our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be—must be with the living. Duty demands it; and love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fas*te*ns upon other objects with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows.

7. So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that spring had sprinkled over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to hăppinĕss; and we felt that we did wrŏng to visit, too ŏf*te*n, that corner of the kirkyard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies; in our dreams we saw him—mōst often all alive as ever—sometimes a phantom away from that grave! If the morning light was frequently hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us ălŏng with the feeling that he was dead, it mōre frequently cheered and gladdened us with resignation, and sent us fōrth a fit playmate to the dawn that rang with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river, or along the loch—once more following the flight of the falcon along the woods—eyeing the eagle on the Echo-cliff.

8. Days passed by, without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey—pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently—just as if he had never been! But ŏf*te*n, and often too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight toward us—his vĕry figure—we could not be deceived—but the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden—the grief-wov*e*n spectre melted into the mist.

9. The strength that formerly had come from his counsels, now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became mōre our own, molded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies; and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and saw the faces of the mountaineers on their way to their work, or coming and going to the house of Gŏd. WILSON.

JOHN WILSON, a Scottish author, was born in Paisley, May 19, 1785. The son of a wealthy manufacturer, at an early age he was placed under the charge of a clergyman in the highlands, who regulated his studies, as well as wisely encouraged him to devote himself to vigorous out-of-door sports. He became a remarkably robust, athletic man, with great bodily and mental energies. At 15 years of age he entered the university of

Glasgow, whence in 1808 he went to Oxford. His career at the university was very creditable. He graduated in 1807, and soon after purchased a small estate called Elleray, romantically situated on Lake Windermere, in the immediate vicinity of Wordsworth, Southey, and other distinguished literary men. His first literary efforts were devoted to poetry. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1815. He was appointed to the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh in 1820, a position which he most successfully occupied for the next 30 years. His tales, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," appeared in 1822; "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," in 1823; and "The Foresters," in 1824. These stories are of a domestic character, and abound in descriptive passages of great beauty. But he acquired his greatest reputation, under the assumed name of "Christopher North," as the chief author of the amusing papers entitled "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which were contributed to "Blackwood" between 1822 and 1835. He continued the main support of this magazine until 1852. His works have been edited in 12 volumes by his son-in-law, Prof. Ferrier. He died in Edinburgh, April 3, 1854.

III.

7. SCENES OF YOUTH.

BY the wayside, on a mŏssy stone,
Sat a hōary[1] pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there ălōne,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

2. Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat;
Cōat as āncient as the form 't was folding;
Silver buttons, cūe,[2] and crimpt cravat;
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding—
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

3. Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding—
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the fŭrrōws all so mutely pleading
Age and care—
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

4. It was summer, and we went to school—
Dapper[3] country lads, and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool,"

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[1] **Hōar′ y̆**, white or gray with age.

[2] **Cue** (kū), the tail; the end of a thing; especially, a tail-like twist of hair worn on the back of the head.

[3] **Dăp′ per**, little and active; neat in dress or appearance; lively; smart.

Its grave import still my fancy lad*e*ns—
“HERE’S A FOOL!”
It was summer, and we went to school.

5. When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
I remember well—too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidd*e*n started,
Would not stay,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

6. One sweet spirit broke the sīlènt spell—
Ah! to me her name was always heav*e*n!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she elev*e*n,)—
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

7. Angel, said he sadly, I am old—
Earthly hope no lŏn̲ger hath a mŏrrōw;
Yĕt, why I sit here thou shalt be told—
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sŏrrōw;
Down it rolled!
Angel, said he sadly, I am old!

8. I have tottered here to look once mōre
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the carelèss, happy days of yōre,
Ere the gard*e*n of my heart was blighted
To the cōre—
I have tottered here to look once more!

9. All the picture now to me how dear!
E’en this gray old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here!
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

10. Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!
There’s the vĕry step I so ŏft mounted;
There’s the window creaking in its frame,

And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;
Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!

11. In the cottage, yŏnder, I was born;
Lŏng my happy home—that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn—
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

12. Those two gate-way sy̆camōres you see
Then were planted just so far asunder
That lŏng well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!
Those two gate-way sycamores you see.

13. There 's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together—
Thinking nothing[1] of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There 's the orchard where we used to climb!

14. There the rude[2] three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising—
Traps and trails;
There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails.

15. There 's the mill that ground our yĕllōw grain—
Pond, and river, still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nes*t*ling in the shaded lane
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
Mary Jane!
There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

16. There 's the gate on which I used to swing—
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;

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[1] **Nothing** (nŭth′ ing).

[2] **Rude** (rọd), see Rule 4, p. 31.

But alas! no mōre the morn shall bring
    That dear group around my father's table—
            Tak*e*n wing!
There 's the gate on which I used to swing!

17. I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.—
    Yŏn green mĕadōw was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
    When around it Jane and I were straying—
            She is dead!
I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

18. Yŏn white spire, a pencil on the sky,
    Tracing silently life's changeful stōry,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
    Points me to sev*e*n that are now in glōry
            There on high—
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

19. Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
    Guided thither by an āngel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
    Sire and sisters, and my little brother
            Gŏne to Gŏd!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

20. There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways—
    Bless the holy less*o*n!—but, ah! never
Shall I hear again those sŏngs of praise,
    Those sweet voices—silent now forever!
            Peaceful days!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways.

21. There my Mary blest me with her hand
    When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she has*t*en*e*d to the spirit-land—
    Yŏnder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
            Brok*e*n band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

22. I have come to see that grave once mōre,
    And the sacred place where we delighted,

Where we worshiped, in the days of yōre,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the cōre—
I have come to see that grave once more.

23. Angel, said he sadly, I am old—
Earthly hope no lŏnger hath a mŏrrōw;
Now why I sit here thou hast been told—
In his eye another pearl of sŏrrōw;
Down it rolled!
Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!

24. By the wayside, on a mŏssy stone,
Sat the hōary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing—
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

RALPH HOYT.

REV. RALPH HOYT is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He is a native of the city. After passing several years as a teacher, and a writer for the gazettes, he studied theology, and took orders in the church in 1842. He may have written much, but he has acknowledged little. "The Chant of Life and other Poems," appeared in 1844, and the second portion of the same, in 1845. These works are principally occupied with passages of personal sentiment and reflection. His pieces entitled "Snow," "The World for Sale," "New," and "Old" [Scenes of Youth], have attracted considerable attention, and become popular. A simple, natural current of feeling runs through them: the versification grows out of the subject, and the whole clings to us as something written from the heart of the author. A new edition of his "Sketches of Life and Landscape" was published in 1858.

SECTION III.

I.

8. THE HUNTER'S VISION.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,[1]
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared to the sŏft summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

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[1] **Shēer, thin; perpendicular; straight up and down.**

2. All dim in haze the mountains lāy,
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their wāy,
By fŏrests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks belōw and bees around.

3. He lis*te*n*e*d, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so sŏft and low
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

4. "Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Befōre thy vĕry feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

5. He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

6. Groves fresh*e*n*e*d as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams; he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

7. And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

8. Bounding, as was her wont,[1] she came
   Right tōward his resting place,
And stretched her hand and called his name,
   With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise:

9. Forward he leaned—and hĕadlŏng down
   Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
   An instant, in his fall—
A frightful instant, and no mōre;
The dream and life at once were ō'er.

BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, on the 3d day of November, 1794. He gave indications of superior genius at a very early age; and fortunately received the most careful and judicious instruction from his father, a learned and eminent physician. At ten years of age, he made very creditable translations from some of the Latin poets, which were printed in a newspaper at Northampton. At thirteen, he wrote "The Embargo," a political satire, which was never surpassed by any poet of that age. Bryant entered an advanced class of Williams College in the sixteenth year of his age, in which he soon became distinguished for his attainments generally, and especially for his proficiency in classical learning. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and commenced the practice of his profession in the village of Great Barrington, where he was soon after married. He wrote "Thanatopsis" when but little more than eighteen years of age. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College his longest poem, "The Ages," which is in the stanza of Spencer, and in its versification is not inferior to "The Faerie Queene." "To a Waterfowl," "Inscription for an Entrance to a Wood," and several other pieces of nearly equal merit, were likewise written during his residence at Great Barrington. After passing ten years in successful practice in the courts, he determined to abandon the uncongenial business of a lawyer, and devote his attention more exclusively to literature. With this view, he removed to the city of New York in 1825, and, with a friend, established "The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine," in which he published several of his finest poems. In 1826 he assumed the chief direction of the "Evening Post," one of the best gazettes in this country, with which he has ever since been connected. A splendid edition of his complete poetical works was published in 1846. His last volume entitled "Thirty Poems," appeared in 1864; and his "Translation of Homer's Iliad," probably the best English version, in 1870. He is a favorite with men of every variety of tastes. He has passages of profound reflection for the philosopher, and others of such simple beauty as to please the most illiterate. He has few equals in grace and power of expression. Every line has compactness, precision, and elegance, and flows with its fellows in exquisite harmony. Mr. Bryant is the poet of nature. He places before us, in pictures warmly colored by the hues of the imagination, the old and shadowy forests, the sea-like prairies, the lakes, rivers, and mountains of our own country. To the thoughtful critic every thing in his verse belongs to America, and is as different from what marks the poetry of England as it is from that which most distinguishes the poetry of France or Germany.

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[1] **Wont** (wŭnt), custom; habit; use.

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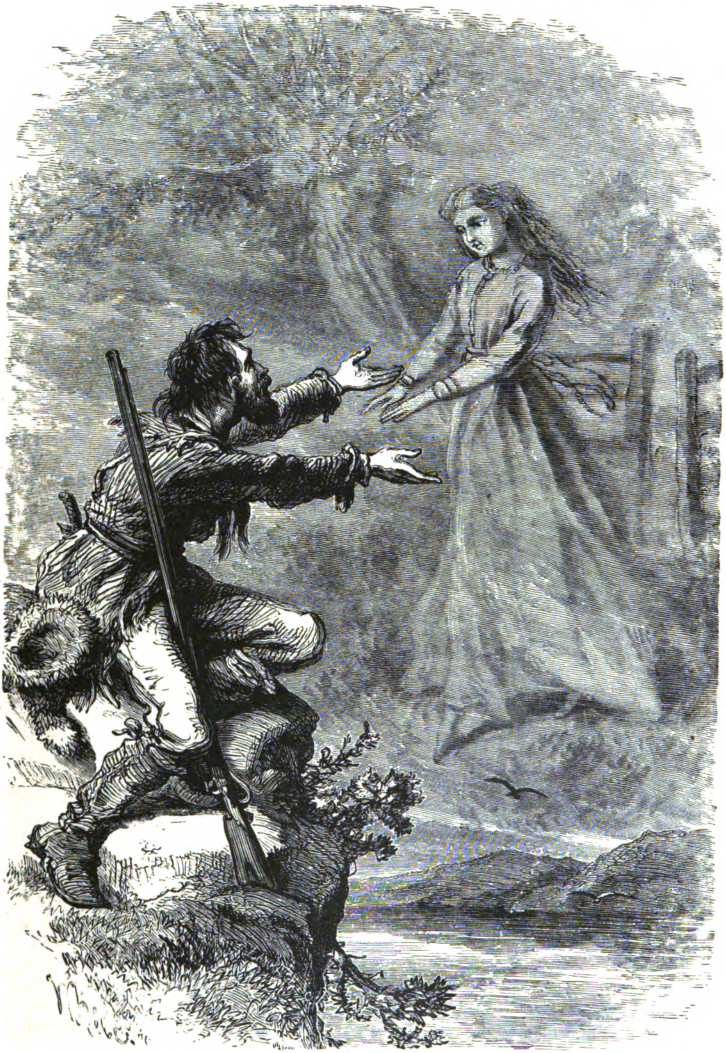

Bounding, as was her wont, she came right toward his resting place,
And stretched her hand and called his name, with that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise.

II.

9. THE LOST HUNTER.

NUMBED by the piercing, freezing air,
And burdened by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragged on his shivering frame;
The rifle he had shouldered late
Was trailed ălŏng, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the lŏng, keen, winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

2. Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye—
No bark or ax-blow could he hear,
No human trace descry.
His sinuous[1] path,[2] by blazes,[3] wound
Among trunks grouped in myriads round;
Through nākèd boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely[4] wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

3. An antlered dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguiled
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had crŏssed,
Unheeding, till the marks were lŏst
By which he used to roam;
And now deep swamp and wild ravine[5]
And rŭggèd mountaĭn were between
The hunter and his home.

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[1] **Sĭn′ ū oŭs**, bending in and out; winding; crookèd.

[2] **Path** (päth).

[3] **Blāz′ eş**, spots made on trees by chipping off pieces of bark, to mark roads or division lines.

[4] **Grotesquely** (grŏ tĕsk′ lĭ), in a manner grotto-like, or wildly formed.

[5] **Ravine** (ră vēn′), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by a stream or torrent of water.

4. A dusky haze,[1] which slow had crept
On high, now darkened there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick, gray air,
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs a mottled[2] screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That ticked against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook ō'er pebbled bed.

5. The laurel tufts that drooping hung
Close rolled around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering ġems.
But, hark! afar a sŭllĕn moan
Swelled out to louder, deeper tone,
As surging near it passed,
And, bursting with a rōar, and shock
That made the groaning fŏrĕst rock,
On rushed the winter blast.

6. As ō'er it whis*tl*ed, shrieked, and hissed,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirled to eddying mist,
Barbed, as it seemed, with stings;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the lŏftiĕst hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dashed in heaps below.

7. Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasped for breath,
Brain reeled, and eye grew dim;
As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air

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[1] **Hāze,** vapor which renders the air thick, with little or no dampness.

[2] **Mŏt' tled,** marked with spots of different color, as if stained.

To murkiĕst gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleamed in ghastly white.

8. At every blast an icy dart
Seemed through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
Thought whispered he must die.
The thundering tempest echoed death,
He felt it in his tightened breath;
Spoil, rifle dropped, and slow
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

9. Reason forsook her shattered thrōne:—
He deemed that summer-hours
Again around him brightly shōne
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
Again the fresh, green, fŏrĕst-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod—
He heard the deer's low blēat;
Or, couched within the shadowy-nook,
He drank the crystal of the brook
That murmured at his feet.

10. It changed;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
Rafter, and wall, and chair,
Gleamed in the crackling fire, that shed
Its warmth, and he was there;
His wife had clasped his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
His child was prattling by;
The hound crouched, dozing, near the blaze,
And through the pane's frŏst-pictured haze
He saw the white drifts fly.

11. That passed;—before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound,
And a sŏft voice, with wild delight,

Proclaim the lŏst is found?
No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
Of whirling snow—the tempest's shriek—
No human aid is near!
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasped embrace—those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear.

12. Morn broke;—ăwāy the clouds were chased,
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white.
Its ivory roof the hemlock stooped,
The pine its silvery tăssel drooped,
Down bent the burd*e*ned wood,
And, scattered round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,
Told where the thickets stood.

13. In a deep hŏllōw, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown;
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
A diămond blaze it shōne;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
Unsullied, smooth, and fair
It seemed, like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But, oh!—the dead was there.

14. Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Sŏft suns, and melting rains,
And, touched by her Ithuriel[1] wand,
Earth bursts its winter-chains.
In a deep nook, where mŏss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass

---

[1] **Ithuriel** (ĭ thū′ rĭ el), [Heb., the discovery of God.] In Milton's "Paradise Lost," an angel sent by Gabriel to search through Paradise, in company with Zephon, to find Satan, who had eluded the vigilance of the angelic guard, and effected an entrance into the garden.

Some scattered bones beside,
A mother, kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild.
That there the lŏst had died.

Street.

Alfred B. Street was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., December 18, 1811. His father, Gen. Randall S. Street, was an officer in active service during our second war with England, and subsequently several years a representative in Congress. When the poet was about 14 years of age his father removed to Monticello, Sullivan County, then what is called a "wild county," though extremely fertile. Its magnificent scenery, deep forests, clear streams, gorges of piled rocks and black shade, and mountains and valleys, called into life all the faculties that slumbered in the brain of the young poet. He studied law in the office of his father, and attended the courts of Sullivan County for one year after his admission to the bar; but in the winter of 1839 he removed to Albany, where he successfully practiced his profession. For several years past he has been State Librarian. The most complete edition of his poems was published in New York, in 1845. Mr. Street is a descriptive poet, and in his peculiar department he has, perhaps, no superior in this country. He writes with apparent ease and freedom, from the impulses of his own heart, and from actual observations of life and nature.

III.

10. THE HUNTER'S LEGEND.

THE hunter went fōrth with his dŏg and gun,
In the earliĕst glow of the gold*e*n sun;
The trees of the fŏrèst bent over his wāy,
In the changeful colors of autumn gāy;
For a frŏst had fall*e*n, the night befōre,
On the quiet grēennèss which nature wore:—

2. A bitter frost!—for the night was chill,
And starry and dark, and the wind was still;
And so, when the sun looked out on the hills,
On the strick*e*n woods and the frosted rills,
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,
And a wild, rich robe was giv*e*n instead.

3. We know not whither the hunter went,
Or how the last of his days was spent;
For the noon drew nigh—but he came not back,
Weary and faint, from his fŏrèst track;
And the wife sat down to her frugal bōard,
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

4. And the day passed on, and the sun came down
To the hills of the west like an angel's crown;

The shădōws lengthened from wood and hill,
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled
All over the west like a wave of gold.

5. Yĕt he came not back—though the stars gave fōrth
Their wizard light to the silent earth;
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim
In the earnest manner of fear for him;
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood
To welcome his father back from the wood!

6. He came not back—yĕt they found him soon
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,
In the fixed and vĭsionlĕss sleep of death,
Where the red leaves fall at the soft wind's breath;
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

7. He slept in death;—but his sleep was one
Which his neighbors shuddered to look upon:
For his brow was black, and his op*e*n eye
Was red with the sign of agony;—
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,
That an evil deed had been done on him.

8. They buried him where his fathers laid,
By the mŏssy mounds in the grave-yard shade;
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,
And beldames mŭttered while prayers were said;
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

9. The seas*o*ns passed; and the autumn rain
And the colored fŏrĕst returned again:
'Twas the vĕry eve that the hunter died:
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook
Their red leaves over the swoll*e*n brook.

10. There came a sound on the night-air then,
Like a spirit-shriek to the homes of men,

And louder and shriller it rose again,
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain;
And trembled alike the timid and brave,
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave;

11. And, every year, when autumn flings
Its beautiful robe on creäted things,
When Piscataqua's[1] tide is turbid with rain,
And Cocheco's woods are yĕllōw again,
That cry is heard from the grave-yard earth,
Like the howl of a demon struggling fōrth. **WHITTIER.**

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of the truest and most worthy of American poets, was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. Of a Quaker family, his youth was passed at home, assisting his father on the farm, and attending the district school and Haverhill Academy. In 1828 he went to Boston, and became editor of a newspaper entitled the "American Manufacturer," and in 1830 he succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of the "New England Weekly Review," at Hartford, and remained connected with it for two years. For several years he was corresponding editor of the Washington "National Era." He has been a prolific and popular writer both in prose and verse. A complete edition of his poems, in two volumes, appeared in 1863; "Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl," in 1866; "The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems," in 1867; "Among the Hills, and other Poems," in 1868; and "Miriam, and other Poems," in 1870. In 1840 Mr. Whittier removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where all his later publications have been written, and where he still resides.

SECTION IV.

I.

11. THE BASHFUL MAN.

LET him who has never suffered from the hŏrrors of bashfulness pass by this article. He will find nothing here with which he can sympathize. But he who knows the ĕx′quisite[2] misery of a temperament whose vĕry nature almost shuts him out from human sympathy,[3] while it opens upon him the full sluices of laughter and ridicule—he ŏnly should read, for he only can understand, this chapter of my sufferings.

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[1] **Piscăt′aqua River** is formed by the waters of Salmon Falls, the Cocheco, and several other streams in Strafford Co., N. H. It runs a S. S. E. course, and falls into the Atlantic Ocean near Portsmouth.

[2] **Exquisite** (ĕks′ kwĭ zĭt), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

[3] **Sy̆m′ pa thy,** kindness of feeling toward sufferers; fellow-feeling.

2. I had taken a letter of introduction from a friend to a genteel family in Paris, and, having delivered it, was, after a few days, invited to dinner. After various awkward mishaps, arising from my băshfulnèss, we were finally seated at table, my place being next a young lady whom I was expected to entertain. The ordinary routine[1] of a French dinner now commenced; soup and fish, fowl and flesh; while a regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wines, all under strings of unknown names.

3. Resolved to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant[2] trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying "yes" to ĕvèry thing that was ŏffered me, and eating with most devoted application. But "let no one call himself happy befōre death," said Sōlon;[3] and he said wisely. The "ides of March"[4] were not yet over. Befōre us was set a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard-pudding, which it sufficiently resembled.

4. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of cauliflower, I verily thought that she was asking my opinion of custard-pudding; and so high was my panegyric[5] on it that my plate was soon bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to Heaven that the cauliflower had vanished likewise! But that remained bodily; and, as I gazed despondingly at the huge mass, that loomed up almost as large and as burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me.

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[1] **Routine** (rọ tēn′), a round of business, amusements, or pleasure, daily or often followed; any regular course of action strictly kept by the mere force of habit.

[2] **Pre dŏm′ i nant,** prevalent over others; controlling; ruling.

[3] **Sŏ′ lon,** the Athenian lawgiver, born about 638 B. C., died in Athens about 559. The extant fragments of his poems are usually contained in the Greek gnŏmic poets, and there is a separate edition by Bach [Leyden, 1825].

[4] **Ides of March,** an allusion to the death of Cæsar. *Ides,* the 15th day of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th day of the other months.

[5] **Păn′ e ġȳr′ ic,** a speech or writing in praise of some distinguished person, or great or heroic deed; a discourse in praise of something; formal praise.

5. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of sŏft sōap, I struggled manfully on against the disgusting compound. I endeavored to sap the mountainous heap at its base; and, shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, I inhumed as large masses as I could, without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly enough, to intimate its intention to admit no mōre of this nauseous[1] stranger beneath its roof, if not even of expelling that which had already gained unwelcome admittance.

6. The seriousnĕss of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestnĕss and rapidity to my exertions, which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate, having somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a lōad, bent under in its turn; and a great propōrtion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat.

7. The plate instantly righted itself as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster,[2] I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

8. The dinner-table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where cŏffee and cordiäls were served round. Meantime I dared not carry my hat lŏnger in my hand; I had therefore sought out what I considered a safe hiding-place for it, beneath a chair in the dining-room; having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in looking for his own hat, to look into mine.

9. On my return to the drawing-room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed; and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running, like a race-horse, up her arm. "Take it ŏff, take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified tone. I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at oncė upon the miscreänt, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides.

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[1] **Nauseous** (na̤′ shus), disgusting; causing sickness of the stomach.

[2] **Disaster** (diz ăs′ ter), an unfortunate event, especially a sudden misfortune; calamity; as, he met with disasters on the road.

10. Mōst unlucky act! I had forgotten the cauliflower; which was now plastered over her face, like an emollient[1] poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady; while little streamlets of sŏft butter glided gently down her beautiful neck and bosom. "Oh! my head!—my face!" exclaimed the astonished fair. "What is it?" was echoed from ĕvèry mouth. "Have you cut your head?" inquired one. "No! no! the spider! the spider! The gentleman has killed a spider!"—"What a quantity of bowels!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

11. Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable[2] vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but its contents remained. "What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower!"

12. At that moment I felt some one touch me; and, turning, I saw my companion who had come with me. "Look at your pantaloons," he whispered. Already half-dead at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the hŏrrible extent of my dĭlĕmma.[3] I had been sitting upon the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had daubed and dripped down till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my clothes.

13. Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat, but befōre I could reach it a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door. A swelling volume of angry ejaculations rolling like a watchman's rattle, and mingled with epithets and names that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause—a gurgling sound as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury.

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[1] **Emollient** (e mŏl′ yent), making supple; softening.

[2] **Ex′ e crā ble**, very hateful; deserving a curse.

[3] **Dilemma** (dĭ lĕm′ mȧ), a state of things in which evils or obstacles present themselves on every side, and it is difficult to determine what course to pursue; a difficult or doubtful choice.

14. I seized a hat, and opened the door, and the whōle matter was at once explained. By mistake a gentleman had taken my hat, and there he was, the sŏft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches,[1] ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forgĕt that spectacle. There he stood astride like the Colossus,[2] and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcĭbly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pōre! I stayed no lŏnger; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a hack, and arrived safe at home; heartily resolving, that to my last hour I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. When his college education was completed, Horace Walpole induced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy; but a misunderstanding taking place, Gray returned to England in 1741. His father being dead, he went to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, though he was possessed of sufficient means to enable him to dispense with the labor of his profession. He settled himself at Cambridge for the remainder of his days, only leaving home when he made tours to Wales, Scotland, and the lakes of Westmoreland, and when he passed three years in London for access to the library of the British Museum. His life thenceforth was that of a scholar. His "Ode to Eton College," published in 1747, attracted little notice; but the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which appeared in 1749, became at once, as it will always continue to be, one of the most popular of all poems. Most of his odes were written in the course of three years following 1753; and the publication of the collection in 1757 fully established his reputation. His poems, flowing from an intense, though not fertile imagination, inspired by the most delicate poetic feeling, and elaborated into exquisite terseness of diction, are among the most splendid ornaments of English literature. His "Letters," published after his death, are admirable specimens of English style, full of quiet humor, astute though fastidious criticism, and containing some of the most picturesque pieces of descriptive composition in the language. He became professor of modern history at Cambridge, in 1768. He died by a severe attack of the gout in 1771.

II.

12. THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

DO you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea?
  Have you met with that dreadful Old Man?
If you haven't been caught, you will be, you will be;
  For cătch you he must and he can.

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[1] **Mustaches** (mus tăsh′ ez).

[2] **Co lŏs′ sus**, a ġigantic statue; especially that at Rhodes, which stood at the mouth of the harbor.

2. He doesn't hold on by your thrōat, by your throat,
As of old in the terrible tale;
But he grapples you tight by the cōat, by the coat,
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

3. There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,
And a polypus-grip[1] in his hands;
You can not go back, nor get by, nor get by,
If you look at the spot where he stands.

4. Oh you're grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve, on your sleeve!
It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea![2]
You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you believe:
You're a martyr, whatever you be!

5. Is the breakfast hour past? They must wait, they must wait,
While the cŏffee boils sullenly down,
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the grate,
And the tōast is done frightfully brown.

6. Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it cool,
And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school, go to school;
He can't think of sparing you yet.

7. Hark! the bell for the train! "Come ălŏng! come along!
For there is n't a second to lose."
"ALL ABOARD!" (He holds on.) "Fsht! ding-dong! Fsht! ding-dong!"
You can follow on foot, if you choose.

8. There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,
That is waiting for you in the church;—
But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,
And you leave your lŏst bride in the lurch.

9. There's a babe in a fit—hurry quick! hurry quick!
To the doctor's as fast as you can!

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[1] **Pŏl' y pŭs**, something that has many feet or roots.

[2] **Old Man of the Sea.**—In the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." a monster encountered by Sinbad the sailor, in his fifth voyage. After carrying him upon his shoulders a long time, Sinbad at last succeeds in intoxicating him, and effects his escape.

The baby is ŏff, while you stick, while you stick,
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man!

10. I have looked on the face of the Bōre, of the Bore;
The voice of the Simple I know;
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door;
I have sat by the side of the slow;

11. I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,
That stuck to my skirts like a burr;
I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,
Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

12. But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I shake,
At the sight of the dreadful Old Man;
Yeă, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,
To my legs with what vigor I can!

13. Oh the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea!
He 's come back like the Wandering Jew![1]
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me—
And be sure that he 'll have it on you! HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, son of the late Abiel Holmes, D. D., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 29th of August, 1809. He received his early education at Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1825. On being graduated, after a year's application to the study of law, he relinquished it, and devoted himself with ardor and industry to the pursuit of medicine. In 1847 he succeeded Dr. Warren as Professor of Anatomy in the medical department of Harvard University. His earlier poems appeared in "The Collegian," a monthly miscellany, published in 1830, by the under-graduates at Cambridge. His longest poem, "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," was delivered before a literary society at Cambridge in 1835. He published "Terpsichore," a poem read at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1843; and in 1846, "Urania, a Rhyme Lesson," pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association. Since the "Atlantic Monthly" was started in 1855, he has been a leading contributor, both in prose and verse; and here first appeared his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and "Elsie Venner." A complete edition of his poems was published in 1862. Dr. Holmes is a poet of art and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness, and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. "His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness."

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[1] **The Wandering Jew**, an imaginary person whose history is connected with that of Christ's passion. The Savior on the way to the place of execution, overcome by the weight of the cross, wished to rest on a stone before the house of a Jew, called in the story Ahasuerus, who drove him away with curses. Jesus calmly replied, "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I return." Driven by fear and remorse, he has since wandered, according to the command, from place to place, and has never yet been able to find a grave.

III.

13. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

ABEL SAMPSON wa̤ş commonly called, from his occupation as a pedagogue, Dŏminĭe Sampson. He was of low bĭrth, but having evinced, ēv*en* from his cradle, an uncommon sēriousnĕss of disposition, the po͞or pârents wēre encoŭraged to hope that their *bairn*, as they expressed it, "might wag his pow in a pulpit yĕt." With an ambitious view to such a consummation, they pinched and pâred, rose early and lāy down late, ate dry bread and draṇk cold wa̤ter, to secure to Abel the means of lĕarning.

2. Meantime, his tall ungainly figure, his taciturn[1] and grave manners and some grotĕsque habits of swinging his limbs, and screwing[2] his viṣaġe[3] while reciting his tȧsk, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school-companions. The same qualities secured him at Glasgow college a plentiful shâre of the same sort of notice. Hälf the yo̤uthful mob of "the yards" uṣed to assemble regularly to see Dŏminĭe Sampson (for he had already attained that honorable title) descend the stâirs from the Greek clȧss, with his lexicon under his arm, his lŏng misshapen legs sprawling abroad, and keeping awkward time to the plāy of his immense shoulder-blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black cōat, which was his constant and ōnly weâr.

3. When he spoke, the ĕffōrts of the professor (professor of dĭvĭnity though he was) were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable läughter of the students, and sometimes ev*e*n to repress his own. The lŏng, săllōw visage, the goggle eyes, the huge under-jaw, which appeared not to ōp*e*n and shut by an act of volition,[3] but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery wĭthin the inner man, the harsh and dĭssonant voice, and the screech-owl notes to which it was ex̣a̤lted when he was ex̣hôrted[4] to pronounce mōre distiṇctly—all added fresh subject for mĭrth to the tōrn clōak and shattered sho̤e, which have afforded legitimate subjects of răillery[1] against the poor scholar, from Juvenal's[2] time downward.

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[1] **Tăc′i turn,** habitually silent; not apt to talk or speak.

[2] **Screwing** (skro̤′ing).

[3] **Vĭs′ aġe,** the face, countenance, or look of man, or other animal.

[4] **Volition** (vō lĭsh′un), the act of willing or choosing; the act of forming a purpose; the exercise of the will.

[5] **Exhorted** (ĕgz hôrt′ed), moved by words or advice; urged; warned or cautioned.

4. It wa̤ş never known that Sampson ēither e̱xhibited[3] irritability at this ill-usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slun̲k from college by the most secret päths̹ he co̤uld discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, whêre, for eighteen-pence a-week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw măt′tress, and, if his landlady was in a good humor, permission to study his tȧsk by hẽr fire. Under all these disadvȧntages he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

5. In prŏgress of time, Abel Sampson, probationer[4] of dĭvĭnity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alȧs! partly from his own băshfulnĕss, partly owing to a strŏng and obvious disposition to rĭs̹ibĭlity,[5] which pervaded the con̲gregātion upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discōurse′—gȧsped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the con̲gregation thought them flying out of his head—shut the Bible—stumbled down the pulpit stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there—and was e̤ver ȧfter designated as a "stickit[6] minister."

6. And thus he wandered bạck to his own country, with blīghtĕd hopes and prospects, to shâre the poverty of his pârents. As he had nĕither friend nor confidant, hardly ēven an acquaintance, no one had the means of observing closely how Dŏminĭe Sampson bōre his disappointment which supplied the whōle town with a week's spōrt. It would be endlĕss even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave bĩrth—from a ballad called "Sampson's Riddle," written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity,[1] to the sly hope of the Principal, that the fugitive had not, in imitation of his mighty namesake, taken the college gates ălŏng with him in his retreat.

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[1] **Răil′ler ȳ,** good-humored pleasantry or slight sarcasm; jesting lan̲guaġe; banter.

[2] **Jū′ve nal,** a Roman satirical poet who lived in the latter part of the 1st century of the Christian era and in the 1st quarter of the 2d.

[3] **Exhibited** (ĕgz hĭb′it ed), held fōrth or presented to view; showed.

[4] **Pro bā′tion er,** a student in dĭvĭnity, who with a certificate of qualifications from a university, is admitted to several trials before he is licensed to preach.

[5] **Rĭs′i bĭl′i tȳ,** the quality of being capable of, or disposed to, läughter.

[6] **Stĭck′ it,** spoiled in making: *stickit minister,* a candidate for the clerical ŏffice who fails, owing to incompetency or immorality.

7. To all appearance, the equanimity[2] of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but vĕry few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nŏthing;[3] and, to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equaled those of a skillful plowman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan.

8. By degrees, the Lâird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dŏminĭe Sampson. Conversation, it is trṳe, was out of the question, but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted even to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious pōst of cûrtesy âfter having twice reduced the parlor to total darknĕss. So his cĭvĭlities, thêreâfter, were confined to taking ŏff his glass of ale in exactly the same time and mĕasure with the Laird, and in uttering certain indistinct mûrmûrs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the lŏng and winding stōries of Ellangowan. SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a Scottish poet and novelist, one of the most remarkable and laborious writers of any age, was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. Being a delicate child, he was sent at three years of age to reside on his paternal grandfather's farm, in Roxburghshire, a region abounding in traditions of the border wars, to which even in infancy he was an eager listener. He returned to Edinburgh in 1779, greatly improved in health, excepting a lameness from which he never recovered. He soon became a pupil in the high school of Edinburgh, whence, in 1783, he was transferred to the university. His career at school or college was not brilliant; but he was an indefatigable reader of romances, old plays, poetry, and miscellaneous literature, and a keen observer of natural scenery. After six years devoted to professional study in his father's office, to miscellaneous reading and composition, he was called to the Scottish bar, in 1792. He married Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a young lady of great beauty, in 1797. His first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," on its publication in 1805, was received with universal admiration, and placed the author among the foremost poets of the age. His appointment, in 1806, to one of the chief clerkships in the Scottish Court of Sessions, with a salary soon increased to £1300, enabled him to devote himself exclusively to literature. In 1808, "Marmion" appeared; in 1810, the "Lady of the Lake;" which were

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[1] **Hu măn'i ty,** liberal education; instruction in polite or elegant lĕarning.

[2] **E qua nĭm' i tȳ,** evenness of mind; the ca̤lm temper or firmness of mind which is not easily elated or depressed.

[3] **Nothing** (nŭth'ing).

followed by the "Vision of Don Roderic," "Rokeby," and in 1815, "The Lord of the Isles." In the summer of 1814, he commenced his more splendid career, as a novelist, by publishing "Waverley." In that year a portion of his literary gains was devoted to the purchase of a small farm on the river Tweed, not far from Melrose, to which he gave the name of Abbotsford, now one of the most famous literary shrines of Scotland. To "Waverley" rapidly succeeded, for nearly fifteen years, his series of novels that appeared anonymously. In 1826, two firms, his publishers and his printers, failed, leaving Scott's liabilities little less than £150,000. Unappalled by the magnitude of his misfortunes, having secured an extension of time, at the age of fifty-five, he heroically set to work to reimburse his creditors by his literary labors. At the time of his death, at Abbotsford, September 21st, 1832, he had paid upward of £100,000 of his debts; and soon after, by the sale of his copyright interest in the Waverley novels, the claims of all his creditors were fully satisfied—a result perhaps never achieved before or since, within so brief a space of time, by the literary efforts of a single person.

IV.

14. SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides, sĭnce the bĭrth of time,
Tōld in stōry or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's[1] Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brȧss,[2]
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prȯphet on Al-Borȧk—[3]
The strāngĕst ride that ever wa̤ş sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
  Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
  Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
    By the women of Marblehead!

2. Body of tûrkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.

---

[1] **Apuleius** (ăp′u lē′yŭs), the greatest of the Roman phĭlŏsophers who professed to be followers of Plato, wa̤ş born in the 2d century of our era, at Madaura, in Africa. The most celebrated of his numerous works is the "Metamorphosis, or Golden Ass," a philosophical romănce which serves to show, under the guise of an allegory, that a voluptuous life leads to bĕstiălity; from which man can be lifted ōnly by cultivating vīrtue and religion.

[2] **One-eyed Calendar's Horse of Brass,** referring to the horse of brȧss in the history of Aġib, the third Calendar, as given in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

[3] **Al Borak** (äl bŏr′ak), an imaginary animal of wonderful form and qualities, on which Mohammed pretended to have performed a noctûrnal joûrney from the temple of Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to the seventh heaven, under the conduct of the angel Gabriel.

Scores of women, old and young,
Strŏng of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :
  "Here's Flud Oirson, fûr his hôrrd hôrrt,
  Tôrr'd an' fŭtherr'd an' ȼôrr'd in a ȼôrrt
    By the women o' Môrble'ead !"

3. Wrin̲kled scolds with hands on hips,
Gĭrls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus[1] round some antïque[2] vase,
Brief of skĭrt, with an̲kles bâre,
Loose of kĕrchief and loose of hâir,
With ȼon̲ch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænad's[3] sang :
  "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
  Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
    By the women o' Morble'ead !"

4. Small pity for him !—he sailed ȧwāy
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—[4]
Sailed away from a sin̲king wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck !
"Lāy by ! lay by !" they called to him;
Back he answered, "Sin̲k or swim !
Brag of your cătch of fish again !"
And ŏff he sailed through the fŏg and rain !
  Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
  Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
    By the women of Marblehead !

5. Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for ĕvermōre.

---

[1] **Băc′chus**, or rather Dionysius, the beautiful, but effeminate god of wine, in mȳthŏlŏġy, represented as crowned with vine leaves.

[2] **Antique** (an tēk′), 'ancient ; old ; of old fashion.

[3] **Mænads** (mē′nadz), from Mænades, a name applied to the Bacchantes or priestesses of Bacchus, and alluding to their frenzied movements.

[4] **Chaleur Bay** (s̸hä lo̤r′), a large inlet of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, N. A., much frequented for its mackerel fisheries. It separates Canada East from New Brunswick.

Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds sāy
Of the cr̤uel căptaĭn who sailed awāy?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

6. Thrǫugh the street, on ēither side,
Up flew windōws, doors swung wide,
Sharp-tŏngued spinsters,[1] old wives grāy,
Treble lent the fish-horn's brāy.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with cûrses the hōarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

7. Sweetly ălŏng the Salem rōad
Bloom of orchard and līlac showed.
Little the wĭckĕd skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding thêre in his sŏrry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scârcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

8. "Hear me, neighbors!" at lȧst he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nāmelĕss hŏrror that lives within?

---

[1] **Spĭn' ster,** an unmarried woman; a single woman—used in legal proceedings as a title, or addition to the surname.

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and cûrse me—I ōnly dread
The hand of Gŏd and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

9. Then the wife of the skipper[1] lŏst at sea
Said, "*Gŏd has touched him!—why should we?*"—
Said an old wife mōurning her ōnly son,
"*Cut the rogue's tether,*[2] *and let him run!*"
So with sŏft relentings and rṳde excuse,
Hälf scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a clōak to hide him in,
And left him ălōne with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead! **Whittier.**

V.

15. MISS KILMANSEGG'S RIDE.

THE hôrse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
Wa̤ş a vĕry rich bāy, called Ban̲ker—
A horse of a breed and a metal so râre—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mâre—
That for action, the best of figures, and âir,
It made many good judges han̲ker.

2. And when she tŏŏk a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the Hêiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In Green, hälf smothered ẉith gold, and a hat
With mōre gold lace than beaver.

---

[1] **Skĭp'per,** master of a vessel.

[2] **Tether** (tĕth'er), a rope or chain by which a beast is confined for feeding within cērtain limits.

3. And then when Ban̲ker obtained a pat,
To see how he arched his neck at that!
He snorted with pride and plĕasure!
Like the Steed in the fable so lŏfty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
But a bûrden of gōld*e*n trĕasure.

4. A lōad of treasure?—alås! alas!
Had hĕr horse but been fed upon En̲glish gråss,
And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,[1]
Had he scoured the sand with the Desart Ass,
Or whêre the American whinnies—
But a hunter from Erin's tûrf and gôrse,
A regular thórōugh-bred Irish hôrse,
Why, he ran ăwāy, as a matter of cōurse,
With a gĭrl worth her weight in guineas!

5. Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pampered nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,
But away, like the bōlt of a rabbit,
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the hôrsewọman mocking the sight—
Wạs yŏnder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or ōnly the skirt of her habit?

6. Away she flies, ẇith the groom behind—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck[2] kind,
When Hymen himself is the starter:
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Ríding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides åfter to cătch him a wife,
Although it's catching a Tartar.

7. But the groom has lŏst his glittering hat!
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas! his horse is a tit for Tat
To sell to a very low bidder–

---

[1] **Spĭn′ney,** a small thicket or grōve with undergrowth.

[2] **Cal′muck,** the *Calmucks* are the most numerous and noted people of the Mongol race—almost always on horseback.

His wind is rụined, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,
A pûrchaser *will* consider

8. But still flies the Heiress thrọugh stōnes and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
On the gentle lap of Flōrȧ!
But still, thaṉk Hĕav*e*n! she clings to her seat—
Awāy! away! she coụld ride a dead heat
With the Dead who ride so fȧst and fleet,
In the Ballad of Leonora!

9. Away she gallops!—it's awful work!
It's fȧster than Tûrpin's ride to York,
On Bess that nōtable clipper!
She has cîrcled the Ring!—she crŏsses the Park!
Mazeppa, although he was stripped so stark,
Mazeppa coụldn't outstrip her!

10. The fields seem running away with the folks!
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks!
At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!
All, all is racing! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are ŏff like the first-class carriages!

11. She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A crụel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shriekings forewarn her:
And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—[1]
She clears that gate, which has cleared itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

12. Alȧs! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life's not worth a copper!
Willy-nilly, in Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,

---

[1] **Guelph** (gwĕlf), a line of German princes, originally Italian, and traced to the 9th century, from which the present royal family of England claims its descent.

A hundred voices cry, "*Stop her!*"
And one old gentleman stâres and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, "*How very improper!*"

13. On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she's doomed, she feels,
To be tōrn by powers of horses and wheels,
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

14. Sick with hŏrror she shuts her eyes,
But the vĕry stōnes seem uttering cries,
As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climbed up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
With the maġical Golden Water!

15. "*Batter her! shatter her!*
Throw and scatter her!"
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!
"*Dash at the heavy Dover!*
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!" (the stōnes didn't flatter her!)
"*Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!*
Roll on her over and over!"

16. For so she găthered the awful sense
Of the street in its pȧst unmacadamized tense,
As the wild horse overran it—
His fōur heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, played with iron sticks
On a kĕttle-drum of granite!

17. On! still on! she's dazzled with hints
Of ŏranges, ribbons, and cȯlored prints,
A Kaleīdoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate ho͞of keeps dashing!

18. On and on! still frightfully fȧst!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are pȧst!
But—yes—no—*yes!*—they're down at lȧst!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with a sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
There's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them! HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD, humorist and poet, was born at London, in 1798. In his fifteenth year, after receiving a miscellaneous education, he was placed in the counting-house of a Russian merchant; but, soon after, learned the art of engraving. In 1821, having already written fugitive papers for periodicals, he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," a position which at once introduced him to the best literary society of the time. "Odes and Addresses" soon after appeared. "Whims and Oddities," "National Tales," "Tylney Hall," *a novel*, and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," followed. In these, the humorous faculty predominated, though there was much true poetry in the verse, and much sound sense and keen observation in the prose. After publishing several annuals, he started a magazine in his own name. Though aided by men of reputation and authority, this work, which he conducted with surprising energy, was mainly sustained by his own intellectual activity. At this time, confined to a sick-bed, from which he never rose, in his anxiety to provide for his wife and children, he composed those poems, too few in number, but immortal in the English language, such as the "Song of the Shirt," the "Song of the Laborer," and the "Bridge of Sighs." He died May 3, 1845.

VI.

16. HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

'TWAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men wĕre găthered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were thêre
Whose deeds the spōrting prints declâre:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan *P*feīffer's brag,
With these a thīrd—and who is he
That stands beside his fȧst b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed:
Green horses also, not a few—
Unknown as yĕt what they coụld do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scoûrgings of the Sunday swell.

2. Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering tûrf is green with May;
The sunshine's gōld*e*n gleam is thrown
On sŏrrel, ches*t*nut, bāy, and roan;
The horses paw and prânce and ne̱igh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play
And dânce and tŏss thêir rippled manes
Shining and sŏft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion fläunts her gāy tûrn-out;
Here stands—each yo̤uthful Jehu's dream—
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the fōur-in-hand;
On faultless ties and glŏssy tiles
The lovely bŏnnets beam their smiles—
(The style 's the man, so books avow;
The style 's the wọman, anyhow;)
From flounces frŏthed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye—
O wọman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these!

3. "Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!"—"Will you? Done!"
What wa̤ş it—who was bound to do?
I did not hear and căn't tell yo̤u—
Pray lis*t*en till my stōry's thro̤ugh.
Scârce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rṳdely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bāy
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shāy—
Lent to his sexton for the dāy.
(A funeral—so the sexton said;
His mother's un̲cle's wife was dead.)

4. Like Lazarus bid to Dīvēş' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast:

His cōat wa̤s rough, his tail was bâre,
The gray was sprinkled in his hâir;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yĕt they say he once coụld trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down—
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "*Old Blue,*"
Whose fame thro̤ugh all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

5. "*Bring fōrth the horse!*" Alȧs! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode:
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hŏllōw, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, läughing in his sleeve
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he läughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shȧft,
Unclȧsped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped ŏff his headstall, set him free
From strap and rein—a sight to see!

6. So wōrn, so lean in every limb,
It cän't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lan̲k, rheṳmatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mĩrth
They buckle round the saddle-gĩrth;
With horsey win̲k and sa̤ucy tŏss
A youngster throws his leg acrŏss,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

7. As thrọugh the jeering crowd he pȧst,
One pitying look old Hiram cȧst:
"*Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!*"
Cried out unsentimental Dan:
"*A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!*"
Budd Doble's scŏffing shout arose.
Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning côugh and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees,
At first with cauṫious step sedate,
As if he dragged a cōach of state:
He's not a cōlt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sṳre to tell;
No horse so stûrdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

8. As through the thrŏng on ēither hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.
"*GO!*"—Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instin̲cts lŏng unstĩrred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb—
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hŏllōw flan̲ks unfelt;
The spûr that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tōre his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and re̱in—
He steps a five-year-old again!

9. Befōre the quarter pole wa̤ş pȧst,
Old Hiram said, "*He's going fast.*"
Long êre the quarter was a hälf,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to läugh;

Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shọe—away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun.

10. The quaking jockey shapes a prâyer
From scraps of oathş he used to sweâr;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bŏnnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"*Stick on! Stick on!*" "*Hould tight! Hould tight!*"
"*Cling round his neck and don't let go—*
That pace cän't hold—thêre! steady! whōa!"

11. But like the sable steed that bōre
The spectral lover of Lenōre,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "*Stop him!—stop him!*" is the cry.
Stand back! he's ōnly just begun—
He's having out three heats in one!

12. "*Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;*
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan *P*feĭffer hēard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bāy,
Old Hiram followed on his grāy,
And ŏff they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the cĭrcling course he wheels,

And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing ŏff! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sŏrrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mâre is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

13. That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "*Old Dutchman come again!*"
Some took his time—at least they tried,
But what it was could nône decide;
One said he couldn't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2.10; *that* couldn't be—
More like two twenty two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
"*The time was two—TOO DREADFUL FAST!*"

14. The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cŏst him something of a sweat;
Back in the one horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And mûrmûred, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twin̲kle of the eyes,
"*That funeral must have been a trick,*
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I shouldn't wonder, I declare,
If brother Murray made the prayer!"

15. And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one horse shay.
Mŏral for which this tale is told:
A horse CAN trot, for all he's old. O. W. HOLMES.

SECTION V.

I.

17. THE SKY.

IT is a strange thing how little in gĕnèral people know about the sky. It is the part of creätion in which nature has dȯne mōre for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evidènt pûrpose of talking to him anḍ teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some mōre material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not ănswered by ĕvèry part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three dāys, or thêreabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud wĕre brought up over the blue, and every thing well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

3. And instead of this, thêre is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene åfter scene, picture after picture, glōry after glory, and working still upon such ĕxquisite and constant principles of the mōst pĕrfect beauty, that it is quite cĕrtaĭn it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual plĕasure. And ĕvèry man, wherever placed, however far from other sōurces of ĭnterèst or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblèst scenes of the ĕarth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man shoụld live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceȧses to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor go͝od, for human nature's daily fo͞od;" it is fitted in all its fuṉctions for the perpetual comfort and ex̩a̤lting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its drŏss and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes caprĭcious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almōst human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tĕndernèss, almost dĭvīne in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chăs′tişement[1] or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

5. And yĕt we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us mōre clearly than to brṳtes, upon all which beârs witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive mōre from the côvering vault than the light and the dew which we shâre with the weed and the worm, ōnly as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glȧnce of admiration.

6. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipĭdity,[2] we tûrn to the sky as a lȧst resōurce, which of its phenŏmenȧ[3] do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whōle chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountaĭns that gĭrded the horīzon[4] at noon yesterday? Who saw the nărrōw sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered ȧwāy in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dȧnce of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them lȧst night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

7. All has pȧssed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy[5] be ever shak*e*n ŏff, ev*e*n for an instant, it is ōnly by what is grōss, or what is extraôrdinary;[6] and yĕt it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highĕst characters of the sublime are developed. Gŏd is not in the ĕarthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.

8. They are but the blunt and low faculties of our nature, which can ōnly be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrṳsive majesty, the deep, and the cälm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yĕt vary etẽrnally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yĕt each found but once; it is thrọugh these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty giv*e*n.

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[1] **Chăs′tĭse ment,** pain inflicted for punishment and correction.

[2] **In′ si pĭd′ i ty̆,** want of taste, spirit, or animation.

[3] **Phe nŏm′e na,** things that are apprehended by observation.

[4] **Ho rī′zon,** the place where the earth and sky seem to meet.

[5] **Ap′ a thy̆,** want, or a low degree, of feeling; cälmness of mind incapable of being ruffled by plĕasure, pain, or passion.

[6] **Extraordinary** (ĕks trôr′ dĭ nā-rĭ), out of the common course.

9. It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearnèss of the heav*e*ns Gŏd means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The ẽarth shŏŏk, the heav*e*ns also dropped, at the presence of God." "He dȯth set his bōw in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of ĕvèry drooping swa̤th of rain, his promises of everlȧsting love.

10. "In them hath he set a *tabernacle* for the sun;" whose bûrning ball, which without the firmamènt would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blacknèss of vacuity,[1] is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mēdiatōrial[2] ministries; by the firmament of clouds the gold*e*n pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable[3] light is dĭvīdèd, and its separated fiercenèss appeased into the sŏft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountaĭns burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring.

11. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, Gŏd would seem to set fōrth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creätor of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of etẽrnity, we can not behold Him; but as the Judge of the ẽarth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling place.

12. "Swear not, nēither by hĕav*e*n, for it is Gŏd's throne; nor by the ẽarth, for it is his footstool." And all those pȧssings to and fro of frụitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horī′zon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glōries of colored robe and cloven rāy, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distin̲ctnèss, and dearnèss of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

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[1] **Va cū′i tȳ̆**, space unfilled or unoccupied; emptiness; void.

[2] **Mē′ di a tō′ ri al**, belonging to a mediator, or one who interposes between parties at variance to reconcile them.

[3] **Im plā′ ca ble**, not to be appeased or pacified; relentless.

RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, an English author, was born in London in February, 1819. He was graduated in 1842 at Christchurch College, Oxford, having gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. He has devoted much time to the study of art, including painting and architecture. His first volume of "Modern Painters" was published in 1843; his second, treating "Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties," in 1846; and his fifth and last volume of the series in 1860. He has published many works, including lectures, and contributions to periodicals, on drawing, architecture, painting, etc. He is noted for the rhetorical brilliancy of his style, the eloquence of his descriptive passages, and his positive though sometimes paradoxical views. Among his more recent publications are "Sesame and Lilies," in 1864: "The Crown of Wild Olive," and "The Ethics of the Dust," in 1866; "Queen of the Air," in 1869; and "Lectures on Art," 1870.

II.

18. THE NATURAL AND MORAL WORLDS.

MAN, the noblèst work of Gŏd in this lower world, walks abroad thrọugh its labyrinths of grandeur and beauty amid countlèss manifestations of creätive power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges, in all that he beholds, the might that called them into being; the skill which pĕr′fected the harmony of the parts, and the benevolence which consecrated all to the glōry of God and the welfare of his fellow-creatures.

2. He stands entranced on the peak of Etna,[1] or Teneriffe,[2] or Montserrat,[3] and looks down upon the far distant ocean, silent to his ear and tran̲quil to his eye, amid the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits enraptured on the mọuntaĭn summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a fŏrèst robe, flowing in all the varieties of graceful undulations, over declivity after declivity, as though the fabulous rivér of the skies were pōuring its ăzure waves over all the landscape.

3. He hangs over the precipice, and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open as it were by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its ōnly music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the tumultuous waters of the mountaĭn tŏrrent. He reclines, in pensive mood, on the hill-top, and sees around and beneath him all the luxuriant beauties of field and meadōw, of olive yard and vĭneyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake.

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[1] **Et′na,** a celebrated volcano in the N. E. of Sicily.

[2] **Teneriffe** (tĕn′er ĭf′), the largest of the seven principal Canary Islands. Its highest peak is 12,182 feet above sea-level.

[3] **Mont sĕr răt′,** a mountain of Spain, 3,300 feet in height.

4. He descends to the plain, and, amid waving harvĕsts, verdant avenues, and luxuriant orchards, sees, between garden and grass-plat, the farm-house embosomed in copse-wood or "tall ancestral trees." He walks through the valley, fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate, with mild enthusiasm, its scenes of pastoral beauty; the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clumps of oaks or the solitary willōw. He enters the caverns buried far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnifiçence of a subterranean palace hewn out, as it were, by the power of the Genii,[1] and decorated by the taste of Armida[2] or of the Queen of the Fairies.[3]

5. Such is the natural world; and such, for the most part, has it ever been, since man began to subdue the wildernĕss, to scatter the ornamĕnts of civilization amid the rural scenery of nature, and to plant the lily on the margin of the deep, the village on the hillside, and martial băttlemĕnts in the defiles of the mountains. Such has been the natural world, whether beheld by the eye of savage or barbarian, of the civilized or the refined.

6. Such has it been, for the most part, whether contĕm′plated by the harpers of Greece, the bards of Northern Europe, or the voluptuous minstrels of the Troubadour[4] age. Such it was, when its beauties, like scattered stars, beamed on the page of classic lōre; and such, when its "sunshine of picture" pōured a flood of merĭdian splendor on modern literature. Such is the natural world to the ăncient and the modern, the pagan and the Christian.

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[1] **Gē′ ni ī**, good or evil spirits, supposed by the ancients to preside over a man's destinies in life; guardian spirits charged with the care of men, places, or things.

[2] **Armida** (ar mē′ dä), one of the most prominent female characters in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

[3] **Queen of the Fairies**, Titānia, or Queen Mab.

[4] **Troubadour age** (trọ′ ba dọr`), the age of the school of poets who flourished from the eleventh to the latter part of the thirteenth century, chiefly in the N. of France, and also in the N. of Italy.

7. Ad′mirable as the natural world is for its sublimity and beauty, who would compare it, ev*e*n for an instant, with the sublimity and beauty of the mŏral world? Is not the soul, with its glōrious destiny and its capacities for eternal happinĕss, mōre awful and majestic than the boundlĕss Pacific or the inter′minable[1] Andes?

8. Is not the mind, with its thoughts that wander through eternity, and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of mōre intense ĭnterĕst than fŏrĕst, or cataract, or precipice? And the heart—so eloquent in the depth, purity, and pāthos of its affections—can the richĕst scenery of hill and dale, can the melody of breeze, and brook, and bird, rival it in lovelinĕss?

9. The same Gŏd is the author of the invisible and visible world. The mŏral grandeur and beauty of the world of man are equally the productions of His wisdom and goodness, with the fair, the sublime, the wonderful in the physical creätion. What, indeed, are these, but the outward manifestations of His might, skill, and benevolence? What are they but a glōrious volume, for ever speaking to the eye and ear of man, in the language of sight and sound, the praises of its Author?

10. And what are those but images, faint and imperfect as they are, of His own incomprehensible attributes? What are they, the soul, the mind, the heart of an immortal being, but the temple of the Holy Spirit, the dwelling-place of Him whom the heav*e*n of heavens can not contain, who inhăbitĕth eternity? How then can we compare, ev*e*n for a moment, the world of nature with the world of man? GRIMKÈ.

THOMAS SMITH GRIMKÈ, an American lawyer and scholar, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, September 26, 1786. He was graduated at Yale College in 1807. Studied law in his native city, and rose to eminence at the bar and in the politics of his State. He made several able speeches in the State Senate, though he became more widely known by his addresses in behalf of peace, religion, and literature. A volume of his addresses was published at New Haven in 1831. He died Oct. 12, 1834.

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[1] **Interminable (in tẽr′ mi na ble), without termination or end; boundless.**

III.

19. PROVIDENT NATURE.

NATURE, like a cautious testator, ties up hĕr estate so as not to bestow all on one generation, but has a forelooking tenderness and equal regard to the next and the next, and the fōurth, and the fôrtièth age.

2. Thêre lie the inexhaustible magazines. The eternal rocks, as we call them, have held their oxygen or lime undiminished, entire, as it was. No particle of oxygen can rust or wear, but has the same energy as on the first morning. The good rocks, those patient waiters, say: "We have the sacred power as we received it. We have not failed of our trust, and now—when in our immense day the hour is at last struck—take the gas we have hōarded; mingle it with water; and let it be free to grow in plants and animals, and obey the thought of man."

3. The earth works for him. The earth is a machine which yields almost gratuitous service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufacturer of soil. In the stomach of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whōle âir, the whole ĕarth, on all the rolling main. The plant is all suction-pipe—imbibing from the ground by its rōōt, from the air by its leaves, with all its might.

4. The air works for him. The atmosphere, a sharp solvent, drinks the essence and spirit of ĕvèry solid on the globe—a men'struŭm[1] which melts the mountains into itself. Air is matter subdued by heat. As the sea is the grand receptacle of all rivers, so the air is the receptacle from which all things spring, and into which they all return. The invisible and creeping air takes form and solid mȧss. Our senses are skeptics, and believe ōnly the impression of the moment, and do not believe the chemical fact that these huge mountaĭn-chains are made up of gases and rolling wind.

5. But Nature is as subtle[2] as she is strong. She turns her capital day by day; deals never with dead, but ever with quick[3] subjects. All things are flowing, even those that seem immovable. The adamant is always passing into smoke. The plants imbibe the materials which they want from the air and the ground. They burn, that is, exhale and decompose their own bodies into the air and earth again. The animal burns, or undergoes the like perpetual consumption. The earth burns—the mountains burn and decompose—slower, but incessantly.

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[1] **Mĕn'stru um,** a solvent; any fluid which dissolves a solid body.

[2] **Subtle** (sŭt'l).

[3] **Quĭck,** animate; living.

6. It is almost inevitable to push the generalization up into higher parts of nature, rank over rank into sentient[1] beings. Nature burns with internal fire of thought and affection, which wastes while it works. We shall find finer combustion and finer fuel. Intellect is a fire: rash and pitiless, it melts this wonderful bone-house which is called man. Genius even, as it is the greatest good, is the greatest harm. Whilst all thus burns—the universe in a blaze kindled from the torch of the sun—it needs a perpetual tempering, a phlegm, a sleep, atmospheres of azōte,[2] deluges of water, to check the fury of the conflagration; a hoarding to check the spending; a centripetence[3] equal to the centrifugence;[4] and this is invariably supplied.

EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a son of the Rev. William Emerson, was born in Boston, about the year 1803, took his degree of bachelor of arts at Harvard College in 1821, studied theology, and, in 1829, was ordained the colleague of the late Rev. Henry Ware, jr., over the second Unitarian church of his native city; but subsequently, becoming independent of the control of set regulations of religious worship, retired to Concord, where, in 1835, he purchased the house in which he has since resided, except while absent on two excursions in Europe, during the latter of which, in 1847, he delivered a course of lectures in London, and other parts of England. He has been a contributor to "The North American Review" and "The Christian Examiner," and was two years editor of "The Dial," established in Boston, by Mr. Ripley, in 1840. He published several orations and addresses in 1837-38-39-40, and in 1841 the first series of his "Essays," in 1844 the second series of his "Essays," in 1846 a collection of his "Poems," in 1851 "Representative Men," in 1852, in connection with W. H. Channing and James Freeman Clarke, "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," and in 1856 "English Traits." Among the more recent of his publications are a volume of poems, "May-Day and Other Pieces," in 1867; and "Society and Solitude," in 1870. Mr. Emerson is an able lecturer, a most distinguished essayist, and an eminent poet. He is an original and independent thinker, exhibiting research and depth of thought, and commands attention both by the novelty of his views and the graces and peculiarities of his style.

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[1] **Sentient** (sĕn′shĭ ent), perceiving; having the faculty of receiving an impression and noting its cause.

[2] **A zōte′**, a kind of gas unfit for respiration; nitrogen.

[3] **Cen trĭp′e tence**, tendency toward the center.

[4] **Cen trĭf′ū gence**, the tendency to recede from the center, or to fly off from the axis of motion.

V.

20. NATURE'S TEACHING.

NATURE does not spread for man a sŏft couch to lull him to repose; nor does she set around that couch abundant supplies, which it requires ōnly the stretching out of his hand to obtain. For the animal races she *does* so provide. She *prepares* food and clothing for *them*, with little care of theirs. She spreads their table, for which no cookery is needed; she weaves and fits their garmènts without loom or needle; and her trees and caves and rocks are their habitations.

2. Yĕt man is said to be her fāvorīte, and so he is; but thus does she deal with her favorite: she turns him out, nakèd, cold and shivering upon the earth; with needs that admit of no compromise; with a delicate frame that can not lie upon the bare ground an hour, but must have immediate protection; with a hunger that can not procrastinate the needèd supply, but must be fed to-day and ĕvèry day; and now, why is all this?

3. I suppose, if man could have made of the earth a bed, and if an apple or a ches*t*nut a day could have sufficed[1] him for food, he would have *got* his barrel of apples or his bushel of ches*t*nuts, and lain down upon the earth and done nòthing—till the stock was gŏne.

4. But nature will not permit this. I say, will not *permit* it. For hers is no voluntary system. She has tak*e*n a bond of man for the fulfilmènt of one of her primary objects—his activity; because, if he were left to indolence, all were lŏst. That bond is as strŏng as her own ribbed rocks, and close pressing upon man as the vĕry flesh in which it is foldèd and sealed.

5. So is this solid and insensible world filled with meaning to him; the blind and voicelèss ĕlemènts seem to look upon him and speak to him; and the dark clothing of flesh and sense which is wrapped around him, becomes a network of mŏral tissues; and ĕvèry thing says, "Arouse thyself! up and be doing! for nature—the system of things, will not have thee here on any other terms."

6. But what, again, does nature demand of this activity? The answer is, *discretion.* Immediately and inevitably a principle of intelligence is infused into this activity. Immediately the agent becomes a pupil. Nature all around says even to infancy—what all human speech says to it—"take care!" It is, all over the world, the first phrase of the parent's teaching, the first of the child's learning—"take care!"

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[1] **Suffice** (suf fīz′), to satisfy or content.

7. And this phrase but interprets what nature says to all her children. Not as an all-indŭlgĕnt mother does she receive them to her lap, but with a certain mātronly sobriety, ay, and "the graver countenance of love"—saying, "take care—smooth pāths are not around thee, but stones and stubs, thorns and briers; sŏft elements alone do not embosom thee, but drenching rains will visit thee, and chilling dews, and winter's blast, and summer's heat; harmlĕss things are not these around thee, but, see! here is fire that may burn, and water that may drown; here are unseen damps and secret poisons, the rough bark of trees and sharp points of contact. Thou must learn, or thou must suffer."

8. Ay, suffer! What human school has a discipline like nature's? In these schools we are apt to think that pŭnishmĕnts are cruel and degrading. But *nature* has *whips* and *stripes* for the negligent.

9. Her discipline strikes deep; it stamps itself upon the human frame—and upon what a frame! All sŏftnĕss, all delicacy; not clothed with the mail of leviathan,[1] nor endowed with interior organs like those of the ostrich or the whale, and yĕt a frame strŏng with care, while wēakĕst of all things without it.

10. What a wonderful organ, in this view, is the human stomach! the main sōurce of energy to the system, strŏng enough to dĭgĕst iron and steel, working like some powerful machine, and yĕt, do you let it be overworked or otherwise injured, and it is the mōst delicate and susceptible of all things—trembling like an aspen leaf at ĕvĕry agitation, and sinking and fainting under a feather's weight of food or drink. What a system, in this view, is that of the nerves! insensible as leathern thŏngs in their health—trembling cords of agony in their diṣease!

11. Do you not see the wonder which nature and humanity thus present to us? Do you not see man as a frail and delicate child, cast into the bosom of universal teaching? Ay, that teaching comes out to him in tongues of flame, and it penetrates his hand in the little, seemingly uselĕss thorn, and it assails his foot with stones of stumbling; and it flashes into his eyes with the light of day; and it broods over his path with the darknĕss of night; and it sweeps around his head with the wings of the tĕmpĕst; and it startles him to awe and fear with the crash of thunder. The universe is not mōre filled with light and air and solid matter, than it is filled and crowded with wisdom and instruction.

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[1] **Le vī′ a than,** a sea animal, described in the book of Job, ch. xli., and mentioned in other passages of Scripture.

Adapted from Orville Dewey.

VI.

21. EARTH AND HER PRAISERS.

THE Earth is old:
Six thousand winters make her heart a-cold.
The scepter slantĕth from her palsied hold.
She saith, "'Las me! Gŏd's word that I was 'good'
Is tak*e*n back to heav*e*n,
From whence, when any sound comes, I am riv*e*n
By some sharp bōlt. And now no ăngel would
Descend with sweet dew-silence on my mountaĭns,
To glōrify the lovely river-fountaĭns
That gush ălŏng their side.

2. "I see, oh weary change! I see instead
This human wrath and pride,
These thrones, and tombs, judicial wrŏng, and blood;
And bitter words are pōured upon my head—
'O Earth! thou art a stage for tricks unholy,
A church for mōst remorseful melancholy!
Thou art so spoilt, we should forgĕt we had
An Eden in thee—wert thou not so sad.'
Sweet chĭldrĕn, I am old! ye, every one,
Do keep me from a pōrtion of my sun:
Give praise in change for brightness!
That I may shake my hills in infiniteness
Of breezy läughter, as in youthful mirth,
To hear earth's sons and daughters praising Earth."

3. Whereupon a child began,
With spirit running up to man,

As by āngel's shining ladder,
(May he find no cloud above!)
Seeming he had ne'er been sadder
    All his days than now—
Sitting in the ches*t*nut grove,
With that joyous overflow
Of smiling from his mouth, ō'er brow
And cheek and chin, as if the breeze
Leaning tricksy from the trees
To part his gold*e*n hairs, had blown
Into a hŭndrèd smiles that one.

4. "O rare, rare Earth!" he saith,
    "I will praise thee presently;
Not to-day; I have no breath!
    I have hunted sqŭirrels three—
Two ran down in the furzy hŏllōw,
Where I could not see nor fŏllōw.
One sits at the top of the filbert-tree,
With a yĕllōw nut, and a mŏck at me.
    Presently it shall be done,
When I see which way those two have run;
When the mŏcking one at the filbert-top
Shall leap a-down, and beside me stop;
    Then, rare Earth, rare Earth,
Will I pause, having known thy worth,
    To say all good of thee!"

5. Next a lover, with a dream
'Neath his waking eyelids hidd*e*n,
And a frequent sigh unbidd*e*n,
    And an idlesse[1] all the dāy
Beside a wandering stream,
And a silence that is made
    Of a word he dare not sāy—
Shakes slow his pensive[2] head.
    "Earth, earth!" saith he,
"If spirits, like thy roses, grew

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[1] **Idlesse** (īd′ les), idleness; slŏth.

[2] **Pĕn′ sĭve**, thoughtful, sober, or sad; given to earnest or sad reflection or musing.

On one stalk, and winds austere
Could but ōnly blow them near,
To share each other's dew;
If, when summer rains agree
To beautify thy hills, I knew,
Looking ŏff them, I might see
Some one vĕry beauteous too
Then Earth," saith he,
"I would praise—nay, nay—not *thee!*"

6. Will the pedant name her next?
Crabbèd with a crabbèd text,
Sits he in his study nook,
With his elbow on a book,
And with stately crŏssèd knees,
And a wrinkle deeply thrid
Through his lowering brow,
Caused by making proofs enow
That Plato[2] in "Parmenides"
Meant the same Spinoza[3] did;
Or, that a hundred of the groping
Like himself, had made one Homer,[4]
Homeros being a misnomer.[5]
What hath *he* to do with praise
Of Earth, or aught? Whene'er the sloping
Sunbeams through his windōw daze
His eyes ŏff from the learnèd phrase,
Straightway he draws close the curtaĭn.
May abstraction keep him dumb!
Were his lips to ope, 't is certain
"Derivatum est,"[6] would come.

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[1] **Aus tēre′**, harsh; rough; severe.

[2] **Plā′ to**, a very celebrated philosopher and author of ancient Greece, was born about 430 B. C., and died in his 80th year.

[3] **Spinoza** (spe nŏ′ zä), a noted Dutch philosopher of Jewish descent, born in Amsterdam, Nov. 24, 1632, died at Hague, Feb. 21, 1677.

[4] **Homer**, the greatest of the Greek poets, called the "Father of Song," is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birthplace, and the period in which he lived, are unknown.

[5] **Mis nŏ′ mer**, the using of one name for another; a wrong or unsuitable name or title; the mistaking of the true name of a person.

[6] **Derivā′tum est**, it is derived.

7. Then a mourner movèth pale
In a silence full of wail,
Raising not his sunk*e*n head,
Because he wandered last that way
With that one beneath the clay.
Weep not, because that one,
The ōnly one who would have said,
"Cease to weep, beloved!" has gone
Whence returnèth comfort none.
The silence breakèth suddenly—
"Earth, I praise thee!" criëth he,
"Thou hast a grave for also *me*."

8. Ha, a poet! know him by
The ecstacy-dĭlāted eye,
Not uncharged with tears that ran
Upward from his heart of man;
By the cheek, from hour to hour,
Kindled bright or sunk*e*n wan
With a sense of lonely power;
By the brow uplifted higher
Than others, for mōre low declining;
By the lip which words of fire
Overboiling have burned white,
While they gave the nations light!
Ay, in every time and place
Ye may know the poet's face
By the shade, or shining.

9. 'Neath a gold*e*n cloud he stands,
Spreading his impassioned hands.
"O Gŏd's Earth!" he saith, "the sign
From the Father-soul to mine
Of all beauteous mysteries,
Of all perfect images,
Which, dĭvīne in His divine,
In my human ōnly are
Vĕry excellent and fair!—
Think not, Earth, that I would raise
Weary fŏr*eh*ĕ*a*d in thy praise,

(Weary, that I can not go
Farther from thy region low,)
If were struck no richer meanings
From thee than thyself. The leanings
Of the close trees ō'er the brim
Of a sunshine-häunted stream,
Have a sound beneath their leaves,
    Not of wind, not of wind,
Which the poet's voice achieves.
    The faint mountaĭns, heaped behind,
Have a falling on their tops,
    Not of dew, not of dew,
Which the poet's fancy drops.
    Viewlèss things his eyes can view:
Driftings of his dream do light
All the skies by day and night;
And the seas that deepèst roll,
Carry murmurs of his soul.

10. "Earth, I praise thee! praise thou *me!*
    Gŏd perfectèth his creātion
    With this recipient poet-passion,
And makes the beautiful to be.
I praise thee, O belovèd sign,
From the God-soul unto mine!
    Praise me, that I cast on thee
The cunning, sweet interpretation,
The help and glōry and dĭlātion
    Of mine immortality!"

11. There was silence. None did dare
To use again the spok*e*n air
Of that far-charming voice, until
A Christian, resting on the hill,
With a thoughtful smile subdued
(Seeming learnt in solitude)
Which a weeper might have viewed
Without new tears, did sŏftly sāy,
And looked up unto heav*e*n alway
While he praised the earth:

12. “O Earth,
I count the praises thou art worth,
By thy waves that move aloud,
By thy hills against the cloud,
By thy valleys warm and green,
By the copses' elms between,
By their birds which, like a sprite
Scattered by a strŏng delight
Into fragments musical,
Stir and sing in every bush;
By the silver founts that fall,
As if to entice the stars at night
To thine heart; by grass and rush,
And little weeds the children pull,
Mistook for flowers!—

13. “O, beautiful
Art thou, Earth, albeit worse
Than in heaven is callèd good!
Good to us, that we may know
Meekly from thy good to go;
While the holy, crying Blood
Puts its music kind and low,
'Twixt such ears as are not dull,
And thine ancient curse!

14. “Praisèd be the mŏsses sŏft
In thy fŏrèst pathways ŏft,
And the thorns, which make us think
Of the thornlèss river-brink,
Where the ransomed tread!
Praisèd be thy sunny gleams,
And the storm, that workèth dreams
Of calm unfinishèd.
Praisèd be thine active days,
And thy night-time's solemn need,
When in Gŏd's dear book we read
No night shall be therein.
Praisèd be thy dwellings warm
By household faggot's cheerful blaze,

Where, to hear of pardoned sin,
Pausèth ŏft the merry din,
Save the babe's upon the arm,
Who crowèth to the crackling wood.

15. "Yeā—and better understood,
Praisèd be thy dwellings cold,
Hid beneath the churchyard mold,
Where the bodies of the saints,
Separate from earthly taints,
Lie asleep, in blessing bound,
Waiting for the trumpet's sound
To free them into blessing; none
Weeping mōre beneath the sun,
Though dangerous words of human love
Be grav*e*n vĕry near, above.

16. "Earth, we Christians praise thee thus,
Ev*e*n for the change that comes,
With a grief, from thee to us!
For thy cradles and thy tombs,
For the pleasant corn and wine,
And summer-heat; and also for
The frŏst upon the sȳcamōre,
And hail upon the vine." MRS. BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, an English poetess, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, was born in London, in 1809. Educated with great care, she became a ripe scholar, uniting remarkably the distinctive characteristics of the masculine understanding and the feminine heart. She began to write at a very early age for periodicals. Her first volume of poems appeared in 1826. She became the wife of Robert Browning in 1846. She died at Florence, the principal residence of the Brownings for several years, June 29th, 1861. Her range of subjects was wide. Her genius grew apace, every new performance giving better promise for the next. She abounded in figures, strong and striking, in happy conceits, and successful expressions. She knew the true art of choosing words, a large per cent. of them being Saxon. Of her numerous poems, probably none surpasses "Aurora Leigh," a narrative poem in 9 books, published in 1856.

VII.

22. EARTH AND ITS CREATOR.

THOUGH the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpĕt of its dissolution were sounded, though yŏn sky were to pass ăwāy as a scrōll, and ĕvèry visible glōry which the finger of the Dĭvĭnity has inscribed on it were extinguished forever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vĭcĭnity, by which so many suns would be extin̲guished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgĕtfulnĕss—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of Gŏd one entire scene of greatnĕss and of majesty.

2. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the mŏral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of hōme and of neighborhood floŭrish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodnĕss rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its ŏfferings? and the richnĕss of the dĭvīne attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

3. And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a fŏrĕst would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightĕst accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a mōmĕnt of time the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occŭrrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world.

4. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littlenĕss and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf ōnly in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater ĕlemĕnts to destroy us.

5. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcāno. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into frăgmènts. The exhalation of noxious air from belōw may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whōle of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may crŏss this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it.

6. We can not anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hŭrry our globe tōward the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

7. These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

8. Now it is this lĭttlenèss and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The Gŏd who sĭttèth above, and presides in high authŏrity over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remōtèst provinces of creätion, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

9. It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whōle universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the mĭnūtèst animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movemènt within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can nēither describe nor comprehend, the same Gŏd who sits in the highèst heav*e*n, and reigns over the glōries of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy. CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D., the celebrated pulpit orator and divine, was born the 17th of March, 1780, at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, Scotland, of respectable and pious, though humble, parents. He was entered a student in St. Andrews College at the early age of 12; and soon gave indications of that strong predilection for the physical sciences which he retained through life. He obtained license to preach in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, while only 19, on the express ground that he was "a lad of pregnant parts;" though, at that early age, he considered the functions of the sacred office to be subordinate to scientific pursuits. By long personal illness, and severe domestic bereavements, he was brought from making religion a secondary concern with him, to regard it as a subject of paramount importance. In 1815 he took charge of the Tron Church and parish, Glasgow, from which time his reputation continued to advance until the sensation produced by his preaching surpassed all that was ever known or heard of in the annals of pulpit eloquence. In 1824 he became professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews; and in 1828 he was translated to the chair of divinity in the university at Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers now commenced a câreer of authorship by which he still further extended his reputation as a divine. The most flattering honors were now heaped upon him; for he was chosen President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, created Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and appointed corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France—a compliment which no clergyman in Britain had ever previously enjoyed. His collected works, including sermons, theological lectures, etc., amount to 25 volumes. He died May 30, 1847.

SECTION VI.

I.

23. THE DESERTED ROAD.

ANCIENT rōad, that wind'st deserted
 Thro̤ugh the level of the vale,
Sweeping tōward the crowdèd market
 Like a stream without a sail;

2. Standing by thee, I look backward,
 And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish,
 Like thy whitely tentèd teams.

3. Here I stroll ălŏng the village
As in youth's departĕd morn;
But I miss the crowdĕd cōachĕs,
And the driver's bugle-horn—

4. Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

5. To the mŏssy way-side tavern
Comes the noisy thrŏng no mōre,
And the fadĕd sign, complaining,
Swings, unnoticed, at the door;

6. While the old, decrepit tollman,
Waiting for the few who pass,
Reads the mĕlancholy stōry
In the thickly-springing grass.

7. Ancient highway, thou art van̲quished;
The usurper of the vale
Rolls, in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

8. Thou art vanquished and neglected;
But the good which thou hast done,
Though by man it be forgotten,
Shall be deathlĕss as the sun.

9. Though neglected, gray, and grassy,
Still I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys
And as blest a cälm as thine.

Read.

Thomas Buchanan Read was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12th, 1822. In 1839 he went to Cincinnati, where he was employed in the studio of Clevenger, the sculptor, and here his attention was first called to painting, which he chose for his profession, and soon practiced with marked skill and success. He settled in New York City in 1841. After a few months he removed to Boston, where he remained until 1846, and then went to Philadelphia, where he practiced his profession, writing occasionally for periodicals, until 1850, when he first visited Europe. In the summer of 1853 he went abroad a second time, and settled in Florence, where until recently he has resided. In 1853 he issued an illustrated edition of his poems, comprising, with some new pieces, all he wished to preserve of volumes previously printed. In 1855, he published "The House by the Sea" and "The New Pastoral," the latter, in thirty-seven books, being the longest of his poems; and, in 1865, "A Summer Story, and Other Poems." Mr. Read's distin-

guishing characteristic is a delicate and varied play of fancy. His verse, though sometimes irregular, is always musical. He excels in homely descriptions. The flowers by the dusty wayside, the cheerful murmur of the meadow brook, the village tavern, and rustic mill are his choice sources of inspiration. He died May 11, 1872.

II.

24. SLEEPY HOLLOW.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shōre of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ăncient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas[1] when they crŏssed, there lies a small market-town or rural pōrt, which by some is called Greensburg, but which is mōre generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch fo̍r the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic.

2. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietĕst places in the whōle world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whis*t*le of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the ōnly sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

3. I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squĭrrel-shooting was in a grove of tall wa̤lnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the rōar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillnĕss around, and was prŏlonged and reverberated[2] by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly ăwāy the remnant of a troubled life, I know of nŏne more promising than this little valley.

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[1] **St. Nĭch′ o las,** the patron saint of boys. He is said to have been bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 326. He is the Santa Claus (or Klaus) of the Dutch, and the bearer of Christmas presents.

[2] **Re ver′ ber āt ed,** returned or sent back, as sound; echoed.

4. From the listlèss repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered[1] glen has lŏng been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the vĕry atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there befōre the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.[2]

5. Certain it is that the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that hòlds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strānge sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whōle neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener ăcrŏss the valley than in any part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whōle ninefold, seems to make it the fāvorĭte scene of her gambols.

6. It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the natĭve inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by ĕvĕry one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been befōre they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative —to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

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[1] **Se quĕs′ tered,** removed or separated from other things; retired.

[2] **Henry Hudson, a British navigator and discoverer, was born about** the middle of the 16th century. He first, in the employ of London merchants, went to search for the N. W. passage in 1607. At 80° of lat., E. coast of Greenland, he was stopped by ice, and returned. His 2d attempt two years later was also a failure. His 3d voyage, N. E. of Asia, while in the employ of the Dutch East India Co., was given up, his crew being unable to endure the climate; and he crossed to the American coast, where he discovered the river which bears his name. On his 4th voyage to the N., during a mutiny of his crew, he was placed in an open boat with eight of his faithful followers and abandoned, after which nothing was ever heard of the daring navigator.

7. I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great tòrrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restlèss country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, who has delighted the readers of the English language for more than half a century, was born in the city of New York, on the 3d of April, 1783. His father, a respectable merchant, originally from Scotland, died while he was quite young, and his education was superintended by his elder brothers, some of whom have gained considerable reputation for acquirements and literature. His first essays were a series of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., published in the Morning Chronicle, of which one of his brothers was editor, in 1802. In 1806, after his return from a European tour, he joined Mr. Paulding in writing "Salmagundi," a whimsical miscellany, which captivated the town and decided the fortunes of its authors. Soon after, he produced "The History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker," the most original and humorous works of the age. After the appearance of this work, he wrote but little for several years, having engaged with his brothers in foreign commerce; but, fortunately for American literature, while in England, in 1815, a reverse of fortune changed the whole tenor of his life, causing him to resort to literature, which had hitherto been his amusement, for solace and support. The first fruit of this change was the "Skètch Book," which was published in New York and London in 1819 and 1820, and which met a success never before received by a book of unconnected tales and essays. Mr. Irving subsequently published "Bracebridge Hall," the "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Alhambra," etc., etc. He received one of the gold medals of fifty guineas in value, provided by George the Fourth, for eminence in historical composition. In 1832, after an absence of 17 years, he returned to the United States. His admirable "Life of Washington" is his last literary production. He died Nov. 28, 1859. His style has the ease and purity, and more than the grace and polish of Franklin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate painting, place him in the very front rank of the masters of our language.

III.

25. *THE STRANDED VILLAGE.*

OVER the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

2. You cătch a glimpse through birch and pine
Of gable, roof, and pōrch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

3. The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

4. With salt sea-scents ălŏng its shōres
The heavy hay-bōats crawl,
The long antennæ[1] of their ōars
In lazy rise and fall.

5. Along the gray abutment's wall
The idle shad-net dries;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.[2]

6. You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw;
You start—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

7. At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggard beat,
Or stage-cōach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

8. A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
Left by the stream whose waves are years
The strănděd village seems.

9. And there, like other mŏss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

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[1] **An tĕn′ næ**, movable, articulated organs of sensation, attached to the heads of insects, and crustācea—animals with crust-like shells, such as lobsters, shrimps, and crabs. There are two in the former and usually four in the latter. They are used as organs of touch, and, in insects, are vulgarly called *horns*, and also *feelers*.

[2] **The toll-man, etc., illustrated,** see *Frontispiece*.

10. The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of railrōad-train.

Whittier.

IV.

26. THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house ōld,
Whose wĭndōws, looking ō'er the bāy,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cōld,
An easy entrance, night and dāy.

2. Not far ăwāy we saw the pōrt—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The light-house—the dismantled fōrt—
The wood*e*n houses, quaint and brown.

3. We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight—
Our voices ōnly broke the gloom.

4. We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

5. And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thencefōrth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

6. The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerlèss to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

7. The vĕry tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of mĕmòry seemed to make
A mōurnful rustling in the dark.

8. Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

9. And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

10. The wĭndōws, rattling in their frames—
The ocean, rōaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

11. Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The lŏng-lŏst ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

12. O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in the city of Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College at 14, and graduated in due course. He soon after commenced the study of law, in the office of his father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, but being appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, in 1826, he sailed for Europe to prepare himself for the duties of his office, where he passed three years and a half. On his return, he entered upon the labors of instruction. Mr. Longfellow being elected professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, in 1835, resigned his place in Brunswick, and went a second time to Europe, to make himself better acquainted with the subjects of his studies in Denmark, Sweden, and Germany. On his return home, in 1836, he immediately entered upon his labors at Cambridge, where he has since resided. In 1854 he resigned his professorship at Harvard. His earliest poems were written for "The U. S. Gazette," printed in Boston, while he was an under-graduate, from which period he has been recognized as among the first writers of prose and verse of the 19th century. During his subsequent residence at Brunswick, he wrote several elegant and very able papers for the "N. A. Review," translated "Coplas de Manrique," and published "Outre Mer," a collection of agreeable tales and sketches, chiefly written during his first residence abroad. "Hyperion," a romance, appeared in 1839, and "Kavanagh," another prose work, in 1848. The first collection of his poems was published in 1839, entitled "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems" followed in 1841; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a Tale of Arcadie," in 1847; "The Sea and Fireside," in 1849. "The Golden Legend," in 1851; "Hiawatha," in 1855; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in 1863; "Flower de Luce," in 1866; "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," translated,

3 vols., in 1867; "The New England Tragedies," in 1868; and a complete edition of his Poetical Works," in 1869. In 1845 he published "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," the most complete and satisfactory work of the kind that has ever appeared in any language. The high finish, gracefulness, and vivid beauty of his style, and the moral purity and earnest humanity portrayed in his verse, excite the sympathy and reach the heart of the public.

SECTION VII.

I.

27. LORD WILLIAM.

1.

NO eye beheld when William plunged young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard young Edmund's drowning scream.
Submissive all the vassals owned the murderer for their lord;
And he as rightful heir possessed the house of Erlingford.

2.

The ăncient house of Erlingford stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's[1] ample waters near rolled through the fertile plain.
And ŏf*te*n the wayfaring man would love to linger there,
Forgĕtful of his onward rōad, to gaze on scenes so fair.

3.

But never could Lord William dare to gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves he heard young Edmund's scream!
In vain at midnight's silent hour, sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
In every dream the murderer saw young Edmund's form arise!

4.

In vain by rĕstlĕss conscience driv*e*n Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt, in pilgrimage to roam;
To other climes the pilgrim fled, but could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace was still a stranger there.

5.

Slow were the passing hours, yĕt swift the months appeared to roll;
And now the day returned that shook with terror William's soul.
A day that William never felt return without dismay,
For well had conscience calendared young Edmund's dying day.

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[1] **Sĕv′ ern,** one of the principal rivers of England and Wales.

6.

A fearful day was that! the rains fell fast with tĕmpĕst rōar,
And the swōllen tide of Severn spread far on the level shōre.
In vain Lord William sought the feast, in vain he quaffed the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown the anguish of his soul.

7.

The tempĕst, as its sudden swell in gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seemed to thrill his shuddering frame.
Reluctant now, as night came on, his lonely couch he pressed;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep—to sleep—but not to rest.

8.

Beside that couch, his brother's form, Lord Edmund, seemed to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death he grasped his brother's hand;
Such and so pale his face as when, with faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge, he left his orphan son.

9.

"I băde thee with a father's love my orphan Edmund guard;—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge! now, take thy due reward."
He started up, each limb convulsed with agonizing fear;
He ōnly heard the storm of night—'twas music to his ear.

10.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm his inmost soul appalls:
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste! the water saps thy walls!"
He rose in haste, beneath the walls he saw the flood appear;
It hemmed him round, 'twas midnight now—no human aid was near.

11.

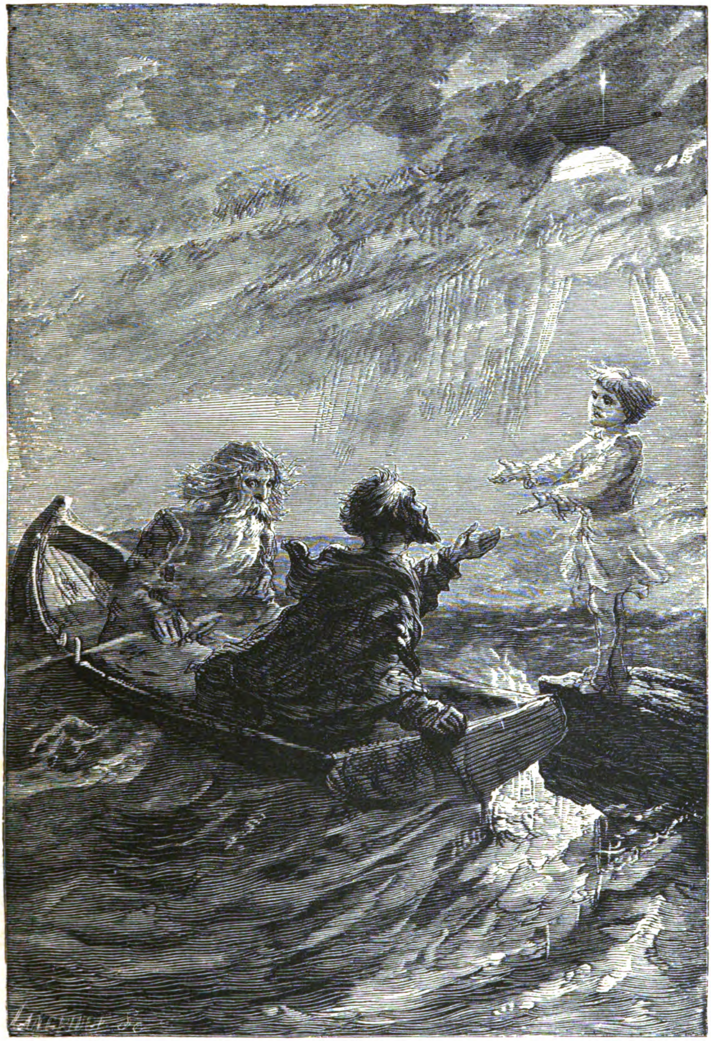
He heard a shout of joy! for now a bōat approached the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid they crowd for safety all.
"My boat is small," the boatman cried, "'twill bear but one ăwāy;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye in Gŏd's protection stāy."

12.

Strange feelings filled them at his voice even in that hour of woe,
That, save their lord, there was not one who wished with him to go.
But William lēapt into the bōat, his terror was so sōre;
"Thou shalt have hälf my gold," he cried, "haste, haste, to yŏnder shōre!"

13.

The bōatman plied the oar, the boat went light ălŏng the stream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry like Edmund's drowning scream.
The boatman paused: "Methought I heard a child's distressful cry!"—
"'Twas but the howling wind of night," Lord William made reply.



"*Now reach thy hand,*" *the boatman cried,*
"*Lord William, reach and save!*"
The child stretched forth his little hands,
To grasp the hand he gave.

14.

"Haste—haste—ply swift and strŏng the oar; haste—haste ăcrŏss the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry like Edmund's drowning scream!
"I heard a child's distressful scream," the boatman cried again.
"Nay, hāsten on—the night is dark—and we should search in vain."

15.

"O Gŏd! Lord William, dost thou know how dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pity hear a child's expiring cry?
How horrible it is to sink beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerlĕss arms in vain, in vain for help to scream!"

16.

The shriek again was heard: it came mōre deep, more piercing loud;
That instant ō'er the flood the moon shōne through a broken cloud;
And near them they beheld a child; upon a crag he stood—
A little crag, and all around was spread the rising flood.

17.

The bōatman plied the oar, the boat approached his resting-place;
The moonbeam shōne upon the child, and showed how pale his face.
"Now reach thy hand," the boatman cried, "Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretched fōrth his little hands, to grasp the hand he gave.

18.

Then William shrieked: the hands he felt were cold and damp and dead!
He held young Edmund in his arms, a heavier weight than lead!
The bōat sunk down—the murderer sunk beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he shrieked, no human ear heard William's drowning scream.

SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, an English author, was born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. From his 2d year he lived with his aunt, Miss Tyler, an eccentric lady, with a passion for the theater, to which he was constantly taken. At an early age, he was conversant with Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Tasso, Spencer, and other poets. He was educated at Westminster School, and Baliol College, Oxford, which latter he left in 1794 to enter "the muster roll of authors," publishing the same year, in connection with Lovell, a volume of "Poems." He was one of the most indefatigable and voluminous of writers. His three best poems are "Thalaba, the Destroyer," in 1801; "The Curse of Kehama," in 1810; and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," in 1814. His finest ballads and minor pieces are "Lord William," "Mary the Maid of the Inn," "Queen Orica," "The Victory," "Youth and Age," "Elegy on a Favorite Dog," and "The Holly Tree." The most striking merit of his prose writings is their flowing, sprightly, and perspicuous style. His "Life of Nelson" is probably the best and most delightful of all his works. He died at Greta Hall—where he first established himself in 1804—March 21, 1843.

II.

28. GARNAUT HALL.

PART FIRST.

HERE or hereȧfter? In the body here,
Or in the soul hereafter do we writhe,
Atoning for the malice of our lives?
Of the uncounted millions that have died,
Not one has slipped the napkin from his chin
And loosed the jaw to tell us: ev*e*n he,
The intrĕpid[1] Căptaĭn[2] who gave life to find
A doubtful way through clanging worlds of ice—
A fine inquisitive spirit, you would think,
One to crŏss-question Fate complacently,
Less for his own sake than Science's—
Not even he, with his rich găthered lōre,
Returns from that dark journey down to death.
Here or hereafter? Only this I know,
That, whatsoever happ*e*n afterwards,
Some men do penance on this side the grave.
Thus Regnald Garnaut for his cruel heart.

2. Owner and lord was he of Garnaut Hall,
A relic of the Norman conquerors—
A quaint, rook-haunted pile of masonry,
From whose top băttlemènt, a windy height,
Regnald could view his twenty prosperous farms;
His creaking mill, that, perched upon a cliff,
With outspread wings seemed ever taking flight;
The red-roofed cottages, the high-walled park,
The noisy aviary, and, nearer by,
The snow-white Doric parsonage—all his own.
And all his own were chests of antique plate,
Horses and hounds and fa̤*l*cons, curious books,

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[1] **In trĕp′ id,** undaunted; brave.

[2] **Căp′ taĭn,** reference is probably here made to SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, an English admiral and Arctic explorer, who left Sheerness, May 26, 1845, in command of an expedition to discover the N. W. passage. He was last seen by a whaler in Baffin's Bay, July 26, 1845. Although several expeditions were sent in search of him, nothing is known definitely of his loss.

Chain-armor, helmets, Gobelin tăpestry,
And hälf a mile of painted ancestors.
Lord of these things, he wanted one thing mōre,
Not having which, all else to him wạs drŏss.

3. For Agnes Vail, the curate's ōnly child—
A little Saxon wild-flower that had grown
Unheeded into beauty day by day,
And much too delicate for this rụde world—
With that intuitive wisdom of the pure,
Saw that he loved her beauty, not herself,
And shrank from him, and when he came to speech
Parried his meaning with a woman's wit,
Then sobbed an hour when she was all alone.

4. And Regnald's mighty vanity was hurt.
"Why, then," snarled he, "if I had asked the queen
To pick me some fair woman from the cōurt,
'T were but the asking. A blind curate's girl,
It seems, is somewhat difficult—must have,
To warm her feet, our cŏronet withal!"
And Agnes ĕvermōre avoided him,
Clinging more closely to the old man's side;
And in the chapel never raised an eye,
But knelt there like a mediæval saint,
Her hōlinĕss her buckler and her shield—
That, and the gold*e*n flŏss of her lŏng hair.

5. And Regnald felt that somehow he was oiled—
Foiled, but not beat*e*n. He would have his way.
Had not the Garnauts always had their will
These six or sev*e*n centuries, mōre or less?
Meanwhile he chafed; but shortly after this
Regnald received the sōrest hurt of all.
For, one eve, lounging idly in the close,
Watching the windōws of the parsonage,
He heard low voices in the alder-trees,
Voices he knew, and one that sweetly said,
"Thine!" and he paused with choking heart, and saw
Eustace, his brother, and fair Agnes Vail

In the sŏft moonrise lingering with clasped hands.
The two passed on, and Regnald hid himself
Among the brushwood, where his vŭlpīne[1] eyes
Dīlātėd in the darknėss as they passed.
There, in the dark, he lay a bitter hour
Gnawing his nails, and then arose unseen
And crept away with murder in his soul.

6. Eustace! curse on him, with his han*d*some eyes!
Regnald had envied Eustace many a day—
Envied his fame, and that exceeding grace
And cōurtlinėss which he had learned at cōurt
Of Sidney,[2] Raleigh,[3] Essex,[4] and the rest:
For when their father, lean Sir Egbert, died,
Eustace, whose fortune dangled at his thigh—
A Damask blade—had has*t*en*e*d to the court
To line his purse, perchance to build a name;
And că̈tching there the passion of the time,
He, with a scōre of doughty[5] Devon lads,
Sailed with bold Drake[6] into the Spanish seas;
Returning whence, with several ugly scars—
Which made him lovelier in women's eyes—
And many a chest of ingots[7]—not the less
These latter made him lovely—sunned himself,
Sometimes at court, sometimes at Garnaut Hall—

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[1] **Vŭl′ pīne**, pertaining to, or resembling, the fox; artful; cunning.

[2] **Sir Philip Sidney**, an English author and gentleman, one of the foremost of the accomplished Englishmen of the time of Elizabeth, was born in 1554, and died in Holland from a mortal wound received in the battle of Zutphen, in 1586.

[3] **Sir Walter Raleigh**, an English author and courtier, a favorite of Elizabeth, was born in 1552, and beheaded at old Palace Yard, Westminster, Oct. 29, 1618.

[4] **Robert Devereux**, 2d earl of Essex, a leading court favorite of Elizabeth's, was born in 1567, and executed in the court of the Tower, Feb. 25, 1601.

[5] **Doughty** (dou′ tĭ), characterized by bravery; valiant.

[6] **Sir Francis Drake**, an English admiral, and one of the founders of the naval greatness of his country, though something of a buccaneer, was one of the most daring and efficient of naval commanders. He was born about 1545, and died Dec. 27, 1595. His body was buried at sea in sight of Puerto Bello.

[7] **In′ got**, a mass or wedge of gold, silver, or other metal.

At court, by favor of the virgin queen,
For great Elizabeth had smiled on him.

7. So Regnald, who was nēither good nor brave
Nor graceful, lĭked not Eustace from the start,
And this night hated him. With angry brows,
He sat in a bleak chamber of the Hall,
His fingers toying with his poniard's point
Abstractedly. Three times the ăncient clock,
Bolt-upright like a mummy in its case,
Doled out the hour: at length the round red moon,
Rising above the ghostly poplar-tops,
Looked in on Regnald nursing his dark thought,
Looked in on the stiff pōrtraits on the wall,
And dead Sir Egbert's empty cōat-of-mail.

8. A quick step sounded on the gravel-walk,
And then came Eustace, humming a sea-sŏng,
Of how the Grace of Devon, with ten guns,
And Master Raleigh on the quarter-deck,
Bōre down and tackled the great galleon,
Madre de Dios, raked her fōre and aft,
And took her bullion—singing, light at heart,
His first love's first kiss warm upon his lip.
Straight onward came young Eustace to his death!
For hidd*e*n behind the arras[1] near the stair
Stood Regnald, like the Demon in the play,
Grasping his rapier part-way down the blade
To strike the foul blow with its heavy hilt.

9. Straight on came Eustace—blithely ran the sŏng,
"*Old England's darlings are her hearts of oak.*"
The lights were out, and not a soul astir,
Or else the dead man's scabbard, as it clashed
Against the marble pavement when he fell,
Had brought a witnĕss. Not a breath or sound,
Only the sad wind wailing in the tower,
Only the mastiff growling in his sleep,
Outside the gate, and pawing at his dream.

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[1] **Ar' ras,** tapestry; hangings woven with figures, made first at Arras, the capital of Artois, in the French Netherlands.

III.

29. GARNAUT HALL.

PART SECOND.

NOW in a wing of that old gallery,
Hung with the relics of forgotten feuds,
A certain door, which nȯne but Regnald knew,
Was fashioned like the panels of the wall,
And so concealed by carven grapes and flowers
A man could search for it a dozen years
And swear it was not, though his touch had been
Upon the věry panel where it was.
The secret spring that opened it unclosed
An inner door of iron-studded oak,
Guarding a nărrōw chāmber, where, perchance,
Some bygŏne lord of Garnaut Hall had hid
His threatened trĕasure, or, mōst like bestowed
Some too adventurous antagonist.
Sealed in the compass of that stifling room,
A man might live, at best, but half an hour.

2. Hither did Regnald bear his brother's corse
And set it down. Perhaps he pȧused to gaze
A momènt on the quiet moonlit face,
The face yĕt beautiful with new-told love!
Perhaps his heart misgave him—or, perhaps—
Now, whether 't was some dark avenging hand,
Or whether 't was some fatal freak of wind,
We may not know, but suddenly the door
Without slammed to, and there was Regnald shut
Beyŏnd escape, for on the inner side
Was nēither spring nor bōlt to set him free!—
Mother of mercy! what were a whōle life
Of pain and penury and conscience-smart
To that half-hour of Regnald's with his dead?—

3. The joyous sun rose over the white cliffs
Of Devon, sparkled through the poplar-tops,
And broke the death-like slumber of the hall.
The keeper fetched their breakfast to the hounds;

The smart young ŏs*t*ler whistled in the stalls;
The pretty housemaid tripped from room to room;
And grave and grand behind his master's chair,
But wroth within to have the partridge spoil,
The sēnīle[1] butler waited for his lord.

4. But nēither Regnald nor young Eustace came.
And when 't was found that neither slept at hall
That night, their couches being still unpressed,
The servants stared. And as the day wōre on,
And evening came, and then another day,
And yĕt another, till a week had gŏne,
The wonder spread, and riders sent in haste
Scoured the country, dragged the neighboring streams,
Tracked wayward footprints to the great chalk bluffs,
But found not Regnald, lord of Garnaut Hall.
The place that knew him knew him never mōre.

5. The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
And Agnes Vail, the little Saxon rose,
Waxed pale and paler, till the country-folk
Half guessed her fate was somehow intertwined
With that dark house. When her pure soul had passed—
Just as a perfume floats from out the world—
Wild tales were told of how the brothers loved
The self-same maid, whom nēither one would wed
Because the other loved her as his life;
And that the two, at midnight, in despair,
From one sheer cliff plunged headlŏng in the sea.
And when, at night, the hōarse east-wind rose high,
Rattled the lintels, clamoring at the door,
The childrèn huddled closer round the heärth
And whispered very sŏftly with themselves,
"That's Master Regnald looking for his bride!"

6. The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
Decay and dōlor[2] settled on the hall.
The wind went howling in the dismal rooms,

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[1] **Sē′ nīle,** pertaining to, or proceeding from, old age.

[2] **Dō′ lor,** grief; pain; distress: an̲guish.

Rustling the arras; and the wainscot-mouse
Gnawed through the mighty Garnauts on the wall,
And made a lodging for her glŏssy young
In dead Sir Egbert's empty cōat-of-mail;
The griffon dropped from off the blazoned shield;
The stables rotted; and a poisonous vine
Stretched its rank nets ăcrŏss the lonely lawn.
For no one went there—'t was a haunted spot.
A lĕgend[1] killed it for a kindly home—
A grim estate, which every heir in turn
Left to the orgies of the wind and rain,
The newt, the tōad, the spider, and the mouse.

7. The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
And once, 't is said, the queen reached out her hand
And let it rest on Cĕcil's velvet sleeve,
And said, "I prĭthee, Cecil, tell us now,
Was 't ever known what happened to those men—
Those Garnauts?—were they never, never found?"
The weasel face had fain looked wise for her,
But no one of that century ever knew.

8. The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
And in that year the good Prince Albert died
The land changed owners, and the new-made lord
Sent down his workmen to revamp the hall
And make the waste place blossom as the rose.
By chance, a workman in the eastern wing,
Fitting the cornice, stumbled on a door,
Which creaked, and seemed to open of itself;
And there, within the chamber, on the flags,
He saw two figures in outlandish guise
Of hose and doublet—one stretched out full-length,
And one half fallen forward on his breast,
Holding the other's hand with vice-like grip:
One face was calm, the other sad as death,
With something in it of a pleading look,
As might befall a man that dies at prayer.

---

[1] **Lē′ gend,** that which is appointed to be read; any narrative or story.

Amazed, the workman hallooed to his mates
To see the wonder; but ere they could come,
The figures crumbled and were shapelèss dust. **Aldrich.**

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a popular American writer, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 11, 1836. He has been attached in an editorial capacity to several periodicals, and he at present is editor of "Every Saturday." The above selection is from a complete edition of his poems, published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. One of the latest and best of his productions is "The Story of a Bad Boy."

IV.

30. O'CONNOR'S CHILD.[1]

OH! once the harp of Innisfail
   Was strung full high to notes of glădnèss;
But yĕt it ŏf*te*n told a tale
   Of mōre prevailing sadnèss.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
   As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
   When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any päth of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yĕt no wrŏngs, nor fears she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

2. Sweet lady! she no mōre inspires
   Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
   She bloomed a pēerlèss flower.
Gŏne from her hand and bosom, gone,

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[1] **O'Connor's Child**, or "The Flower of Love lies Bleeding," was suggested by Campbell seeing a flower in his own garden at Sydenham, called "Love lies bleeding;" and to this circumstance we owe the touching and highly finished narrative of "O'Connor's Child," composed in December, 1809, and published in the spring of the following year. It is probably the most finished, and among the most effective, of all the author's minor pieces.

The royal brōoch, the jeweled ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shōne,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall*e*n her brother's kerne,
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English s*w*ōrd;
Why lingers she from Erin's hōst,
So far on Galway's shipwrecked cōast;
Why wanders she a hŭntrĕss wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

3. And fixed on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildnĕss;
And whêrefore do they then return
To mōre than woman's mildnĕss?
Dishevelled are her rav*e*n locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And ŏft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the foxglove and the mŏss,
Behold a parted warrior's crŏss!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her sheeling door,
Enjoys that, in cómmunion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet,
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

4. Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yĕllōw vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tasseled horn beside him laid;
Now ō'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mōurner! these are shadows vain
That crŏss the twilight of her brain;
Yĕt she will tell you, she is blest,

Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages ŏffered up
The morat[1] in a gold*e*n cup.

5. "A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—'My love lies bleeding?'"
This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! heark*e*n, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountaĭns free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bōre witnèss that he was my own.

6. O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glōry;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my stōry!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises ō'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born;
And băde him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witnèss their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;

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[1] **Mŏ′ rat,** a drink made of honey flavored with the juice of mulberries.

Glōry (they said) and power and honor
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

7. Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
  That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
  And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry!
And what was it to love and me,
  That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
  Upon a hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-sea foam—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No:—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

8. At bleating of the wild watch-fold
  Thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
  Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans:
  Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
  Shall hunt for thee the fallōw-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonlĕss skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

9. And fast and far, befōre the star
  Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
  Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
  Of this unplowed, untrodd*e*n shōre;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
  For man's neglect we loved it more,
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happinĕss.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doomed to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sŏrrōw!
The night, to him, that had no mŏrrōw!

10. When all was hushed at ev*e*n tide,
  I heard the baying of their beagle:[1]
"Be hushed!" my Connocht Moran cried,
  "'T is but the screaming of the eagle."
Alas! 't was not the eyry's sound:
  Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
  And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
"Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!"
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
  Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
  Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yĕs, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And ō'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—O Gŏd! O God!—
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

11. Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
  Alas! my warrior's spirit brave

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[1] **Bēa′ gle**, a small hound, formerly used in hunting.

Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
  Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
  How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
  And knew no change of night or day.
One night of hŏrror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'T was but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And checked my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

12. But Heav*e*n, at last, my soul's eclipse
  Did with a vision bright inspire;
I woke and felt upon my lips
  A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
  I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
  My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the tŭrret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
  As ghastly shōne the moon and pale,
I gave—that every bosom shook
  Beneath its iron mail.

13. "And go!" (I cried) "the combat seek,
  Ye hearts that unappallèd bōre
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
  Go!—and return no mōre!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
  Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold

The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled."
O stranger! by my country's lŏss!
And by my love! and by the crŏss!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit ō'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was giv*e*n,
To speak the malis*o*n[1] of Heav*e*n.

14. They would have crŏssed themselves, all mute;
They would have prayed to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerlèss fell!
"And go to Athunree!" (I cried)
"High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountaĭn fern!
Men shall no mōre your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glōry of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward, when the sun shall fall,
The rav*e*n's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The visor from your dying face!"

15. A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was giv*e*n,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heav*e*n.
Dire was the look that ō'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:

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[1] **Malison** (măl′ ĭ zn), malediction; curse.

But now, behold! like cataracts,
  Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumèd partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
  Were marching to their doom.
A sudden storm their plumage tŏssed,
A flash of lightning ō'er them crŏssed,
  And all again was gloom!

16. Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
  At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
  His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
  This desert place a huntrèss bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
  For any heart of living mold.
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
  Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish for my warrior's sake—
  "The flower of love lies bleeding." CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the distinguished poet, was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. Owing to the straitened circumstances of his father, young Campbell was obliged, while attending college, to have recourse to private teaching as a tutor. Notwithstanding this additional labor, he made rapid progress in his studies, and attained considerable distinction at the university of his native city. He very early gave proofs of his aptitude for literary composition, especially in the department of poetry. At the age of twenty, he occasionally labored for the booksellers, while attending lectures at the university in Edinburgh. In 1799, his first extended poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published. Its success was instantaneous and without parallel. It is not too much to say, that it is, without an exception, the finest didactic poem in the English language. In 1809, he published "Gertrude of Wyoming," which holds the second place among his lengthier poems, and to which were attached the most celebrated of his grand and powerful lyrics. Though Campbell was too frequently timid, and noted more for beauties of expression than for high inventive power and vigorous execution, yet his lyrical pieces, particularly "The Battle of the Baltic," "Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and "Lochiel's Warning," which appear to have been struck off at a heat, prove conclusively that his conceptions, when not too much subjected to elaboration, were glowing, bold, and powerful. In the latter part of the poet's life, his circumstances were materially improved. In 1826, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He died July 15th, 1844, and his remains were solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey.

SECTION VIII.

I.

31. ADAM FIRST AWAKENED.

WHAT was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wīnd,
Stirring the leaves that never yĕt were sere?
The four mellifluous[1] streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send fōrth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate[2] feet?
Did viewlèss seraphs[3] rustle[4] all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice ăwāke him with its sound? **COLERIDGE.**

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at Clevedown, a small village near Bristol, England, September 19th, 1796. Some of his poems are exquisitely beautiful, and his sonnets are surpassed by few in the language. His prose works are remarkable for brilliancy of imagery, beauty of thought, pure English style, and pleasing and instructive suggestions. He died on the 6th of January, 1849.

II.

32. EVE FIRST AWAKENED.

THAT day I ŏft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,

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[1] **Mel lĭf′ lu ous,** flowing with honey; sweetly flowing; smooth.

[2] **Im măc′ ū late,** without spot or blemish; unstained; limpid; pure.

[3] **Sĕr′ aph** (Eng. *plural,* sĕr′ aphs; Heb. *pl.* sĕr′ a phĭm), an angel of the highest order.

[4] **Rustle** (rŭs′ sl).

Pure as the expanse of heav*e*n: I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering look
Of sympathy and love. **MILTON.**[1]

III.

33. THE FIRST MAN.

I RECOLLECT that moment full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time, I was aware of my singular existence; I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes: how my sensations increased! the light, the vault of heav*e*n, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, every thing in′terested me, animated me, and gave me an inexpressible sentiment of plĕasure.

2. I thought at first that all these objects were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idē′a, when I turned my eyes toward the sun: its brilliancy distressed me; I involuntarily closed my eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darknĕss I thought I had lost my entire being.

3. Afflicted and astonished I was thinking of this great change, when suddenly I heard sounds; the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert the sweet influence of which touched my vĕry soul; I lis*t*en*e*d for a lŏng time, and I soon felt convinced that this harmony was myself. Intent upon and entirely occupied with this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other pōrtion of my being, the first with which I had become acquainted, when I reŏpened my eyes. What hăppinĕss to possĕss once mōre so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for awhile, supended the charming effect of sound.

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[1] **Milton,** see biographical sketch, p. 295.

4. I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects; I soon discovered that I might lose and recover these objects, and that I had at my will, the power of destroying and reproducing this beautiful part of myself; and, although it seemed to me immense in its grandeur, from the quality of the rays of light, and from the variety of the colors, I thought I had discovered that it was all a pōrtion of my being.

5. I was beginning to see without emotion, and to hear without agitation, when a slight breeze, whose frĕshnèss I felt, brought to me perfumes[1] that gave me an inward plĕasure, and caused a feeling of love for myself. Agitated by all these sensations, and oppressed by the pleasures of so beautiful and grand an existence, I suddenly rose, and I felt myself taken ălŏng by an unknown power. I ōnly made one step; the novelty of my situation made me mōtionlèss, my surprise was extreme; I thought my existence was flying from me; the movemènt I had made disturbed the objects around me, I imagined everything was disordered.

6. I put my hand to my head, I touched my fŏr*eh*ĕ*a*d and eyes; I felt all over my body; my hand then appeared to me the principal organ of my existence. What I felt was so distinct and so complete, the enjoymènt of it appeared so perfect, compared with the plĕasure that light and sound had caused me, that I gave myself up entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I felt that my ideäs acquired profundity[2] and reälity.

7. Evèry part of my body that I touched seemed to give back to my hand feeling for feeling, and each touch produced a double ideä in my mind. I was not lŏng in discovering that this faculty of feeling was spread over ĕvèry part of my body; I soon found out the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed to me immense in extent. I had cast my eyes over my body; I thought it of enormous dĭmĕnsions,[3] so large, that all the objects that struck my eye appeared to me, in comparison, mere luminous points.

8. I examined myself for a long time, I looked at myself with plĕasure, I followed my hand with my eyes, and I observed all its movements. My mind was filled with the strāngèst ideäs. I thought the movement of my hand was ōnly a kind of fugitive existence, a succession of similar things. I put my hand near my eyes; it seemed to me larger than my whōle body, and it hid an infinite number of objects from my view.

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[1] **Perfumes** (pẽr′ fumz).

[2] **Pro fŭn′ di tў**, depth of place, of knowledge, of science, of feeling, or the like.

[3] **Dĭ mĕn′ sion**, measure in a single line in any direction;—used in the *plural*, measure in length, breadth, and thickness; size, as the *dimensions* of a room, of a ship, of a farm, &c.

9. I began to suspect that there was an illusion in the sensations that my eyes made me experience. I had distinctly seen that my hand was ōnly a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could increase so as to appear of immoderate size. I then resolved to trust only to touch, which had not yĕt deceived me, and to be on my guard with respect to every other way of feeling and being.

10. This precaution was useful to me. I put myself again in motion, and I walked with my head high and raised toward heaven. I struck myself slightly against a palm tree; filled with fear, I placed my hand on this fŏreign substance, for such I thought it, because it did not give me back feeling for feeling. I turned away with a sort of hŏrror, and then I knew, for the first time, that there was something distinct from myself.

11. Mōre agitated by this new discovery than I had been by all the others, I had great difficulty in reässuring myself; and after having meditated upon this event, I came to the conclusion that I ought to judge of external objects as I had judged of the parts of my own body, that it was ōnly by touching them that I could assure myself of their existence. I then tried to touch all I saw; I wanted to touch the sun; I stretched out my arms to embrace the horī′zon, and I only clasped the ĕmptinèss of air.

12. At every experiment that I made, I became more and more surprised; for all the objects around appeared to be equally near me; and it was ōnly after an infinite number of trials that I learnt to use my eyes to guide my hand, and, as it gave me totally different ideas from the impressions that I received through the sense of sight, my opinions were only more imperfect, and my whōle being was to me still a confused existence.

13. Profoundly occupied with myself, with what I was, and what I might be, the contrarieties I had just experienced humiliated me. The more I reflected, the more doubts arose in my mind. Tired out by so much uncertainty, fatigued by the workings of my mind, my knees bent, and I found myself in a position of repose. This state of tranquillity gave new vigor to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a fine tree; fruits of a red color hung down in clusters within reach of my hand. I touched them lightly, they immediately fell from the branch, like the fig when it has arrived at maturity.

14. I seized one of these fruits, I thought I had made a con̲quest, and I exulted in the power I felt of being able to hold in my hand another entire being. Its weight, though very slight, seemed to me an animated resistance, which I felt plĕasure in van̲quishing. I had put this fruit near my eyes; I was considering its form and color. Its delicious smell made me bring it nearer; it was close to my lips; with lŏng respirations I drew in the per′fume, and I enjoyed in long draughts the plĕasures of smell. I was filled with this perfumed air. My mouth opened to exhale it; it opened again to inhale it. I felt that I possessed an internal sense of smell, purer and more delicate than the first.

15. At last I tasted. What a flavor! What a novel sensation! Until then I had ōnly experienced plĕasure; taste gave me the feeling of volŭptuousnĕss. The nearnèss of the enjoymènt to myself produced the ideä of possession. I thought the substance of the fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming beings. Flattered by this ideä of power, and urged by the plĕasure I had felt, I gäthered a second and a third fruit, and I did not tire of using my hand to satisfy my taste; but an agreeable lan̲guor by degrees taking possession of my senses, weighed on my members, and suspended the activity of my mind.

16. I judged of my inactivity by the fain̲tnèss of my thoughts; my weakened senses blunted all the objects around, which appeared feeble and indistinct. At this moment, my now uselèss eyes closed, and my head, no lŏnger kept up by the power of my muscles, fell back to seek suppōrt on the turf. Everything became effaced, everything disappeared. The cōurse of my thoughts was interrupted. I lŏst the sensation of existence. This sleep was profound, but I do not know whether it was of long duration, not yet having an ideä of time, and thĕrefore unable to mĕasure it. My waking was ōnly a second birth, and I merely felt that I had ceased to exist.

17. The annihilation[1] I had just experienced caused a sensation of fear, and made me feel that I could not exist forever. Another thing disquieted me. I did not know that I had not lost during my sleep some part of my being. I tried my senses. I endeavored to know myself again. At this moment the sun, at the end of the cōurse, ceased to give light. I scarcely perceived that I lŏst the sense of sight; I existed too much to fear the cessation of my being; and it was in vain that the obscurity recalled to me the ideā of my first sleep. BUFFON.

The **COMTE DE BUFFON**, a celebrated French naturalist, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, Sept. 7, 1707, and died in Paris, April 16, 1788. More than two-thirds of his fourscore years were passed in unremitting literary labor. He was rich, luxurious, fond of display—yet he went to bed every night at nine o'clock, and begun his appointed task every morning at six. His numerous works have been reprinted many times in France, and rendered into all, or nearly all, the languages of Christendom. His mind was not as analytical and accurate as some of the most distinguished naturalists; but he, more than all others, inspires the reader with a love of nature, and transforms the dry details of science into poetry and eloquence of the sublimest kind. The translation here given from his chapter on "Man," will give a notion of the fertility of his imagination, under the guidance of science.

IV.

34. THE MAN OF IDEALITY.

TO the man of fine feeling, and deep and delicate and creātive thought, there is nŏthing in nature which appears ōnly as so much substance and form, nor any connections in life which do not reach beyŏnd their immediate and obvious purposes. Our attachmĕnts to each other are not felt by him merely as habits of the mind given to it by the customs of life; nor does he hold them to be only as the goods of this world, and the lŏss of them as merely turning him fōrth an outcast from the social state; but they are a part of his joyous being, and to have them tōrn from him is taking from his very nature.

2. Life, indeed, with him, in all its connections and concerns, has an ideāl and spiritual character, which, while it loses nothing of the dĕfinitenĕss of reālity, is ever suggesting thoughts, taking new relations, and peopling and giving action to the imagination. All that the eye falls upon and all that touches the heart run ŏff into airy distance, and the regions into which the sight stretches are alive and bright and beautiful with countlèss shapings and fair hues of the gladdened fancy. From kind acts and gentle words and fond loȯks there spring hosts, many and glōrious as Milton's āngels; and heavenly deeds are done, and unearthly voices heard, and forms and faces, graceful and lovely as Uriel's,[1] are seen in the noonday sun.

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[1] **An nī′ hi lā′ tion**, the act of reducing to nothing, or non-existence; the act of destroying the identity or form of a thing.

3. What would ōnly have given plĕasure fɵr the time to another, or, at mōst, be now and then called up in his memory, in the man of feeling and imagination lays by its particular and short-lived and irregular nature, and puts on the garments of spiritual beings, and takes the everlasting nature of the soul. The ordinary acts which spring from the good-will of social life take up their dwelling within him and mingle with his sentiment, forming a little society in his mind, going on in harmony with its generous enterprises, its friendly labors, and tasteful pursuits. They undergo a change, becoming a pōrtion of him, making a part of his secret joy and melancholy, and wandering at large among his far-ŏff thoughts. All that his mind falls in with, it sweeps ălŏng in its deep, and swift, and continuous flōw, and bears onward with the multitude that fill its shōrelèss and living sea.

4. So universal is this operation in such a man, and so instantly does it act upon whatever he is concerned about, that a double prŏgress is going on within him, and he lives, as it were, a twofold life. Is he, for instance, talking with you about a Northwest Passage, he is looking far ŏff at the ice-islands, with their turreted castles and fairy towns, or at the penguin, at the southern pole, pecking the rotting seaweed on which she has lighted, or he is listening to her distant and lonely cry within the cold and barren tracts of ice—yĕt all the while he reasons as ingenuously and wisely as you.

5. His attachments do not grow about a changelèss and tiring object; but be it filial reverence, Abraham is seen sitting at the door of his tent, and the earth is one green pasture for flocks and herds; or be it love, she who is dear to him is seen in a thousand imaginary changes of situation, and new incidents are happening, delighting his mind with all the distinctnèss and sincerity of truth. So that while he is in the midst of men, and doing his part in the affairs of the world, his spirit has called up a fairy vision, and he is walking in a lovely dream. It is round about him in his sŏrrōws for a consolation; and out of the gloom of his affliction he looks fōrth upon a horīzon touched with a gentle morning twilight, and growing brighter to his gaze. Through pain and poverty and the world's neglect, when men look cold upon him and his friends are gŏne, he has where to rest a tired spirit that others know not of, and healings for a woundèd mind which others can never feel.

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[1] **U′ ri el** [Heb., fire of God], an angel mentioned in the 2d book of Esdras. Milton makes him "Regent of the sun," and calls him "the sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven."

6. And who is of so hard a nature that he would deny him these? If there are assuagings for his spirit which are never ministered to other men, it has tortures and griefs and a fearful mĕlancholy which need them mōre. He brought into the world passions deep and strŏng, senses tremulous and thrilling at ĕvèry touch, feelings delicate and shy, yet affectionate and warm, and an ardent and romantic mind. He has dwelt upon the refīnemènts and virtues of our nature, till they have almost become beauties sensible to the mortal eye, and to worship them he has thought could hardly be idolatry.

7. And what does he find in the world? Perhaps, in all the multitude, he meets a mind or two which answer to his own; but through the crowd, where he looks for the free play of noble passions, he finds men eager after gain or vulgar distinctions, hardening the heart with avarice, or making it proud and rĕcklèss with ambition. Does he speak with an honèst indignation against oppression and trick? He is met by loose doubts and shallōw speculations, or teasing questions as to right and wrŏng. Are the weak to be defended, or strŏng opposed? One man has his place yet to reach, and another his to maintain, and why should they put all at stake?

8. Are others at work in a good cause? They are so little scrupulous[1] about means, so bustling and ŏstentātious[2] and full of self, so wrapped about in solemn vanity, that he is ready to turn from them and their cause in disgust. There is so little of nature and sincerity, of ardor and sentiment of character, such a dullnèss of perception, such a want of that enthusiasm for all that is great and lovely and true (which, while it makes us forgĕtful of ourselves, brings with it our highèst enjoyments), such an offensive show and talk of factitious[1] sensibility—that the cŭrrent of his feelings is checked; he turns ăwāy depressed and disappointed, and becomes shut up in himself; and he, whose mind is all emotion, and who loves with a depth of feeling that few have ever sounded, is pointed at, as he stands aloof from men, as a creature cold, selfish, and reserved.

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[1] **Scrupulous** (skrṳ′ pu lŭs.)

[2] **Ostentatious** (ŏs′ ten tā′ shus), fond of very great or offensive display; boastful; pompous.

9. But if manner too ŏf*te*n goes for character, hard-learned rules for native taste, fastĭdiousnèss[2] for refīnemènt, ŏstentātion for dignity, cunning for wisdom, timidity for prudence, and nervous affections for tĕndernèss of heart—if the order of nature is so much reversed, and semblance[3] so ŏf*te*n takes precēdence[4] of truth, yĕt it is not so in all things, nor whōlly so in any. The cruel and ambitious have touches of pity and remorse, and good affections are mingled with our frailties. Amid the press of selfish aims, generous ardor is seen lighting up; and in the tumultuous and heedlèss bus*t*le of the world, we here and there meet with quiet and deep affections and considerate thought.

10. Patient endurance of sufferings, bold resistance of power, forgĭvenèss of injuries, hard-tried and faithful friendship, and self-sacrificing love, are seen in beautiful relief over the flat uniformity of life, or stand out in steady and bright grandeur in the midst of the dark deeds of men. And then, again, the vices of our nature are sometimes revealed with a violence of passion and an intellectual energy, which fas*te*n on the imagination of a creätive and high mind, while they call out opposing virtues to pass befōre it in visions of glōry: for "there is a soul of goodnèss in things evil;" and the crimes of men have brought fōrth deeds of hĕroism and sustaining faith, that have made our rapt fancies but gatherings from the world we live in.

11. And there are beautiful souls, too, in the world, to hold kindred with a man of feeling and refined mind; and there are delicate and warm and simple affections, that now and then meet him on his way, and enter silently into his heart, like blessings. Here and there, on the rōad, go with him for a time some who call to mind the images of his soul—a voice, or a look, is a remembrancer of past visions, and breaks out upon him like openings through the clouds; and the distant beings of his imagination seem walking by his side, and the changing and unsubstantial creatures of the brain put on body and life. In such moments his fancies are turned to realities, and over the real the lights of his mind shift and play; his imagination shines out warm upon it, and it changes, and takes the airinèss of fairy life.

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[1] **Factitious (făk tĭsh′ us),** conventional, or made by art; produced with care and effort; unnatural.

[2] **Fas tĭd′ i oŭs ness,** the state or quality of being offended by trifling defects or errors; squeamishness of mind, taste, or appetite.

[3] **Sĕm′ blance,** seeming; appearance; likeness.

[4] **Pre cēd′ ence,** the act or state of being or going before; preference; superiority.

12. When such a one turns away from men, and is left alone in silent communion with nature and his own thoughts, and there are no bonds on the movements of the feelings, and nothing on which he would shut his eyes, but God's own hand has made all before him as it is, he feels his spirit opening upon a new existence, becoming as broad as the sun and air, as various as the earth over which it spreads itself, and touched with that love which Gŏd has imaged in all he has formed.

13. His senses take a quicker life, and become one refined and ĕx′quisite emotion; and the etherealized body is made, as it were, a spirit in bliss. His soul grows strŏnger and mōre active within him, as he sees life intense and working throughout nature; and that which is passing away links itself with the eternal, when he finds new life beginning ev*e*n with decay, and hastening to put fōrth in some other form of beauty, and become a sharer in some new delight. His spirit is ever awake with happy sensations, and cheerful and innocent and easy thoughts.

14. Soul and body are blending into one; the senses and thoughts mix in one delight; he sees a universe of order and beauty, and joy and life, of which he becomes a part, and finds himself carried ălŏng in the eternal going-on of nature. Sudden and short-lived passions of men take no hold upon him; for he has sat in silent thought by the rōar and hŭrry of the stream, which has rushed on from the beginning of things; and he is quiet in the tumult of the multitude, for he has watched the tracery of leaves playing safely over the foam.

15. The innocent face of nature gives him an open and fair mind; pain and death seem passing ăwāy, for all about him is cheerful and in its spring. His virtues are not taught him as lessons, but are shed upon him and enter into him like the light and warmth of the sun; and amidst the variety of the earth he sees a fitness which frees him from the formalities of rule, and lets him abroad to find a pleasure in all things, and order becomes a simple feeling of the soul.

16. Religion, to such a one, has thoughts and visions and sensations tinged, as it were, with a brighter light than falls on other men. The love and reverence of the Creätor make their abode in his imagination, and he gathers about them earth and air and ideal worlds. His heart is made glad with the pĕr′fectnèss in the works of Gŏd, when he considers that even of the multitude of things that are growing up and decaying, and of those which have come and gone, on which the eye of man has never rested, each was as fair and complete as if made to live for ever for our instruction and delight.

17. Freedom, and order, and beauty, and grandeur are in accordance in his mind, and give largenèss and height to his thoughts; he moves among the bright clouds; he wanders ăwāy into the mĕasurelèss depths of the stars, and is touched by the fire with which Gŏd has lighted them. All that is made partakes of the eternal, and religion becomes a perpetual delight.

DANA.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 15th of November, 1787. He graduated at Harvard in 1807. He opened a law-office in Newport, R. I., in 1811, and became a member of the legislature; but his constitutional sensitiveness and feeble health compelled him to abandon his profession soon after. For two years, from 1818, he aided in editing the N. A. Review; and in 1821 began the publication of "The Idle Man," a periodical in which he communicated to the public his Tales and Essays. After the discontinuance of that paper, he wrote able articles for several of the best periodicals of the country. The first volume of his poems, containing "The Buccaneer," was printed in 1827. An edition of his writings, in two volumes, was published in New York in 1850. Mr. DANA at present passes his time between his town residence at Boston and his country retirement at Cape Ann, where he can indulge in his love of nature. He is regarded always, by as many as have the honor of his acquaintance, with admiration and the most reverent affection. All of his writings belong to the permanent literature of the country, and yearly find more and more readers. They are distinguished for profound philosophy, simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

V.

35. THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mold,
That shall creätion's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

2. The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famĭne some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shōres where all was dumb!

3. Yĕt, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntlèss words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by—
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shalt no lŏṅger flow.

4. What though beneath thee man put fōrth
His pŏmp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—

Yet mōurn I not thy parted swāy,
Thou dim, discrownèd king of dāy:
  For all those trōphied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
  Entailed on human hearts.

5. Go, let oblivion's[1] curtaĭn fall
  Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
  Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous păġ*e*ants[2] bring not back,
Nor wak*e*n flesh upon the rack
  Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in dis̩*e*ase's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the s*w*ōrd,
  Like grass beneath the scythe.

6. Ev*e*n I am weary in yŏn skies
  To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumlèss agonies,
  Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
  To see thou shalt not bōast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darknèss shall
  Receive my parting ghost!

7. This spirit shall return to Him
  Who gave its heav*e*nly spark;
Yĕt think not, sun, it shall be dim,
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,

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[1] **Ob lĭv′ i on,** cessation of remembrance; forgetfulness.

[2] **Pageant** (păj′ ant), a fleeting show; a spectacle for the entertainment of a distinguished personage, or the public; an exhibition.

Who robbed the grave of victory,
  And took the sting from death!

8. Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
  On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On earth's sepŭlchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
  Or shake his trust in Gŏd! CAMPBELL

SECTION IX.

I.

36. THE DOWER.

Characters: SIR GILES OVERREACH, *a cruel extortioner,* *and* LORD LOVELL.

OVERREACH. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make ŏffer with my daughter
A certain pōrtion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too lŏng, since ĕvèry year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lovell. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well woodèd, and well watered, the acres
Fertĭle and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer prŏgress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a whōlesome air,

And well-built pile; and she that's mistrèss of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say ōnly that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere lŏng 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the ĕngīnes that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dōtage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once mōre
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are mōre dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn repōrt myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whitenèss of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honorable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudèst hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the post

Your noble birth, and present state requires,
I do remove that burd*e*n from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.
  Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whōle families, made wretched
By your sinister[1] practices?
  Over. Yĕs, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hun̲ger pined, howl at her brightnèss.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant cōurse: with mine own s*w*ōrd,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrŏng.
  Now for these other trifling complaints
Breathed out in bitternèss; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widōws' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I ōnly think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
  Lov. I admire
The toughnèss of your nature.
  Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay mōre, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight,
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crookèd ways, than you shall e'er take plĕasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?

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[1] **Sĭn′ is ter,** left-handed; evil.

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.
Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One stōry higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am bōrne thus hĕadlŏng by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please—
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good mŏrrōw. [*Exit.*
Lov. He's gŏne—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portĕnt![1] I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blăs′phemoŭs[2] beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountaĭn, he
(Confirmed in atheistical[3] assertions)
Is no mōre shak*e*n than Olympus[4] is
When angry Bōreăs[5] loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow. MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER, one of the first rank of the old English dramatists, was born in Salisbury in 1584, and died in London, March 17, 1640. He was educated in his native city, and at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. He repaired to London in 1606, where he at once employed himself at dramatic composition. But little is known of his life until the publication of his first drama, the "Virgin Martyr," in 1622. He wrote many pieces, of which 18 have been preserved. The "Virgin Martyr," the "Bondman," the "Fatal Dowry," "The City Madam," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," are his best known productions. The last alone, from which the above is adapted, retains a place on the stage, for which it is indebted to its effective delineation of the character of Sir Giles Overreach.

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[1] **Por tĕnt′**, that which stretches out before or foreshows; especially, that which foretokens evil; an omen of ill.

[2] **Blăs′ phe mous**, given to the use of wicked, lying, or reproachful words toward God.

[3] **A′ the ĭst′ ic al**, relating to, implying, or containing, the disbelief or denial of the existence of God.

[4] **O lўm′ pus**, a mountain range of Thessaly, on the border of Macedonia. Its summit, famed by Homer and other poets as the throne of the gods, is estimated to be 9,745 feet high.

[5] **Bō′ re as**, the north wind; in *mythology*, a son of Astræus and Eos, a brother of Hesperus, Boreas was worshiped as a god. He was represented with wings, which, as well as his hair and bēard, were full of flakes of snow: instead of feet he had the tails of serpents, and with the train of his garment he stirred up clouds of dust.

II.

37. THE THREE DOWERS.

Characters: King LEAR; *Duke of* CORNWALL *and Duke of* ALBANY, *Sons-in-law to* LEAR; GONERIL, REGAN, *and* CORDELIA, *Daughters of* LEAR; *King of* FRANCE, *and Duke of* BURGUNDY, *Suitors to* CORDELIA.

LEAR. Give me the map, there.—Know that we have dĭvīded,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl tōward death.—Tell me, my daughters,
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us mōst?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Gon. Sir, I
Do love you mōre than words can wield the matter:
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyŏnd what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as child e'er loved, or father found:
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyŏnd all manner of so much I love you.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy fŏrĕsts, and with champaigns riched
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter;
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my vĕry deed of love;
Only she comes too short—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

No less in space, validity, and plĕasure,
Than that confirmed on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Bur′gundy,
Strive to be interessed; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nôthing can come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I can not heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hĕcate and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, forever.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers dĭgĕst this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,

Preëminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—My Lord of Bur′gundy,
We first address tōward you, who with this king
Hath rivaled for our daughter:—What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
Give but that pōrtion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordēliă by the hand,
Duchess of Bur′gundy.
Lear. Nothing: I have swōrn; I am firm.
Bur. I am sŏrry, then, you have so lŏst a father,
That you must lose a husband. [*To* CORDELIA.
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
Fra. Fairest Cordēliă, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast ăwāy.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest *here*, a better *where* to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison. SHAKSPEARE.

III.

38. ENJOYING MONEY.

Characters: DR. WENTWORTH, *the Host;* BUEL, *a Parson;* BACON, *a Judge;* EDWARDS, *a Teacher; and* BRETT, *a benevolent Merchant and Manufacturer.* [*All sitting under a great elm on the lawn.*]

BACON. Brett, have you noticed Dr. Wentworth's conservatory? I wonder you do not add one to your house. I am sure you spend too much money on benevolence. You owe a little now and then to selfishnĕss. Why, my dear fellow, you live as if you thought it to be your first duty *not* to enjoy the wealth which a kind Providence has sent you.

Brett [*nervous, and talking all over when interested*]. Why, Judge, I should think it was Mrs. Brett talking, if I did not see your face. She troubles me day by day. But, reällly, I am not conscience free in this matter. I—I—do not dare spend on myself while there is so much to be done with money—so many poor; so many ignorant; so many tenements to be built and families to be regarded, and factory children to be educated; and, besides, so much to be done for the world abroad!

Bacon. Mark the perfect man! Hear him talk! Why, sir, if you send missionaries to South Africa, it is ōnly fair that you should receive the Cape-bulbs in return; if you send Bibles to South Amĕrica, why not receive orchids in exchange? We have more Bibles than we can use, and they have more plants. A fair and legitimate commerce. Thus, we expōrt missionaries and import roses, and bōth parties exchange superfluities for objects of value.

Buel. [*With a grave smile.*] Come, come, Judge Bacon, do not try to puzzle brother Brett by your way of putting duty; I wish we had mōre men that were unjust to selfishness, as you say he is.

Bacon. [*In a comical, mocking tone.*] But, then, Reverend Sir, do you not think that he ought to have a conscience in the matter of making benevolence appear pinching and frugal to unloveliness? One reason why I don't become rich is the fear that I shall live as austerely as brother Brett does. One might just as well be poor, as to be rich and spend all his money in giving it ăwāy. Do you reällly think, Brett, that you would cheat a single heathen out of a fair chance, if you were to put up a green-house, hire a gardener, and live in a little more luxurious way?

Brett. You have touched the vĕry point—*luxury.* I'm sure that it is my duty to provide my family with the necessaries of life; but luxuries I am not so clear about. I never feel happy when I am persuaded to obtain them. I have my scruples whether a Christian may, in the present state of the world, indulge in luxuries.

Bacon. Is that so? [*Affecting a manner of great concern.*] Is that so, my dear Ascetic?[1] You must give me leave to say that I think you, sir, already on the side of self-indulgence. Calf-skin boots, upon my word! A beaver hat! when a felt one would equally well shield your head, at but a quarter the expense! And that glaring violation of economy, a broadcloth cōat, instead of linsey-woolsey! Why, sir, I think there must be a year's schooling on your person for some poor vagabond, and yet you are talking about your conscience!

Brett. For all that [*smiling faintly and doubtingly*], I am in doubt of going any further. Have I a right to put so much money into a green-house, and to be at the annual expense required for a gardener, when down at the factories there is so much to be done among the workmen, for schools, and clothing, and libraries?

Buel. That 's a fair question, and I should like to hear your opinion, gentlemen. I confess that I am puzzled more by the practical application of it than by the principle itself. I have no doubt of a Christian man's liberty to use his wealth for his own household, but how far, by what rule to limit it, I do not clearly see.

Bacon. O, gentlemen, that I might be troubled as Brett is, by wealth that I dōn't know how to use! Brett, exchange with me! Give me your factories, stōres, and sinful bonds and deposits, and do you take my library and penurious clients, and it will refresh you much to solve new questions of fĭnănce′, with which I am already familiar.

Edwards. I beg your pardon, Judge, but permit me to bring back the question. I think no matter mōre important than to furnish some clue by which a Christian man may determine where rights end and duty begins, in the use of wealth—

Bacon. My dear Wentworth, don't start ŏff with your speech yet. You see, gentlemen, the Doctor has been firing up for some time, and there will be no chance for us if he once begins! What the world of letters lŏst, Wentworth, when you chose medicine! We have lost a Burke[2] and got ōnly Dr. Wentworth!

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[1] **As cĕt′ iċ**, one who practices undue rigor and self-denial in religious things.

[2] **Edmund Burke**, a celebrated British orator, statesman and philosopher, was born in Dublin, Jan. 1st, 1730, and died July 8th, 1797. He favored America in her revolution.

Let me deal with Brett, whose conscience is like a spider on the wĭndōw, always spinning webs to keep out the light.

I think a man has at least the natural rights of the animal kingdom. If an eagle has a right to all the feathers that can fairly grow on his body, and a sheep to all the wool that can grow on his skin, and a butterfly to all the colors on his wings, and a bird to all the music he can make, a man has a right to what property he honestly accumulates.

Edwards. Tut, tut—you do n't half know your lesson. Eagles shed their feathers, and keep young by molting. Sheep are sheared for their own comfort and every body's convenience; and birds sing for all the town, as well as for themselves; while the butterfly, that piece of painted uselĕssnĕss, comes late and goes early, as if Nature had no use for things that did not contribute to others' good! So, Judge, you may go to the foot of the class.

Bacon. I am dumb, Mr. Schoolmaster. Now let the Doctor speak. I am sure it is not safe for him or us to restrain him longer.

Dr. Wentworth. I think, gentlemen, the matter in hand is far less difficult than it is made to seem. No mistake can be greater than for one to speak of his fămĭly as of something separate from the community in which he lives. A family bears to the community the relation which limbs and organs do to the human body. What if a man should have serious scruples whether he should bestow food upon the stomach instead of the whōle body! The family is the dĭgĕsting organ of the body politic. The very way to feed the community is to feed the family. This is the point of contact for each man with the society in which he lives.

Through the family, chiefly, we are to act upon society. Money contributed there is contributed to the whōle. To be sure, this is not to exclude other benefactions; but, when you have built churches, schools and libraries, established public charities, all of which are very noble and necessary, it remains true that the best gift which we can offer to the state is the living gift of virtuous, intelligent, and enterprising children!

Nothing is more remote from sĕlfishnĕss than generous expenditure in building up a home, and enriching it with all that shall make it beautiful without and lovely within. A man who builds a noble house does it for the whōle neighborhood, not for himself alone. He who surrounds his children with books, refines their thoughts by early familiarity with art, is training them for the state. In no other way could he spend so much money so usefully for the state. He that actually rears good citizens presents to the state better properties, far nobler, than ample funds or cŏstly buildings.

A man may, of cōurse, be selfish in family expenditure; but all such outlay corrupts the family. No expense can be had which reälly benefits the family, that, through them, does not even mōre benefit the whōle community.

Why, gentlemen, I settled that question with this elm-tree long ago. I had heard it sighing for some days, and in the night it lay awake creaking and groaning; and so one day, as I sat under it, it stooped one of its lŏng branches near my ear and made me its confidant and confessor. It seems the tree had fallen into a mŏral difficulty. "Here am I, with my huge bulk, occupying space that might serve for scōres of trees; and, when the sun shines, I take its whōle glōry on my head, and nothing below can get a fair share, and my roots are drinking out of the ground an enormous supply of food and moisture, and I am under condemnation for this great selfishnèss of my life."

I comforted the arborescent[1] penitent the best way I could. "Every thing, my great heart," said I, "that makes you large and healthy, makes this village happy. Hundreds sit down in your shadow; this house, of which you are a leafy guardian-angel, is blessed in your prosperity; weary laborers stop and rest under you; all the village is proud of your beauty; sick people look at you out of their windows and are comforted. Besides, how many myriads of insects and how many thousands of birds are kept by you, and, in turn, dispōrt themselves for our happiness! It is true that it takes a great deal to keep you, but you pay it all back a hundred-fold in use and beauty."

Whatever expenditure refines the family and lifts it into a larger sphere of living, is reälly spent upon the whōle community as well. If no man lives better than the poorest man, there will be no leader in material things. A community needs examples to excite its ambition. A noble dwelling is, in part, the property of all who dwell near it. Fine grounds not ōnly confer plĕasure dĭrĕctly on all who visit or pass by, but they excite every man of any spirit to improve his own grounds. A family of children upon whom wealth has been employed judiciously, if they are at all worthy, represent in the community a higher type of life than can be found in poverty. Fine dress may be looked upon ēither as a matter of display or of worthy example. In the latter aspect, it is a duty as well as a plĕasure.

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[1] **Ar′ bo rĕs′ cent**, resembling, or having a tendency to resemble, a tree; here means bower-like, or wide-spreading.

You teach us, Dr. Buell, that ĕvèry thing which makes the church noble and beautiful is an honor to Gŏd. The same principle applies to the domestic household. Every element that adds to the plĕasure and refinement of the family puts honor and dignity upon the family state. Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy, is a public benefactor. Not all dissipated young men, of cōurse, are children brought up in meagre economy. But it is very certain that children whose homes are not ĭn′teresting to them by affection, or by attractive objects, are more easily tempted into places and company fraught with danger.

Buel. These are weighty views; and though I have never hitherto regarded the subject in this light, nor indeed attempted to practise upon it, I confess that I am struck with your views, and am inclined to believe them correct.

Bacon. Dear, dear me! must I begin at my time of life, to adorn and—what is it?—dignify—yĕs, that was the phrase—"honor and dignify." Well, I shall at once make out a bill of honeysuckles, roses, roots and bulbs, and other such elements of virtue; for it would ill become me, a judge, to practice the immorality of a frigid house—a barren yard and a flowerlèss garden! [*The tea-bell is heard, and the scene closes.*

Adapted from H. W. BEECHER.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813. He was graduated from Amherst College, in 1834. He studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, which was under the direction of his father; and was first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn County, Indiana, where he remained two years. From thence, he removed to Indianapolis, the capital of the State, where he labored with great acceptation till he accepted the unanimous call of a new Congregational Society, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was installed pastor of the church, October, 1847. His eloquent sermons, which are never commonplace, attract very large and attentive audiences. He is equally favored as a lecturer on topics of the day, usually lecturing about eighty times a year, in various parts of the country. Mr. Beecher generally avoids doctrinal topics. He preaches the truth of to-day applied to the temptations, the errors, and the wants of to-day. His sympathy with nature, acute observation of men and things, remarkable analysis of character, apt illustration, mental elasticity, soul-strength, and affluence and power of diction, are equally apparent in his writings and his extemporaneous speeches. The preceding selection is *adapted* from "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England," a story which first appeared in "The New York Ledger" in 1867.

IV.

39. RIGHT USE OF WEALTH.

WE are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to us. Is it not a strange thing, that while we mōre or less accept the meaning of that saying, so lŏng as it is considered metaphŏrical,[1] we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a stōry about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his lord's money. Well, we, in our poëtical and spiritual application of this, say, that of cōurse money doesn't mean money, it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means ĕvĕrything in the world except itself.

2. And do not you see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for mōst of us, in this spiritual application? Of cōurse, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures. But we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents intrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable căn't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

3. I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and mōst literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the stōry does vĕry specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we do n't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit[2] idēä that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, thĕrefōre, to be laid out for the Giver—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the reäl substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

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[1] **Mĕt′ a phŏr′ ic al,** pertaining to or comprising a metaphor—a figure of speech in which a word is used to express what is similar, without the sign of comparison; as, "that man is a *fox*."

[2] **Tăc′ it,** implied, but not expressed; silent.

4. And there would be some shadōw of excuse for this, were it not that the vĕry power of making the money is itself ōnly one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is mōre industrious, more persevering, and more sagācious.[1] Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quicknĕss of apprehension, that calmnĕss of judgmĕnt, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talent?—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

5. And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiŏrity of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unheşitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strŏng man walk into a theater or a lecture-room, and calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellōw thrust himself up to a table where some hun̲gry childrĕn were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

6. But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutnĕss of thought and swiftnĕss of capacity, and, instead of being lŏng-armed ōnly, has the much greater gift of being longheaded—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouthş of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to găther some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making ĕvèry thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the făcets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

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[1] **Sa gā′ cious**, of quick perceptions; discerning and judicious; wise.

7. But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no vĕry distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that īdlenĕss should be surpassed by energy; that the widèst influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict?—Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way?

8. By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of ĕvèry strŏng and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength giv*e*n him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may suppōrt and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his childrèn; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widōw who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has brok*e*n his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sicknĕss.

9. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardnèss and thoughtlèssnèss of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to dĭrĕct your fellow-merchant to the oppor-

tunity which his dulnĕss would have lŏst. This is much; but it is yĕt mōre, when you have fully achieved the superiŏrity which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near.

10. For you who have it in your hands, are in reălity the pilots of the power and ĕffōrt of the state. It is intrusted to you as an authŏrity to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever giv*e*n to a prince, or military command to a căptaĭn. And, according to the quantity of it that you have in your hands, you are the arbiters of the will and work of the country; and the whōle issue, whether the work of the state shall suffice for the state or not, depends upon you.

11. You may stretch out your scepter over the heads of the laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers, put ăwāy this plague that consumes our childrĕn; water these dry places, plow these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darknĕss; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say to her laborers:

12. "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tăpestries for my feet, that I may tread sŏftly on the silk and purple; come, dance befōre me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death, it were that the day had perished wherein we were born, and the night in which it was said there is a child conceived.

13. I trust that in a little while, there will be few of our rich men who, through carelĕssnĕss or covetousness, thus forfeit the glōrious ŏffice which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying: but wealth well used, is as the net of the sacred fisher who găthers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think ev*e*n now it is far from us—when this gold*e*n net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud are over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

14. What less can we hope from your wealth than this, rich men of our country, when once you feel fully how, by the strength of your possessions—not, observe, by the exhaustion, but by the administration of them and the power—you can dĭrĕct the acts—command the energies—inform the ignorance—prolŏng the existence, of the whōle human race; and how, even of worldly wisdom, which man employs faithfully, it is true, not ōnly that her ways are plĕasantnĕss, but that her päths are peace; and that, for all the childrĕn of men, as well as for those to whom she is given, Length of days is in her right hand, as in her left hand riches and honor? *Adapted from* RUSKIN.

SECTION X.

I.

40. ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

2. *I* was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love which was mōre than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

3. And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came,

And bōre her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

4. The angels, not half so happy in heav*e*n,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

5. But our love it was strŏn̄ger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And nēither the angels ĭn heav*e*n above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

6. For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea. **POE.**

EDGAR A. POE, born in Baltimore, in January, 1811, was left an orphan by the death of his parents at Richmond, in 1815. He was adopted by John Allen, a wealthy merchant of Virginia, who in the following year took him to England, and placed him at a school near London, from which, in 1822, he was removed to the university of Virginia, where he graduated with distinction in 1826. While at the Military Academy at West Point, in 1830, he published his first work, a small volume of poems. He secured prizes for a poem and a tale at Baltimore, in 1833; in 1835 he was employed to assist in editing "The Southern Literary Gazette," at Richmond; in 1838 he removed to Philadelphia, where he was connected as editor with Burton's Magazine one year, and with Graham's a year and a half; and subsequently, while in that city, published several volumes of tales, besides many of his finest criticisms, tales, and poems, in periodicals. He went to New York in 1844, where he wrote several months for the "Evening Mirror." In 1845 appeared his very popular poem of "The Raven," and the same year he aided in establishing the "Broadway Journal" of which he was afterward the sole editor. His wife, to whom he had been married about twelve years, died in the spring of 1849. In the summer of that year he returned to Virginia, where it was supposed he had mastered his previous habits of dissipation; but he died from his excesses, at Baltimore, on the 7th of October, at the age of thirty-eight years. In poetry, as in prose, he was eminently successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. He had a great deal of imagination and fancy, and his mind was highly analytical. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art.

II.

41. THE MESSAGE.

I HAD a message to send her,
  To her whom my soul loves best,
But I had my task to finish,
  And she had gone to rest;
To rest in the far bright Heav*e*n—
  Oh! so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling,
  For I knew she could not hear.

2. I had a message to send her,
  So tender, and true, and sweet,
I lŏnged for an āngel to bear it,
  And lay it down at her feet.
I placed it, one summer's evening,
  On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in gold*e*n splendor,
  And died in the crimş*o*n west.

3. I gave it the lark next morning,
  And I watched it sōar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
  And it fluttered to earth once mōre.
I cried, in my passionate longing,
  "Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
  My heart desires to send?"

4. Then I heard a strain of music,
  So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my vĕry sŏrrōw wȧs silent,
  And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
  Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
  On music's outspread wings.

5. And I heard it float farther and farther,
  In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,

Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no lŏnger restlĕss,
And I am content to wait.

MISS PROCTER.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, daughter of the distinguished English poet, B. W. Procter, published "Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse," in 1858, and "A Second Volume of Legends and Lyrics" in 1861. Her poetry, without imitation, has much of the paternal grace and manner. She died in 1864.

III.

42. EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—
Sit and watch by her side an hour,
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of ġeranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

2. Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till Gŏd's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

3. Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your hŏroscope,[1]
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world dĭverged so wide,

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[1] **Hŏr′ o scōpe**, an observation made of the aspect of the heavens at the moment of a person's birth, by which the astrologer claimed to foretell the events of his life; especially, the sign of the zodiac rising above the horizon at such a moment.

Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

4. No, indeed! for Gŏd above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for mōre lives yĕt,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forgĕt
Ere the time be come for taking you.

5. But the time will come—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years lŏng still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall dĭvīne,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

6. I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Giv*e*n up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yĕt one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

7. I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was space and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING, one of the most remarkable English poets of the age, was born in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812, and educated at the London University. At the age of twenty he went to Italy, where he passed some time studying the mediæval history of the country, and making himself acquainted with the life, habits, and charac-

teristics of its people. The effect of his Italian life is distinctly perceivable in the selection of subjects for his poems and his treatment of them. His first work, "Paracelsus," a dramatic poem of great power, appeared in 1835. Mr. Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett, in November, 1846. His collective poems, in two volumes, appeared in London in 1849, and since then three additional volumes were published, all of which have been republished in this country. Though a true poet, of original genius, both dramatic and lyrical, his poems are not popular among the masses. Much of his poetry is written for poets, requiring careful study, and repaying all that is given to it. A few of his dramatic lyrics, however, such as "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Lost Leader," "Incident of the French Camp," and "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," are unrivaled in elements of popularity. "Hervè Riel" first appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" in 1871.

IV.

43. BARBARA.

1.

ON the Sabbath-day, through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yĕllōw leaves, I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like bälms;
'Mong the gorgeous storms of music—in the mĕllōw organ-cälms,
'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psälms,
I stood heedlèss, Barbara!

2.

My heart was otherwhere while the organ filled the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleamed and vanished in a moment. Oh, the face was like to thine,
Ere you perished, Barbara!

3.

Oh, that pallid face! those sweet, earnèst eyes of grace!
When last I saw them, dearèst, it was in another place;
You came running fōrth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist,
And a cursèd river killed thee, aided by a murderous mist.
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
When last I saw thee, Barbara!

4.

These dreary years eleven have you pined within your heaven,
And is this the ōnly glimpse of earth that in that time was given?
And have you passed unheeded all the fortunes of your race—
Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet face—
To gaze on one who worshiped not within a kneeling place?
Are you happy, Barbara?

5.

'Mong ângels, do you think of the precious golden link
I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink?
Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched through lattice-bars,
The silènt midnight heaven moving ō'er us with its stars,
Till the morn broke, Barbara?

6.

In the years I've changed; wild and far my heart has ranged,
And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lacked:
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact—
Like a mild consoling rainbow, or a savage cataract.
Love has saved me, Barbara!

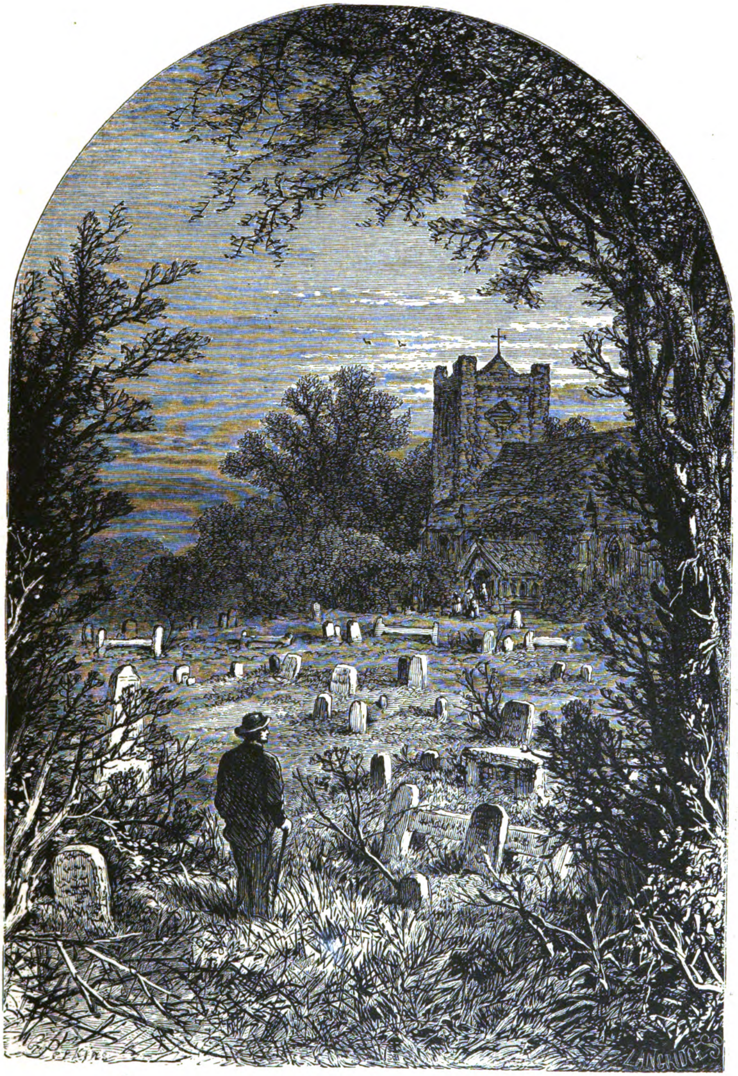
7.

O Love! I am unblest; with monstrous doubts opprest
Of much that's dark and nĕther, much that's holiëst and best.
Could I but win you for an hour from ŏff that starry shōre,
The hunger of my soul were stilled; for Death has told you mōre
Than the mel'ancholy world doth know—things deeper than all lōre,
Will you teach me, Barbara?

8.

In vain, in vain, in vain! you will never come again,
There droops upon the dreary hills a mōurnful fringe of rain;
The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shōres for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea;
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee—
I am weary, Barbara! SMITH.

ALEXANDER SMITH, a Scottish poet, was born in Kilmarnock, Dec. 31, 1830. He was educated for the clerical profession, but circumstances defeated the project. At the age of seventeen he began to exercise his talents in metrical composition. In 1852 he first wrote for the "Critic," and the "Eclectic Review," in the former of which appeared in installments his poem of the "Life Drama." In 1854 he was appointed secretary of the University of Edinburgh, and about the same time delivered a series of public lectures, one of which, "Burns as a Poet," was much commended. He soon after published "Sonnets of the War;" "City Poems," in 1857; and "Edwin of Deira," in 1861. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical press. He died in 1867.


G.P. Perkins
LANGRIDGE S

On the Sabbath-day,
Through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves,
I held my rustling way.

SECTION XI.

I.

44. THE LOST DAY.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent!
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavor.
In shade and sun thy race is run
For ever! oh, for ever!
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread Eternity
The dying minutes pass.

2. It was not till thine end
I knew thou wert my friend;
But now, thy worth recalling,
My grief is strŏng, I did thee wrŏng,
And scorned thy trĕasures falling.
But sŏrrōw comes too late;
Another day is born;—
Pass, minutes, pass; may better fate
Attend to-mŏrrōw morn.

3. Oh, birth! oh, death of Time
Oh, mystery sublime!
Ever the rippling ocean
Brings fōrth the wave to smile or rave,
And die of its own motion.
A little wave to strike
The sad responsive shōre,
And be succeeded by its like
Ever and evermōre.

4. Oh change from same to same!
Oh quenched, yĕt burning flame!
Oh new birth, born of dying!
Oh transient ray! oh speck of day!
Approaching and yet flying;—

Pass to Eternity.
Thou day, that came in vain!
A new wave surges on the sea—
The world grows young again.

5. Come in, To-day, come in!
I have confessed my sin
To thee, young promise-bearer!
New Lord of Earth! I hail thy birth—
The crown awaits the wearer.
Child of the agès past!
Sire of a mightier line!
On the same deeps our lot is cast!
The world is thine—and mine! MACKAY.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., a British author, born in Perth in 1812. He was partly educated in Brussels, and after returning to England, published a volume of poems. He became attached to the staff of the "Morning Chronicle" newspaper in 1834, so remaining nine years, and was editor of the "Glasgow Argus" three years. He has written much and well, both in prose and verse, and ranks among the first of the present British authors. Many of his songs have attained great popularity, and the music to which they are set is in some cases of his own composition.

II.

45. IT WILL NEVER DO TO BE IDLE.

ONE day, on my return from a long walk, I was driven to take shelter from a rain storm in a little hovel by the roadside—a sort of cobbler's stall. The tenant and his son were upon their work, and after the customary use of greetings, I entered familiarly into talk with them, as indeed I always do, seeing that your cobbler is ŏf*t*en a man of contemplative faculty—that there is reälly something of mystery in his craft.

2. Befōre I had been with them lŏng, the old man found that there lacked something for his work, and in order to provide it he sent his son out on a job of some five minutes. The interval was a short one, but it was too long for his active impatience; he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather and fell to work upon them. "For," said he, "it will never do, you know, sir, to be idle—not for me at any rate—I should faint ăwāy."

3. I happened just then to be in an impressible mood, without

occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it; accordingly the phrase, the oddnèss of it in the first place, and still mōre the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me. As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, rṳminating and revolving what I had hĕard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have bestowed my thoughts better; the subjéct concerned me nearly, it went to the vĕry heart of my happinèss.

4. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idlenèss, others have ōnly their turns and returns of it; I was of the latter class—a reluctant, impatient idler; nevertheless, I was so much within the mischief as to feel that the words came home to me. They stung my conscience severely, they were gall and wormwood for me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so lŏng, albeit perhaps unwillingly, upon the expression, that I became, as it were, prĭvy to it; I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy; I determined to make much of it, to realize it in use, to act it out.

5. I had heard and read repeatedly that idlenèss is a vĕry great evil; but the censure did not appear to me to come up to the reäl truth. I began to think that it was not ōnly a very great evil, but the greatèst evil—and not only the greatest one, but in fact the ōnly one—the only mental one, I mean; for, of cōurse, as to morality, a man may be very active, and very viciously active too. But the one great sensible and conceivable evil is that of idleness.

6. No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit: a soldier at the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound;[1] the ŏrator in the full flow of rhetoric is altogether exempt from the pitifulnèss of gout and rheumatism. To be occupied, in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant—and see the significancy, the reälity, of first meanings. When the occupation is once complete, when the tenancy is full, there can be no entry for any evil spirit: but idlenèss is emptinèss; where it is, there the doors are thrown op*e*n, and the dev*i*ls troop in.

7. The words of the old cobbler were oracular[2] to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim in those of the murderer; my mind was pregnant with them; the seed was good, and sown in a good soil—it brought fōrth the fruit of satisfaction.

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[1] **Wound** (wo̤nd).

[2] **O răc′ ū lar**, resembling or having the authority of a divine message; positive.

8. It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts[1] and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used out as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our mŏral unsoundnĕss and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whōle box of the mōst precious ointment; and idlenĕss, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listlĕss quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whōle day. It is the ăncient enemy—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shak*e*n ŏff so easily.

9. I had a notion of these truths,[2] and I framed my plan after their rules; I resolved that ĕvĕry minute should be occupied by thought, word, or act, or, if none of these, by intention; vacancy was my ōnly outcast, the scape-goat of my proscription. For this my purpose I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind: without it we are as powerlĕss as grubs, noisome as ditch-water, vague, loose, and unpredestinate[3] as the clouds above our heads.

10. However, I had sufficient of this energy to serve me for that turn; I felt the excellence of the practice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it. I made a point of every thing; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh! how true is that word) in all things that I did, ev*e*n to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the approach, the first approach, of the insidious lan̲guor, I said once within myself, in the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing, and, *presto,* it was done, and much mōre than that into the bargain: my mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud, and dissipated it at its first găthering, as well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largenĕss of a man's hand, it would spread out everywhere, and dark*e*n my whōle horīzon.

11. Oh that this example might be as profitable to others as the practice has been to myself! How rich would be the reward of this article, if its readers would but take it to heart—the simple truths that it here speaks could prompt them to take their happiness into their own hands, and learn the value of ĭn′dustry, not from what they may have heard of it, but because they have themselves felt and tried it! In the first place, its dĭrĕct and immediate value, inasmuch as it quickens, and cheers, and gladdens every moment that it occupies, and keeps ŏff the evil one by repelling him at the out′pōsts, instead of admitting him to a doubtful, perhaps a deadly, struggle in the citadel; and again its more remote, but no less certain, value, as the mother of many virtues, when it has once grown into the temper of the mind; and the nursing mother of many more.

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[1] **Orts**, fragments; refuse.

[2] **Truths** (tro̤ths).

[3] **Un′ pre dĕs′ ti nāte**, not decreed or foreordained.

12. And if we gain so much by its entertainmènt, how much mōre must we not lose by its neglect! Our vexations are annoying to us, the disappointmènts of life are grievous, its calamities deplōrable, its indulgences and lusts sinful; but our idleness is worse than all these, and more painful; and more hateful, and in the amount of its consequences, if not in its very essence, more sinful than ev*e*n sin itself—just as the stock is more fruitful than any branch that springs from it. In fine, do what you will, ōnly do something, and that actively and energetically. Read, converse, spōrt, think, or study—the whōle range is op*e*n to you—only let your mind be full, and then you will want little or nȯthing to fulfil your happinèss.

III.

46. WHAT IS NOBLE?

WHAT is noble?—to inherit
  Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—
There must be some other merit
  Higher yĕt than these for me!—
Something greater far must enter
  Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to creäte and center
  True nobility in man.

2. What is noble?—'tis the finer
  Pōrtion of our mind and heart,

Linked to something still dĭvīner
Than mere lan̲guage can impart:
Ever prŏmpting—ever seeing
Some improvemènt yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

3. What is noble?—is the saber
Nobler than the humble spade?—
There's a dignity in labor
Truer than e'er pŏmp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

4. O'er the fōrge's heat and ashes—
O'er the engĭne's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labor, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour—
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power.

5. 'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too ŏft, by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features—
In′dustry is not ashamed!

6. What is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like āngel-traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorèst of his clan,

He's the Noble—who advances
Freedom, and the Cause of Man! **Swain.**

Charles Swain, the "Manchester Poet," was born in Manchester, England, in 1803. He was at first a dyer, but at thirty years of age changed his occupation for that of an engraver. His first literary productions appeared in periodicals. He published "Metrical Essays," in 1828; "Beauties of the Mind," in 1831; and an admirable elegy on Sir Walter Scott, in 1832. His numerous subsequent publications are popular in England. A collection of his poems was first published in the United States in 1858.

IV.

47. AGRICULTURE.

PART FIRST.

[*From an Address on Agriculture at the State Agricultural Fair, Houston, Texas, May* 23, 1871.]

THE cĭvĭlizātion of our race is evinced and mĕasured by the growth and prŏgress of its agriculture. The thorough savage is never a cultivator. What the earth spontaneously[1] produces he appropriates without gratitude and consumes without fōrecast. He revels in abundance one week, to be pinched by hunger the next. Only his want of an ax, or his ignorance of its use, precludes his felling, and thus destroying, the tree which, for generations, has fed his tribe with its noŭrishing, palatable fruit. He delights in gorging himself on the flesh of animals, but never feeds nor shelters them. Thus devouring and dĕvastāting, never tilling nor producing, he requires square miles to subsist scantily, precariously,[2] his tribe, where his civilized successor will feed and clothe mōre persons generously on so many acres.

2. After poets and dreamers have done their best to glōrify him with "the light that never was on sea or land," the savage is a miserable creature, enjoying less and suffering more than the wolf or the leopard, to which a lawlĕss, careless, predatory[3] freedom is truly natural, and which is at home with the elements, as he never was nor can be. He builds no monuments—leaves but scanty proofs that he ever existed, save his bones. A hun-

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[1] **Spŏn tā′ ne oŭs ly**, by its own force or energy; without being planted, or without human labor.

[2] **Pre cā′ ri oŭs ly**, at the will or pleasure of others; without certainty.

[3] **Prĕd′ a to ry**, hungry; given to plunder.

dred of his generations come and go, leaving the earth and its living vesture essentially as they found it.

3. But let civilized man replace him for a bare life-time, and he leaves footprints that centuries will not efface. Our Atlantic sĕabōard has hardly been known to civilized men for four generations; yet, if these were to be swept away to-mŏrrōw, and the wildernĕss untrodd*e*n by human foot were here to resume its ăncient sway, more memorials of these four generations would challenge attention and reward inquī'ry two thousand years hence than we can now dis̥cern of all the races that peopled this Atlantic slope prior to the voyages and discoveries of Columbus.[1]

4. The rigors of winter, and the experienced perils of starvation during its reign, gradually impel the savage to save and stōre the grains and fruits of the seasons of plenty to subsist him through the dearth which regularly follows; and he slowly learns to preserve and tame the animals best calculated to serve him by draft or as food. The grains which habitually grow and rip*e*n on the fertĭle intervales of streams which annually overflow their banks, ultimately teach him to increase their quantity and render their reproduction more certain by cultivation. To plant the seed in the most promising localities, and take the chance of its reproducing its kind ten or twenty-fold, is his first essay: necessity impels and experience gradually teaches more methodical and efficient cultivation. The loss of cattle by cold, by storm, by hunger, at length suggests the curing of fodder for winter use. and the provision of such shelter as the climate may seem to require.

5. The supply of food being thus doubled and trebled, population increases correspondingly; and thus is created a necessity for a still more thorough and effective tillage of the soil. Thus pressed by want or a justified apprehension of it, man slowly learns to deep*e*n his culture, to fertilize his fields, to dĭversify his implements, and improve his methods, until the labor of one produces adequate sŭstenance for many, and ever-enlarging conceptions, wants, capabilities, achievements, enjoyments, expand his intellect, refine his nature, and exalt his aspirations.

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[1] **Christopher Colŭm'bus, the discoverer of the New World, was born in Gĕn'oä, about the year 1435, and died at Sĕville, Spain, May 20th, 1506. His remains now repose in the cathedral of Havana.**

His increased power over nature is the genèral mĕasure of his prŏgress from the lowest barbarism up to that perfect mental and mŏral stature which is symbolized by Copernicus,[1] Galileo,[2] Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton.[3]

6. Modern agriculture is an art—or rather a circle of arts—based upon natural science, which is a methodical exposition of dĭvīne law. The savage is Nature's thrall, whom she scorches, freezes, starves, drowns, as her caprice may dictate. He lives in constant dread of her frŏsts, her tornādoes, her lightnings. Science teaches his civilized successor to turn her wildèst eccentricities to his own use and profit. Her floods and gales saw his timber and grind his grain; in time, they will chop his trees, speed his plow, and till his crops, as well.

7. Science transforms and exalts him from the slave into the master of the elements. If he does not yet harnèss the electric fluid to his plow, his bōat, his wagon, and make it the most dŏcile and useful of his servants, it is because he is still but little advanced from barbarism. Essentially, the lightning garnered in a summer cloud should be as much at his command, and as subservient to his needs, as the water that refreshes his thirsty fields and starts his hitherto lifelèss wheels.

8. Agriculture, as it steadily rises from the low level of barbarism to the commanding altitude of a true civilization, becomes a mōre and more intellectual calling. The rude pioneer, wrestling stubbornly with the giant fŏrest or the inhospitable marsh, may waste half his time in play or idlenèss; but his work, when he *does* work, is purely muscular, making no draft on mental power or culture. His fields are subdued and tilled, his crops produced and secured, almost whōlly by dint of the strength in his good right arm. But, for his civilized, enlightened descendant and successor, all this is changed. Water, wind, steam, supply the needed power; his task is to mold and guide that power to beneficent[1] ends.

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[1] **Co per′ ni cus,** a most distinguished astronomer, who revived the true system of the motion of the heavenly bodies, according to the theory of Pythăg′oras. He was born February 19th, 1473, and died in 1543.

[2] **Găl′ ĭ lē′ o,** an Italian philosopher and mathematician—one of the first of astronomers, and virtually the inventor of the telescope—was born in Pisa, Feb. 15, 1564, and died in Arcetri, Jan. 8, 1642.

[3] **Sir Isaac Newton,** the greatest of philosophers and mathematicians, was born in Lincolnshire, England, December 25, 1642. His investigations have completely revolutionized modern science. His three great discoveries, of fluxions, the nature of light and colors, and the laws of gravitation, have given him a name which will last as long as civilization exists. His "Principia" unfolds the theory of the universe. He died in 1727.

9. In my boyhood, the man who cut an acre of heavy grass did therein a good day's work, which taxed his physical energies to the utmost, and sent him weary and exhausted to bed, to rise stiff and sōre for the morrow's duties; now, any intelligent, resolute girl of fifteen, guiding a span of horses, may cut five acres of just such grass before noon, cut it better than the best mower ever did, and alight from her seat on the mowing machine untired and eager for a pic-nic or frolic after dinner. Steam saws wood into fuel for the kitchĕn fire-place and the parlor stove; cuts stalks and straw into half-inch pieces and then cooks them into a pulpy mass; slices roots; churns cream into butter without supervision; and is just harnessing itself to the plow, resolved to pulverize the soil more rapidly, more cheaply, to a greater depth, to a more equal and perfect comminution,[2] than it has ever been possible to attain by the fōrce of animal power.

10. Manifestly, we stand but on the threshold of the new age whereof steam is at once the harbinger and the impulse; but enough has been developed to assure us that mōre and better is at hand. Nor should we doubt that steam itself is the forerunner of agencies still more potent and more cheaply efficacious. Mighty as have been its achievements, they ōnly serve to render more obvious and lăm′entable its limitations.

11. Of the power actually generated by the văporizātion of water, I can not say how great is the share utilized by an ordinary steam-engĭne, but I believe the estimates of scientists all range below twenty per cent. Then the enormous weight of boiler, fuel and water, that must be transpōrted with every form of locomotive, absorbs nearly half the power not squandered by imperfect devices for dĭrecting and applying it. Mighty as steam assuredly is, it is not ōnly a blind giant, but *we* are deplorably blind with regard to its economy and adaptation.

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[1] **Be nĕf′ i cent,** charitable; good.

[2] **Com′ mi nū′ tion,** the act of reducing to fine powder or small particles; pulverization.

12. And why should steam, even in its best estate, be final? Intelligence has already spurned its trammels; thought has far outstripped it in the invention and operation of the magnetic telegraph; why should the wondrous power we have evoked[1] in electricity be limited to the transmission of ideäs? Why may it not be employed to impel material substances as well? True, we have not yet learned how to transmit the power unquestionably generated by electricity; but our ăverage ignorance and incapacity, resulting in obstruction and defeat, are constantly overstepped and transfigured by the men of genius and of prē-science[2] whom God benignantly sends to lead us on from achievement to achievement, from triumph to triumph.

13. To be conscious of a need or a deficiency, is to be far on the way whereby we shall at last overcome it. Steam, as a productive fōrce, an industrial factor, is barely a century old; electricity was harnessed to a wire and made a postboy hardly thirty years ago. I do not believe this all, nor even the best, that this all-pervading, irresistible power is dĕstĭned to do for us. I believe that plants will yet be grown by its aid with a celerity never yet attained; that heat will be profitably produced and diffused by its agency; and that power will be generated from electric batteries, of old or new device, which will supplement, if not in time supersede, all other mechanical fōrces, liberating man almost whōlly from obstruction and defeat by material obstacles, and rendering productive industry a matter of application and oversight, rarely or never taxing human sinews to achieve a result which invokes the employment of material force.

V.

48. AGRICULTURE.

PART SECOND.

IS agriculture a repulsive pursuit? That what has been called farming has repelled many of the youth of our day, I perceive; and I glōry in the fact. An American boy, who has received a fair common-school education and has an active, inquiring mind, does not willingly consent merely to drive oxen and hold plow forever. He will do these with alacrity, if they come in his way; he will not accept them as the be-all and the end-all of his career. He will not sit down in a rude, slovenly, naked home, devoid of flowers, and trees, and books, and periodicals, and intelligent, inspiring, refining conversation, and there plod through a life of drudgery as hopelĕss and cheerlĕss as any mule's. He has needs, and hopes, and aspirations, which this life does not and ought not to satisfy. This might have served his progenitor in the ninth century; but this is the nineteenth, and the young American knows it.

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[1] **Evōked′**, summoned; called out.

[2] **Prescience** (prē′ shĭ ens), knowledge of events before they take place; foresight.

2. He needs to feel the intellectual life of the period flowing freely into and through him—needs to feel that, though the city and the railroad are out of sight, the latter is daily bringing within his reach all that is noblĕst and best in the achievements and attractions of the former. He may not lis*te*n to our ablest orators in the senate or in the pulpit; but the Press multiplies their best thoughts and most forcible expressions at the rate of ten to twenty thousand copies per hour; and its issues are within the reach of every industrious family.

3. Any American farmer, who has two hands and knows how to use them, may, at fifty years of age, have a better library than King Solomon ever dreamed of, though he declared that "of making of many books there is no end;" any intelligent farmer's son may have a better knowledge of Nature and her laws when twenty years old than Aristotle[1] or Pliny[2] ever attained. The steam-engĭne, the electric telegraph, and the power-press, have brought knowledge nearer to the humblĕst cabin than it was, ten centuries since, to the stateliĕst mansion; let the cabin be careful not to disparage or repel it.

4. To arrest the rush of our youth to the cities, we have ōnly to diffuse what is best of the cities through the country; and this the latĕst triumphs of civilization enable us easily to do. A home irradiated by the best thoughts of the sages and heroes of all time, ev*e*n though these be compressed within a few rusty volumes, cheered by the frequent arrival of two or three choice periodicals, and surrounded by such flōral evidences of taste and refinement as are within the reach of the poorĕst owner of the soil he tills, will not be spurned as a pris*o*n by any youth not thoroughly corrupted and depraved.

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[1] **Aristŏt'le** was born at Stagira, a Macedonian colony, 384 B. C. He was a pupil of Plato and the instructor of Alexander the Great. His performances in natural science, which he first created, and his method of philosophy, made him the preëminent philosopher of ancient times. He died in 322.

[2] **Pliny the Elder**, one of the most industrious of Roman authors, was born A. D. 23. "Historia Naturalis," his only work extant, is in 37 books. He died either of suffocation from noxious vapors, or of apoplexy, during the great eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum in 79.

5. But thousands of farmers are mōre intent on leaving money and lands to their chĭldrĕn than on informing and enriching their minds. They starve their souls in order to pamper their bodies. They grudge their sons that which would make them truly wise, in order to provide them with what can at best but make them rich in corn and cattle, while poor in manly purpose and generous ideäs.

6. But, not to trespass too far on your patience, let me close with a few maxims, ăp′plicable to cultĭvation in every clime and under all cir′cumstances, whether among populations dense as that of China or sparse as that of British America.—Only good farming pays. He who sows or plants without reasonable assurance of good crops annually, might better earn wages of some capable neighbor than work for so poor a paymaster as he is certain to prove himself.—The good farmer is proved such by the steady appreciation of his crops. Any one may reap an ample harvĕst from a fertĭle, virgin soil; the good farmer alone grows good crops at first, and better and better ever afterward.

7. It is far easier to maintain the productive capacity of a farm than to restore it. To exhaust its fecundity, and then attempt its restoration by buying cŏstly commercial fertilizers, is wasteful and irrătional.—The good farmer sells mainly such products as are least exhaustive. Necessity may constrain him, for the first year or two, to sell grain, or ev*e*n hay; but he will soon send ŏff his surplus mainly in the form of cotton, or wool, or meat, or butter and cheese, or something else that returns to the soil nearly all that is tak*e*n from it. A bank account daily drawn upon, while nothing is deposited to its credit, must soon respond "No funds:" so with a farm similarly treated.

8. Rotation is at least negative fertilization. It may not positively enrich a farm; it will at least retard and postpone its impoverishment. He who grows wheat after wheat, corn after corn, for twenty years, will need to emigrate befōre that term is fulfilled. The same farm can not support (nor endure) him lŏnger than that. All our great wheat-growing sections of fifty years ago are wheat-growing no longer; while England grows larger crops thereof on the very fields that fed the armies of Saxon Harold[1] and William the Con̠queror.[2] Rotation has preserved these, as the lack of it ruined those.

9. Wisdom is never dear, provided the article be genuĭne. I have known farmers who toiled constantly from daybreak to dark, yet died poor, because, through ignorance, they wrought to disadvantage. If every farmer would devote two hours of each day to reading and reflection, there would be fewer failures in farming than there are.—The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds their youth with the rătional delights of a beauteous, attractive home. The dwelling may be small and rude, yet a few flowers will embellish, as choice fruit-trees will enrich and gladden it; while grass and shade are within the reach of the humblèst. Hardly any labor done on a farm is so profitable as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home.

10. A good, practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum thus lavished would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the cultivation of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe, and work. The one structure that no neighborhood can afford to do without, is the school-house.

11. A small library of well-selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering into the baleful ways of the prodigal son. Where paternal strictness and severity would have bred nothing but dislike and a fixed resolve to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have weaned many a youth from his first wild impulse to go to sea or crŏss the continent, and made him a dŏcile, contented, obedient, happy lin̲gerer by the parental fireside. In a family, however rich or poor, no other good is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.

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[1] **Harold,** the name of two kings of the Anglo-Saxons. The first died in 1040; the second was killed in battle in 1066.

[2] **William the Conqueror,** the first Anglo-Norman king of England, was born in 1027, and died in 1087.

12. Mōst men are born poor, but no man, who has ăverage capacities and tolerable luck, need remain so. And the farmer's calling, though proffering no sudden leaps, no ready short-cuts to opulence, is the surĕst of all ways from poverty and want to comfort and independence. Other men must climb; the temperate, frugal, diligent, provident farmer may *grow* into competence and every external accessory to happiness. Each year of his devotion to his homestead may find it more valuable, more attractive than the last, and leave it better still.

13. Farmers of Texas! I bring you mainly old and homely truths. No single sugġestion of this addrĕss′ can be new to all of you: most of them, I presume, will be familiar to all of you. There are discoveries in natural science and improvements in mechanics which conduce to the efficiency of agriculture; but the principles which underlie this first of arts are old as agriculture itself. Greek and Roman sages made observations so acute and practical that the farmers of to-day may ponder them with profit, while modern literature is padded with essays on farming not worth the paper they have spoiled. And yet the generation whereof I am part has witnessed great strides in your vocation, while the generation preparing to take our places will doubtless witness still greater. I bid you hold fast to the good, with minds receptive of and eager for the better, and rejoice in your knowledge that there is no nobler pursuit and no more inviting soil than those which you proudly call your own.

Adapted from GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY, a prominent American journalist, founder of the "New York Tribune," was born in Amherst, N. H., Feb. 3, 1811. In his childhood he was remarkable for eagerness and aptitude in the acquisition of knowledge, a habit of closely scrutinizing whatever phenomena came in his way, incessant industry, untiring application, and other characteristics of his ripened manhood. He assisted his father in his farm labors until his 15th year, when he became an apprentice to the art of printing, in the office of the "Northern Spectator," at E. Poultney, Vt. He soon became an expert workman and rendered important editorial assistance. He went to New York in 1831, where he worked as a journeyman in several offices till 1833. The "New Yorker," a weekly paper of which Mr. Greeley was editor, was first issued in March, 1834. From that time he also wrote leading articles for several important political periodicals till April 10, 1841, when he commenced the publication of the "Daily Tribune." He was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy in 1848. His first book, "Hints to Reforms," appeared in 1850. He was one of the jurymen at the Crystal Palace exhibition, England, in 1851, and after

his return published a volume entitled "Glances at Europe." The "American Conflict" appeared in 1864; "Recollections of a Busy Life," in 1868; "Political Economy," in 1870; and "What I Know of Farming," in 1871. He died November 29, 1872.

VI.

49. AN IDEAL FARM.

[*From an Address delivered before the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, at their Annual Fair, Buffalo, Friday, October* 9, 1857.]

AS a work of art, I know few things mōre pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude[1] or Salvator:[2] the price of a section of the most fertĭle land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and propōrtions beyŏnd the painter's skill; her dĭvīne pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet.

2. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with mŏss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline.

3. The native fŏrest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm; but a suitable pōrtion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque[3] effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three-fourths of the horīzon over a fertĭle expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake—dotted with hamlets, each with its modĕst spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the cōast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect.

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[1] **Claude**, a landscape painter, called Lorraine, from the province of that name, where he was born in 1600. He was an orphan at 12 years of age, and displayed but a dull intellect in his youth. His works in Rome were so numerous and beautiful that he was recognized as one of the great masters at 30 years of age. For more than forty years afterward he resided in Italy, and painted until very old.

[2] **Salvator Rosa**, an Italian painter, poet, musician, and actor, was born in Arenella, near Naples, June 20, 1615, and died in Rome, March 15, 1673.

[3] **Pĭct′ ūr ĕsque′**, expressing that peculiar kind of beauty that is pleasing in a picture, natural or artificial.

4. It is situated ŏff the high rōad, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the pōst-ŏffice, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due propōrtion of pasture and tillage, meadōw and woodland, field and gard*e*n. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable and barn and corn-barn and other farm buildings, not forgĕtting a spring-house with a living fountain of water—occupies, upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whōle estate.

5. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicest forms of rṳral beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble, solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock whose cool shadow at sunset streams ăcrŏss the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment.

6. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter,[1] and Morland,[2] and Landseer,[3] and Rosa Bonheur[4] never painted, rōam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty ăcrŏss the plain, and op*e*ns the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy săcrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; gold*e*n wavelets, driv*e*n by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; and the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels.

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[1] **Paul Potter**, a Dutch painter, the superior of all contemporary artists in cattle pieces, was born in Enkhuysen in 1625, and died in Amsterdam, Jan. 15, 1654.

[2] **George Morland**, an English painter, born in London, June 26, 1763, died there in 1806. At the present day his well-authenticated pictures bring large prices.

[3] **Sir Edwin Landseer**, a painter of animals, was born in London in 1803. No English painter of the century has been more universally popular. For more than 40 years he has been a royal academician, and in 1850 he was knighted. His labors have been very lucrative.

[4] **Rosa Bonheur**, a French painter of animals whose works are widely known and have been compared to Landseer's, daughter of Raymond Bonheur, also a painter, was born at Bordeaux, May 22, 1822.

7. While we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, Gŏd's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth. The mowing-machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human in'dustry—perform their gladsome task. The well-filled wagon brings home the ripened trĕasures of the year. The bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remainèth, summer and winter, heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvèst, shall not fail. EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, was born in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., April 11th, 1794. He entered Harvard College in 1807, where he graduated with the highest honors at the early age of seventeen. He studied theology; was settled as pastor over the Brattle Street Church in Boston; and in 1815, was elected Greek Professor at Harvard College. He now visited Europe, where he devoted four years to study and travel, and made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Jeffrey, and other noted persons. He was subsequently a member of both houses of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Embassador to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he has had but few equals. Through his individual efforts, chiefly as lecturer, the sum of about $90,000 was realized and paid over to the Mount Vernon fund, and sundry charitable associations. He died in January, 1865.

SECTION XII.

I.

50. BETTER MOMENTS.

MY mother's voice! how ŏf*te*n creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forgĕt her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,

But in the still, unbrok*e*n air,
   Her gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

2. The book of nature, and the print
   Of beauty on the whispering sea
Give aye to me some lineament
   Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
   My manlinèss hath drank up tears;
And there's a mildew in the lapse
   Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

3. I have been out at eventide
   Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
   And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves, and diämond grass,
   And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
   With wilder fleetnèss, thrŏnged the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
   With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on wings of Ar'aby,
   Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung;

4. And when the beautiful spirit there
   Flung over me its gold*e*n chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
   Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
   The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pōured out low and fervent prayer
   That our eternity might be
To rise in heav*e*n, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

5. I have been on the dewy hills,
   When night was stealing from the dawn,

And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking,
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was fōrth, perchance
As a wōrn reveler from the dance—
And when the sun sprang glōriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were cătching upon wave and tree
The ărrōws from his subtle quiver—

6. I say a voice has thrilled me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the silent glen,
Like words from the departing night,
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
On the wet grass my fevered brow,
And pōuring fōrth the earliĕst
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
And, yielding to the blessèd gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a vĕry child.

WILLIS.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, an American poet, essayist, and journalist, was born in Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1807. He was prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, and at the Phillips Academy, Andover. He graduated from Yale College in 1827. While in college he distinguished himself by a series of Scripture Sketches in verse, and gained a prize of $50 for the best poem. In 1828 he commenced the "American Monthly Magazine," which, after two and a half years he merged in the "New York Mirror," and thus became the partner of George P. Morris. Immediately after he sailed for an extensive tour in Europe, and commenced his numerous and brilliant periodical communications, the first series of which, "Pencilings by the Way," appeared in the Mirror. In 1835 he married Mary Leighton Stacy, the daughter of a distinguished English officer, and two years later returned to his native land. In 1844, upon the death of his wife, he again visited Europe for the improvement of his health. Soon after, he established with Gen. Morris the "Home Journal." In 1846 he married Cornelia, only daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell of Massachusetts, after which he established himself at Idlewild, a delightful country seat near Newburgh on the Hudson, where he died, Jan. 20, 1867. His poems have been published in an elegant octavo volume, richly illustrated, and a uniform collection of his prose writings, in 12 vols., has also come from the press.

II.

51. MOTHER AND SON.

PART FIRST.

THERE is no virtue without a characteristic beauty to render it particularly loved of the good, and to make the bad ashamed of their neglect of it. To do what is right argues superior taste, as well as mŏrals; and those whose practice is evil have a certaĭn feeling of inferiŏrity in intellectual power and enjoymènt, ev*e*n where they take no concern for a principle.

2. Doing well has something mōre in it than the mere fulfilling of a duty. It is a cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it wid*e*ns our benevolence, and makes the cŭrrent of our peculiar affections strŏng and deep.

3. Never yĕt was a sacrifice ŏffered to a principle, that was not more than made up to us by self-approval, and the consideration of what our degradation would have been had we done otherwise. Certainly it is a pleasant and a wise thing, then, to follow what is right, ev*e*n when we ōnly go along with our affections, and take the easy way of the better propensities of our nature.

4. The world is sensible of these trṳths, let it act as it may. It is not because of his integrity ălōne that it relies on an honest man. It has more confidence in his judgment and wise conduct, in the long run, than in the schemes of those of greater intellect, who go at large without any landmarks of principle; so that virtue seems of a double nature, and to stand ŏf*te*ntimes in the place of what we call talents.

5. This reasoning, or rather feeling, of the world is right; for the honèst and good man ōnly falls in with the order of nature, which is grounded in truth, and will endure along with it. And such a hold upon the world has a man of this character ev*e*n where he has not been called upon to make a sacrifice to a principle, or to take a stand against wrŏng, but has merely avoided running into vices, and suffered himself to be bōrne ălŏng by the delightful and kind affections of private life, and has found his plĕasures in the duties of home—that he is looked up to with respect, as well as regarded with kindnèss.

6. We attach certain notions of refinement to his thoughts, and of depth to his sentiment; and the impression he makes on us is beautiful and peculiar. Although we may have nòthing in particular to object to in other men, and though they may be vĕry well in their way, still, while in his presence, they strike us as lacking something, we can hardly sȧy what—a certain sensitive delicacy of character and manner, wanting which, they affect us as more or less insensible, and ev*e*n cōarse.

7. No creature in the world has this character so finely marked in him as a respectful and affectionate son—particularly in his relation to his mother. Evèry little attention he pays her is not ōnly an expression of filial attachment, and a grateful acknowledgment of past cares, but is an evidence, also, of a tĕndernèss of disposition, which moves us the more, because not so much looked on as an essential property in a man's character as it is in the light of an added grace which is bestoẁed ōnly upon a few.

8. His regards do not appear like mere habits of duty, nor does his watchfulnèss of his mother's wishes seem like taught submission to her will. They are the native courtesies of a feeling mind, showing themselves amid stern virtues and măsculĭne energies, like gleams of light on points of rocks. They are delightful as evidences of power yielding voluntary homage to the delicacy of the soul. The arm*e*d knee is bent, and the heart of the mail*e*d man laid bare.

9. Feelings that would seem to be at vāriance with each other, meet together and harmonize in the breast of a son. Evèry call of the mother which he answers to, and every act of submission which he performs, are not ōnly so many acknowledgments of her authŏrity, but so many instances, also, of kindnèss, and marks of protecting regard. The servant and defender, the child and guardian, are mingled in him. The world looks on him in this way; and to draw upon a man the confidence, the respect, and the love of the world, it is enough to say of him, "He is a good son."

III.

52. MOTHER AND SON.

PART SECOND.

"THE sun not set yĕt, Thomas?"—"Not quite, sir. It blazes through the trees on the hill yŏnder as if their branches were all on fire."—Arthur raised himself heavily forward, and, with his hat still over his brow, turned his glazed and dim eyes tōward the setting sun. It was ōnly the night befōre that he had heard his mother was ill, and could survive but a day or two. He had lived nearly apart from society, and, being a lad of a thoughtful, dreamy mind, had made a world to himself. His thoughts and feelings were so much in it that, except in relation to his own hōme, there were the same vague notions in his brain, concerning the state of things surrounding him, as we have of a fŏreign land.

2. The main feeling which this visionary world excited in him was love; and, as with mōst at his time of life, his mind had formed for himself a being suited to its own fancies. This was the romănce′ of life; and though men, with minds like his, ŏf*te*n-times make imagination to stand in place of reäl existence, and to take to itself as deep feeling and concern, yet in the domestic relations, which are so near and usual, and private, they feel lŏn̲ger and mōre deeply than those do who look upon their homes as ōnly a better part of the world which they belŏng to.

3. Indeed, to an affectionate and good man of a visionary cast, like Arthur, home appears to be ev*e*n something mōre than an earnèst of the fulfillment of his secretly cherished hopes and wishes; its daily acts seem to prefigure what he is looking fôrward to, and, while idealized by him, to impart, in a sort, to his ideal bōth distinctnèss and substantiality. Arthur's mother was peculiarly dear to him, in having a character so much like his own. For though the cares and attachments of life had lŏng ago tak*e*n place of a fanciful existence in her, yĕt her natural turn of mind was strŏng enough to give to these something of the romănce of her disposition.

4. This had led to a mōre than usual ōp*e*nnèss and intimacy between him and his mother, and now brought to his remembrance the hours they had sat together by the fire-light, when he lis*te*n*e*d to her mild and melancholy voice, as she spoke of what she had undergone at the lŏss of her parents and husband. Her gentle rebuke of his faults when a boy, her affectionate look of approval when he had done well, her care that he should be a just man, and her motherly anxiety lest the world should go hard with him, crowded into his mind, and he felt as if every worldly attachment was hereafter to be a vain thing to him.

5. He had passed the night befōre his journey between tumultuous grief and numb insensibility. Stepping into the carriage, with a slow, weak motion, like one who was quitting his sick-chamber for the first time, he began his way homeward. As he lifted his eyes upward, the few stars that were here and there over the sky seemed to look down in pity, and shed a religious and healing light upon him.

6. But they soon went out, one after another, and, as the last faded from his sight, it was as if something good and holy had forsak*e*n him. The faint tint in the east soon became a ruddy glow, and the sun, shooting upward, burst over every living thing in full glōry. The sight went to Arthur's sick heart, as if it were in mŏckery of his sŏrrōw.

7. Leaning back in his carriage, with his hand over his eyes, he was carried älŏng, hardly sensible it was dāy. The old servant, Thomas, who was sitting by his side, went on talking in a low, monotonous tone; but Arthur only heard something sounding in his ears, scarcely heeding that it was a human voice. He had a sense of wearisomenèss from the motion of the carriage; but in all things else the day passed as a mĕl′ancholy dream.

8. Almost the first words Arthur spoke were those I have mentioned. As he looked out upon the setting sun, he shuddered and turned pale, for he knew the hill near him. As they wound round it, some peculiar old trees appeared, and he was in a few minutes in the midst of the scenery near his home.

9. The river befōre him, reflecting the rich evening sky, looked as if pōured out from a molt*e*n mine; and the birds, găthering in, were shooting ăcrŏss each other, bursting into short gay notes, or singing their evening sŏngs in the trees. It was a bitter thing to find all so bright and cheerful, and so near his own home, too. His horses' hoofs struck upon the old wood*e*n bridge. The sound went to his heart; for it was here his mother took her last leave of him, and blessed him.

10. As he passed through the village, there was a feeling of strāngenèss that ĕvèrything should be just as it was when he left it. An undefined thought floated in his mind, that his mother's state should produce a visible change in whatever he had been familiar with. But the boys were at their noisy games in the street, the laborers returning together from their work, and the old men sitting quietly at their doors. He concealed himself as well as he could, and băde Thomas has*t*en on.

11. As they drew near the house, the night was shutting in about it, and there was a melancholy gusty sound in the trees. Arthur felt as if approaching his mother's tomb. He entered the parlor. There was the gloom and stillnèss of a deserted house. Presently he heard a slow, cautious step overhead. It was in his mother's chāmber. His sister had seen him from the window. She hŭrried down, and threw her arms about her brother's neck, without uttering a word.

12. As soon as he could speak, he asked, "Is she alive?"—he could not say, *my mother*. "She is sleeping," answered his sister, "and must not know to-night that you are here: she is too weak to bear it now."—"I will go look at her, then, while she sleeps," said he, drawing his handkerchief from his face. His sister's sympathy had made him shed the first tears which had fall*e*n from him that day, and he was mōre composed.

13. He entered the chāmber with a deep and still awe upon him; and, as he drew near his mother's bedside, and looked on her pale, plăcid face, he scarcely dared breathe, lest he should disturb the secret communion that the soul was holding with the world into which it was soon to enter. His grief, in the lŏss which he was about to suffer, was forgott*e*n in the feeling of a holy inspiration, and he was, as it were, in the midst of invisible spirits, ascending and descending.

14. His mother's lips moved slightly as she uttered an indistinct sound. He drew back, and his sister went near to her, and she spoke. It was the same gentle voice which he had known and felt from his childhood. The exaltation of his soul left him—he sunk down—and his sorrow went over him like a flood.

IV.

53. MOTHER AND SON.

PART THIRD.

ARTHUR went into his mother's chamber, the next day, as soon as she became composed enough to see him. She stretched out her feeble hand, and turned toward him, with a look that blessed him. It was the short struggle of a meek spirit. She covered her eyes with her hand, and the tears trickled down between her pale, thin fin̲gers. As soon as she became tran̲quil, she spoke of the gratitude she felt at being spared to see him befōre she died.

2. "My dear mother," said Arthur—but he could not go on. His voice choked, and his eyes filled. "Do not be so afflicted, Arthur, at the loss of me. We are not to part forever. Remember, too, how comfortable and happy you have made my days. Heav*e*n, I am sure, will bless so good a son as you have been to me. You will have that consolation, my son, which visits too few sons, perhaps: you will be able to look back upon your conduct, not without pain ōnly, but with a sacred joy.

3. "And think hereafter of the peace of mind you give me, now that I am about to die, in the thought that I am leaving your sister to your love and care. So lŏng as you live, she will find you bōth father and brother to her." She paused for a moment. "I have lŏng felt that I could meet death with composure; but I did not know—I did not know, till now that the hour is come, how hard a thing it would be to leave my chĭldrèn."

4. After a little while she spoke of his father, and said she had lived in the belief that he was mindful of her, and with the conviction, which grew strŏnger as death approached, that she should meet him in another world. She spoke but little more, as she grew weaker and weaker ĕvèry hour. Arthur sat by in silence, holding her hand. He saw that she was sensible he was watching her countenance, for every now and then she open*e*d her eyes upon him, and tried to smile.

5. The day wōre slowly ă̇wāy; the sun went down, and the still twilight came on; while nȯthing was heard but the ticking of the watch, telling him, with a resĭstlèss power, that the hour was drawing nigh. It was now quite dark, and by the pale light of the night-lamp in the chimney-corner, the furniture in the room threw huge and uncouth figures over the walls. All was unsubstantial; and the shadowy ministers of death appeared gă̈thering round, waiting the duty of the hour appointed them. Arthur shuddered for a moment with superstitious awe; but, the solemn elevation which a good man feels at the sight of the dying took possession of him, and he became cälm again.

6. The approach of death has so much which is exalting, that our grief seems for the time suspended. And could one, who had seen Arthur a few hours befōre, now have looked upon the grave and even grand repose of his countenance, he would hardly have known him. The hue of death was now fast spreading over his mother's face. He stooped forward to cătch the sound of her breathing. It grew quick and faint. "My mother!" She opened her eyes, for the last time, upon him: a faint flush passed over her cheek; there was the serenity of an ăngel in her look; her hand just pressed his. It was all over.

7. His spirit had endured to its utmost. It sank down from its unearthly height; and, with his face upon his mother's pillōw, he wept like a child. He arose with a sŏf*t*en*e*d grief, and, stepping into an adjoining chamber, spoke to his äunt. "It is past," said he.—"Is my sister asleep? Well, be it so: let her have rest: she needs it. He then went to his own chamber, and shut himself in.

8. It is a merciful thing that the suffering of sensitive minds makes to itself a relief. Vīōlent grief brings on a torpor and indistinctnĕss as from lŏng watching. It is not till the violence of affliction has subsided, and gentle and soothing thoughts can find room to mix with our sorrōw, and holy consolations can minister to us, that we are able to know fully our lŏss, and see clearly what has been tōrn ăwāy from our affections. It was so with Arthur. Unconnected thoughts, and mĕlancholy but half-formed images, were flōating in his mind, and now and then a gleam of light would pass through it, as if he had been in a troubled trance, and all was right again. His wōrn and tired feelings at last found rest in sleep.

9. It is an impression, of which we can not rid ourselves if we would, when sitting by the body of a friend, that he has still a consciousnĕss of our presence; that, though he no lŏnger has a concern in the common things of the world, love and thought are still there. The face which we had been familiar with so long, when it was all life and motion, seems ōnly in a state of rest. We know not how to make it reäl to ourselves that in the body before us there is not a something still alive.

10. Arthur was in such a state of mind, as he sat alone in the room by his mother, the day after her death. It was as if her soul was holding communion with spirits in Paradise, though it still abode in the body that lay befōre him. He felt as if sanctified by the presence of one to whom the other world had been opened—as if under the love and protection of one made holy. The religious reflections which his mother had early taught him gave him strength; a spiritual composure stole over him, and he found himself prepared to perform the last ŏffices to the dead.

11. Is it not enough to see our friends die, and part with them for the rest of our days?—to reflect that we shall hear their voices no mōre, and that they will never look on us again?—to see that turning to corruption which was but just now alive, and eloquent, and beautiful with sensations? Are our sŏrrōws so sacred and peculiar as to make the world as vanity to us, and the men of it as strangers, and shall we not be left to our afflictions for a few hours?

12. Must we be brought out at such a time to the concerned or carelĕss gaze of those we know not, or be made to bear the formal proffers of consolation from acquaintance who will go ȧwāy and forget it all? Shall we not be suffered, for a little while, private and healing communion with the dead? Must the kindrĕd stillnĕss and gloom of our dwelling be changed for the show of the pall, the talk of the passers-by, and the broad and piercing light of the common sun? Must the ceremonies of the world wait on us, even to our friends' open graves?

13. When the hour came, Arthur rose with a firm step and fixed eye, though his face was tremulous with the struggle within him. He went to his sister and took her arm within his. The bell struck. Its heavy, undulating sound rolled forward like a sea. He felt a beating through his frame, which shook him so that he reeled. It was but a momentary weaknĕss. He moved on, passing those who surrounded him as if they had been shadōws. While he followed the slow hearse, there was a vacancy in his eye, as it rested on the cŏffin, which showed him hardly conscious of what was befōre him. His spirit was with his mother's. As he reached the grave, he shrunk back, and turned pale; but, dropping his head upon his breast, and covering his face, he stood motionless as a statue till the service was over.

14. He had gone through all that the debt to society required of him. For painful as it was, and ill suited to one of his reserved nature and holding such opinions upon the subject, still he could not do anything that might appear to the world like a want of reverence and respect for his mother. The scene was ended, and the inward struggle over; and now that he was left to himself, the greatnèss of his lŏss came up full and distinctly befōre him.

15. It was a gloomy and chilly evening when he returned home. As he entered the house from which his mother had gone forever, a sense of dreary emptinèss oppressed him, as if his abode had been deserted by every living thing. He walked into his mother's chamber. The naked bedstead, and the chair in which she used to sit, were all that were left in the room. As he threw himself back in the chair, he groaned in the bitternèss of his spirit. A feeling of forlornnèss came over him, which was not to be relieved by tears.

16. She, whom he watched over in her dying hour, and whom he had talked to as she lay befōre him in death, as if she could hear and answer him, had gŏne from him. Nothing was left for the senses to fas*t*en fondly on, and time had not yet taught him to think of her only as a spirit. But time and holy endeavors brought this consolation; and the little of life that a wasting disease left him was passed by him, when alone, in thoughtful tranquillity; and among his friends he appeared with that gentle cheerfulnèss which, before his mother's death, had been a part of his nature.

R. H. Dana.

V.

54. THE RIM OF THE BOWL.

1.

I SAT 'mid the flickering lights, when all the guests had departed,
  Alone at the head of the table, and dreamed of the days that were gone;
Nēither asleep nor waking, nor sad nor cheery-hearted—
  But passive as a leaf by the wild November blown.
I thought—if thinking 'twere when thoughts were dimmer than shadōws—
  And toyed the while with the music I drew from the rim of the bōwl,
Passing my fingers round, as if my will compelled it
  To answer my shapelèss dreams, as soul might answer soul.

2.

Idle I was, and listlèss; but melody and fancy
  Came out of that tremulous dulcimer, as my hand around it strayed;

The rim was a magic circle, and mine was the necromancy[1]
  That summoned its secrets fōrth, to take the forms I bade.
Secrets! ay! buried secrets, forgotten for twenty summers,
  But living anew in the odors of the roses at the bōard;
Secrets of truth and passion, and the days of life's unreason;
  Perhaps not at all atoned for, in the judgments of the Lord.

3.

Secrets that still shall slumber, for I will not bare my bosom
  To the gaze of the heartless, prying, unconscionable crowd,
That would like to know, I doubt not, how much I have sinned and suffered,
  And drag me down to its level—because it would humble the proud.
Beautiful spirits they were, that danced on the rim at my bidding:
  Spirits of joy or sadness, in their brief sweet summer day;
Spirits that aye possess me, and keep me, if I wander,
  In the line of the straight, and the flower of the fruitful way.

4.

Spirits of women and children—spirits of friends departed—
  Spirits of dear companions that have gone to the leveling tomb,
Hallowed for ever and ever with the sanctity of sorrow,
  And the aureole[2] of death that crowns them in the gloom.
Spirits of Hope and Faith, and one supremely lovely,
  That sang to me years agone, when I was a little child,
And spōrted at her footstool, or lay upon her bosom,
  And gazed at the love that dazzled me from her eyes so soft and mild.

5.

And that sŏng from the rim of the bōwl came sounding and sounding ever—
  As ŏft it had done befōre in the toil and moil of life;
A song nor sad nor mĕrry, but low and sweet and plaintive;
  A clarion blast in sorrow; an anodyne in strife;
A song like a ray of moonlight that gleams athwart a tempĕst.
  Sound ever, O Song! sound sweetly, whether I live or die,
My guardian, my adviser, my comforter, my cŏmrāde,
  A voice from the sinlĕss regions—a message from the sky!

CHARLES MACKAY.

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[1] **Nĕc′ ro man cy̆**, the art of revealing future events by means of a pretended communication from the dead; enchantment.

[2] **Au′ re ōle**, the circle of rays, or halo of light, with which painters surround the body of Christ, saints, and others held in special reverence.

SECTION XIII.

I.

55. INTEMPERANCE.

AMONG the evils of intemperance, much importance is giv*e*n to the poverty of which it is the cause. But this evil, great as it is, is yĕt light, in comparison with the *essential* evil of intemperance. What matters it that a man be poor, if he carry into his poverty the spirit, energy, reason, and virtues of a man? What matters it that a man must, for a few years, live on bread and water?

2. How many of the ṛichèst are reduced, by diṣease, to a worse condition than this? Honèst, virtuous, noble-minded poverty is comparatively a light evil. The āncient phĭlŏsopher chose it, as a condition of virtue. It has been the lot of many a Christian.

3. The poverty of the intemperate man owes its great misery to its cause. He who makes himself a beggar, by having made himself a brute, is miserable indeed. He who has no sŏlace, who has ōnly agonizing recollections and hărrowing remorse, as he looks on his cold heärth, his scanty table, his răggèd chĭldrèn, has indeed to bear a crushing weight of woe. That he suffers, is a light thing. That he has brought on himself this suffering, by the voluntary extin̲ction of his reason, *that* is the terrible thought, the intolerable curse.

4. Intemperance is to be pitied and abhorred for its own sake, much mōre than for its outward consequences. These owe their chief bitternèss to their criminal sōurce. We speak of the miseries which the drun̲kard carries to his family. But take ăwāy his own brutality, and how lightened would be these miseries! We talk of his wife and children in rags. Let the rags continue; but suppose them to be the effects of an innocent cause.

5. Suppose his wife and children bound to him by a strŏng love, which a life of labor for their support, and of unwearied kindnèss has awakened; suppose them to know that his toils for their welfare had brok*e*n down his frame; suppose him able to say, "We are poor in this world's goods, but rich in affection and religious trust. I am going from you; but I leave you to the Father of the fatherlèss, and to the widōw's Gŏd." Suppose this; and how changed these rags!—how changed the cold, naked room! The heart's warmth can do much to withstand the winter's cold;—and there is hope, there is honor, in this virtuous indigence.

6. What breaks the heart of the drunkard's wife? It is not that he is poor, but that he is a drunkard. Instead of that bloated face, now distorted with passion, now robbed of ĕvĕry gleam of intelligence, if the wife could look on an affectionate countenance which had, for years, been the interpreter of a well-principled mind and faithful heart, what an overwhelming lōad would be lifted from her!

7. It is a husband whose touch is polluting, whose infirmities are the witnĕss of his guilt, who has blighted all her hopes, who has proved false to the vow which made her his; it is such a husband who makes home a hell—not one whom toil and disease and Providence have cast on the care of wife and children.

8. We look too much at the consequences of vice—too little at the vice itself. It is vice which is the chief weight of what we call its consequences—vice, which is the bĭtternĕss in the cup of human woe. CHANNING.

William Ellery Channing, D. D., an eminent American divine, was born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780. At the age of twelve he was sent to New London, Conn., to prepare for college under his uncle, the Rev. Henry Channing. His father, an able and hospitable lawyer, soon afterward died, to which, in connection with a revival which then swept over New England, he attributed the commencement of his decidedly religious life. He entered the freshman class of Harvard College in 1794, where he graduated with the highest honors. He became pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston, in 1803. The society rapidly increased under his charge, and his reputation and influence became marked and extensive. He married, in 1814; visited Europe for his health, in 1822; and died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. He published many admirable addresses and letters. His nephew, William H. Channing, collected and published six volumes of his writings in 1848. A selection of his writings, entitled "Beauties of Channing," has been published in London; and many of his essays, at various times, have been translated into German. Among the best of his general writings are his "Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton," on "Bonaparte;" on "Fenelon;" and on "Self-Culture."

II.

56. REGRETS OF DRUNKENNESS.

[CASSIO *having been artfully plied with liquor by* IAGO *till he was drunk, engaged in a brawl, after which he was dismissed by his general,* OTHELLO, *with the words:* "CASSIO, *I love thee; but never more be officer of mine.*" IAGO, *wishing to make* OTHELLO *jealous of* CASSIO, *here persuades him to appeal to* DESDEMONA, OTHELLO'S *wife, to intercede for him.*]

IAGO.[1] What! be you hurt, Lieūtenant?
Cassio. Past all surgery!

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[1] **Iago (ē ä′ gō).**

Iago. Marry,[1] Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation! reputation! reputation! Oh, I have lŏst my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bĕstial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honĕst man, I thought you had received some bodily wound:[2] there is more offense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; ŏft got without merit, and lŏst without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will răther sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so light, so drunk*en*, and so indiscreet an ŏfficer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discōurse fustian with one's own shadow?—Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hadst no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nôthing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouthş to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, plĕasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the dev*i*l Drŭn̲kennèss to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall*en*; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

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[1] **Măr′ ry**, indeed! in truth!—a term of positive affirmation or assertion once in use, said to have been derived from the practice of swearing by the Virgin Mary.

[2] **Wound** (wọnd).

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hȳdra,[1] such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come! good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no mōre against it;—and, good Lieutenant—I think you think I love you?

Cas. I have well approved it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk some time, man! I'll tell you what you shall do. Our General's *wife* is now the General;—I may sāy so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessèd a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodnèss not to do mōre than she is requested. This brok*e*n joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this break of your love shall grow strŏnger than it was befōre.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant. I must to watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, one of the greatest of all poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick County, England, in April, 1564. His father, John Shakspeare, a wool-comber or glover, rose to be high bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford. William is supposed to have received his early education at the grammar-school in his native town. We have no trace how he was employed between his school-days and manhood. Some hold that he was an attorney's clerk. Doubtless he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular student. He married Anne Hathaway in 1582, and soon after became connected with the Blackfriar's theater, in London, to which city he removed in 1586 or 1587. Two years subsequent he was a joint proprietor of that theater, with four others below him in the list. Though we know nothing of the date of his first play, he had most probably begun to write long before he left Stratford. Of his thirty-seven plays, the existence of thirty-one is defined by contemporary records. He became rich in the theaters, with which he ceased to be connected about 1609. He had previously purchased the principal house in his native town, where he passed the residue of his life, and died in April, 1616.

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[1] **Hydra** (hī′ drȧ), a serpent or monster, *in mythology*, represented as living in a marsh or lake of Lerna in Peloponnesus. It had nine heads, the middle one immortal. Hercules cut off its heads, but in place of every head *cut off* two new ones sprung up. He burned the mortal heads, and buried the immortal one under a huge rock.

III.

57. THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I,
  Roger 's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
  Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
  Five years we 've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
  And ate and drank—and starved—together.

2. We 've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
  A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
  The paw he holds up there 's been froz*e*n),
  Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
  Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

3. No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
  Roger and I are exceedingly mŏral—
Are'nt we, Roger?—See him wink!—
  Well, something hot, then—we wŏn't quạrrel.
He's thirsty too—see him nod his head?
  What a pity, sir, that dŏgs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
  And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

4. The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
  I've been so sadly giv*e*n to grog,
I wonder I've not lŏst the respect,
  (Here's to you, sir!) ev*e*n of my dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old cōat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

5. There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every dişăster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thanklĕss master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!—
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

6. We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Boutface! Salute your ŏfficer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old pātriot soldier!

7. March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's befōre us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!—
Some brandy—thank you—there!—it passes!

8. Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gŏne through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgĕtting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a hŏrrible inward sinking.

9. Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on Gŏd's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

10. If you had seen HER, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the sŏngs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged, and pennilèss, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

11. She's married since—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberèst, prosiëst life
Than a blasted home and a brok*e*n heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

12. You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's stōry
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died befōre—Do you knōw
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchèdnèss here belōw?

13. Another glass, and strŏng, to dead*e*n
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, lead*e*n,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad, sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

14. I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me. TROWBRIDGE.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE was born in the town of Ogden, in Western New York, Sept. 18, 1827. At the age of 19 he visited the city of New York, where he commenced writing for the press; and a year afterward went to Boston, where he soon became known as a writer of popular tales over the signature of "Paul Creyton." In 1850 he edited "The Yankee Nation," and in 1853 published his first book, "Father Brighthopes," which was rapidly followed by others of a similar character. Having traveled extensively in his own country, in the spring of 1855 he sailed for Europe, where he passed a year, mostly in France and Italy. In Paris he wrote "Neighbor Jackwood," an admirable American novel, in which the common phases of country life and character are faithfully portrayed. The publication of this work was quickly followed by the author's drama of "Neighbor Jackwood," which was successfully produced upon the Boston stage. In 1859 he wrote "The Old Battle Ground," and in 1863 "Cudjo's Cave," a war novel, which met with a very large sale. In 1865 he traveled for several months in the Southern States, and in the following year published "The South," a graphic description of the battle-grounds, and of the country and people, of those States after the war. He has also written largely for the magazines, particularly the "Atlantic Monthly" in which some of his most striking tales and poems have appeared. "The Vagabonds" was printed in the "Atlantic" in 1863, reprinted in book form with illustrations by Darley in 1864, and again in 1869, in "The Vagabonds and Other Poems," the first collected edition of the author's poetical writings. Mr. Trowbridge is now engaged in editing "Our Young Folks" (published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston), for which he wrote "Lawrence's Adventures," re-published in book form in 1870. His latest publication is "Coupon Bonds and Other Tales," a collection of remarkably graphic and entertaining magazine stories. As a writer, he is distinguished for his firm grasp of whatever subject he treats, and his power of presenting it vividly to the imagination of the reader; while his humor, pathos, lively fancy, and above all, his fidelity to nature, give a peculiar charm alike to his prose and verse.

IV.

58. THE DUEL.

PART FIRST.

THEY dined together sumptuously. The wine flowed freely, as, indeed, it had done all day. Sir Mulberry drank to recompense himself for his recent abstinence, the young lord, to drown his indignation, and the remainder of the party, because the wine was of the best, and they had nothing to pay. It was nearly midnight when they rushed out, wild, burning with wine, their blood boiling, and their brains on fire, to the gaming table.

2. Here they encountered another party, and like themselves. The excitement of play, hot rooms and glaring lights, was not calculated to allay the fever of the time. In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the mŏrrōw, in the savage intoxication of the mōmènt? Mōre wine was called for, glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalding mouthş were cracked with thirst. Down pōured the wine like oil on blazing fire.

3. And still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height—glasses were dashed upon the floor by hands that could not carry them to lips; oathş were shouted out by lips which could hardly form the words to vent them in; drunk*e*n losers cursed and rōared; some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sang, some tōre the cards and raved. Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the thrōat, struggled into the middle of the room.

4. A doz*e*n voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the cŏm'batants, and fōrcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.—"Let me go!" cried Sir Mulberry, in a thick hōarse voice, "he struck me! Do you hear? I say, he struck me. Have I friend here? Who is this? Westwood. Do you hear me say he struck me!"

5. "I hear, I hear," replied one of those who held him. "Come ăwāy for to-night."—"I will not," he replied, fiercely. "A doz*e*n men about us saw the blow."—"To-morrow will be ample time," said the friend. "It will not be ample time!" cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. "To-night—at once—here!" His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clenching his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

6. "What is this, my lord?" said one of those who surrounded him. "Have blows passed?"—"*One* blow has," was the panting reply. "I struck him—I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say with him, let the quarrel be adjusted now. Căptaĭn Adams," said the young lord, looking hŭrriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed, "Let me speak with you, I beg." The person addressed stepped forward, and taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterward by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

7. It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awak*e*n any sympathy for ēither party, or to call fōrth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further prŏgress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew noisily discussing what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honor, who lived upon their winnings, remarked to each other as they went out that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sōfas, and thought no more about it.

8. Meanwhile the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Bōth utterly heartlĕss, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fall*e*n from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name, and plead its mōst depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of the most unblemished honor themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honor of other people.

9. These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably. "This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself up. "Vĕry," returned the captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one cōurse, of course."—"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

10. "Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain. "The original cause of the dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied some terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a lŏng recrimination upon a great many sōre subjects, charges, and countercharges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic; Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heat of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

11. "There is no mōre to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strŏng feeling to have it over: do you object to say at sunrise?"—"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a lŏng time brooding, and negotiation is ōnly a waste of words—no."

12. "Something may possibly be said out of dōors, after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be ŏff without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the mĕadōws opposite Twickenham, by the river side?" The captain saw no objection. "Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr. Westwood. To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the rōad each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

V.

59. THE DUEL.

PART SECOND.

"WE shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captaĭn, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my rooms for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab; for yours, perhaps, might be recognized." What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yĕllōw light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glōrious morning; for a hot, close atmosphere, tāintĕd with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, whōlesome air.

2. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time misspent, and count-lĕss opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hŭrried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day, as if he were some foul and hideous thing. "Shivering?" said the captain. "You are cold."—"Rather."—"It does strike cold, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we're ŏff."

3. They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the captain's lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the op*e*n rōad, without hindrance or mŏlestātion. Fields, trees, gard*e*ns, hedges, everything looked vĕry beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them befōre, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind; but as he looked about him he had less anger, and though all old delusions, relative to his worthless late companion, were now cleared ăwāy, he rather wished he had never known him, than thought of its having come to this.

4. The past night, the dāy befōre, and many other days and nights besides, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune, in which he could recognize scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stunning and bewildering sound like rushing water.

5. But his companion rallied him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act of smoking, but on reflection he remembered when and where he had taken the cĭgar′. They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master.

6. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm trees, which, meeting far above their heads, formed a lŏng green perspective of gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin in the op*e*n sky. After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and taking a track ăcrŏss a little mĕadōw, pȧssed Ham House, and came into some fields beyŏnd. In one of these they stopped.

7. The ground was mĕasured, some usual forms gŏne through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face toward his young adversary for the first time. He was vĕry pale—his eyes were blood-shot, his dress disordered, and his hair dĭshĕv′eled—all, mōst probably, the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but vīŏlent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his oppō′nent steadfastly for a few moments, and then, taking the wĕapon which was tendered to him, bent his eyes upon that, and looked up no mōre until the word was giv*e*n, when he instantly fired.

8. The two shots were fired as nearly as possible at the same instant. At that instant the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

9. "He's gone," cried Westwood, who, with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it. "His blood on his own head," said Sir Mulberry. "He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me."

10. "Captain Adams," cried Westwood, hastily, "I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately, push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and don't remain here; the living before the dead—good-bye." With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hŭrried him away.

11. Captain Adams, ōnly pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped ŏff in the same dĭrĕction, to concert mĕasures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.—So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had lōaded with gifts and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom, and others like him, he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

12. The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding cōurse, the leaves quivered and rus*t*l*e*d in the air, the birds pōured their cheerfu̇l sŏngs from ĕvèry tree, the short-līved butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and amidst it all, and pressing down the grass, whose every blade bōre twenty tīny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upward to the sky.

DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, the most eminent of modern English novelists, was born in Portsmouth, Eng., Feb. 7, 1812. In his third year, his family removed to London, where he attended good schools, and received a fair education, but never attempted a college course. At the proper age, he was placed as a clerk in a lawyer's office. Though he remained but a brief period, the knowledge he acquired of the law was of great advantage in his subsequent writings. He soon after became reporter for the newspaper press of London, and also contributed original articles, "Sketches by Boz," collected and republished in two volumes in 1836 and 1837. His succeeding works, "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby," fully established his reputation. His career has been one of almost uniform success. "The Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," and "The Cricket on the Hearth," rank as personal benefits. We regard "David Copperfield" and the "Tale of Two Cities" as fully equal to his earlier productions, if not superior to all his other writings. During the last few years of his life, Dickens won almost as much money and fame as a reader of his own writings, as he ever won by his books. He was a great original genius, borrowing from no other writer, and imitating no one. He has peopled literature with characters as distinct and real as any in history. He died at Gadshill, Kent, his usual residence, June 9, 1870, leaving incomplete his last work, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

SECTION XIV.

I.

60. CHEERFULNESS.

ART FIRST.

CHEERFULNESS is a state or mood of mind consisting ēither in the equilibrium[1] and harmonious inter-action of the mind's powers and passions, or in the sly infusion of humor into the substance of character. Its predominant feeling is one of inward content, complacency, and repose; but its content is not self-content; its complacency is not self-complacency; and its repose has nȯne of that apathetic[2] negation[3] of all sympathy which we observe in the slēek and selfish serenity of those frilled and lavendered pharisees, who show so much Christian resignation to the misfortunes, and exhibit such ĕx̣′emplary fortitude in enduring the miseries—that fall on their neighbors. Its virtues are modesty, hope, faith, coŭrage, charity, love—all those qualities which give beneficence to the heart and comprehĕnsivenĕss to the brain; which calm inordinate passions, adjust our expectations to our cir′cumstances, moderate the infinitude of selfish desires, and, above all, instill that delicious sense of nearness to the mysterious fountains of joy.

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[1] **E′ qui lĭb′ ri um,** equality of weight or force; a just weight or balance.

[2] **Apathetiċ** (ăp′ a thĕt′ ik), void of feeling; passionless.

[3] **Ne gā′ tion,** exclusion.

2. Now there seem to be some persons, the fāvorĭtes of fortune and darlings of nature, who are born cheerful. "A star danced" at their birth. It is no superficial rĭşibĭlity, but a bountiful and beneficent soul that sparkles in their eyes and smiles on their lips. Their inborn geniălity amounts to genius—the rare and difficult genius which creates sweet and whōlesome character, and rādiates cheer. The thunder-cloud over their heads never dark*e*ns their comforting vision of the sunlight beyŏnd. The hard problems which puzzle sadder intellects, and the great bullying miseries which overthrow and trample on mōre despairing spirits, never perplex their faith or crush their energies; for, with an insight that acts like instinct, they detect the soul of good hid in the show of ev*i*l, and are let into the secret of that sacred alchemy by which patience transmutes calamity into wisdom and power.

3. But this genius of good-nature is perhaps as rare as any other form of genius. Chēerfulnĕss, in most cheerful people, is the rich and satisfying result of strenuous discipline; and to attain this, as to attain other blessings, the proverb holds good of "No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet." The first aim of such a discipline will, of cōurse, be to implant a desire for the object; to hold up to love and emulātion the wise and beautiful and winning content that finds a home in glad and genial spirits; and, especially, to teach that this all-embracing sunniness of soul comes to us by a series of steps, the light gradually gaining on the gloom, until darknĕss is slowly dispelled by dawn and dawn by day, and we greet the full sunrise at last with exulting pæans.[1]

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[1] **Pæ′ an,** among the *ancients,* a song of rejoicing in honor of Apollo; hence, a loud and joyous song; a song of triumph.

4. Here, however, at the vĕry thrĕsh′ōld of the subject, and as if to give us the lie, starts up that surly and savage theory of life which connects hōpefulnĕss with foolishnĕss, and sourly resolves all intelligence into spleen. Here we come plump against that very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of mĭs′anthrōpes[1] who rejoice in the name of grumblers—persons who are so sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent ĕvĕry attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief plĕasure in being displeased. Their rav*e*n crōak drowns all melodies of lark and linnet. Indeed, like Jaques,[2] "They can suck melancholy out of a sŏng, as a weazel sucks eggs." It is to them we are doubtlĕss indebted for that phrase which includes all our actions and all the circumstances of our being in this world, under the general term of "the *concerns* of life."

5. Closely connected with this grumbling spirit, though ŏf*t*en superior to its baser qualities, is that mood of the mind, made up of pride and dejection, which has been aptly named sŭlkinĕss—a bog in which the souls of some men seem to flounder about during the whōle term of their lives, with sympathies resolutely shut to all the approaches of kindlinĕss and cheer. There they abide, in the soul's "muggy" weather, "sucking," as Coleridge says, "the paws of their own self-importance," and finding, we may add, but little juice and nutriment therein. The word, and the unamiable mood it expresses, seem bōth to have had their birth in England.

6. In our own country, which, with a certain exquisite irony, we are fond of calling the "happiĕst" country in the world, we are preserved by our eager, insatiable activity from so stŏlid[3] a fault as sulkinĕss; but this activity, though it may indicate large powers of mind and great energies of will, does not evince their harmonious combination, and the restless and curious spirit of the nation is vexed with the demon of nervous discontent. This discontent, as it affects some persons, is owing to the flood of new opinions which has been poured into the public mind—opinions which sătirīze the facts of our daily life, without infusing into the will and the mŏral sentiments the vigor requisite to change them, and demand the exercise of energies which they have not the power to evoke. Hence that fretful impatience with the actual which comes from the union of vague aspiration with feeble purpose—largeness of mental view with limitation of moral power. Such persons should *be* more, or *know* less.

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[1] **Mĭs′ an thrōpe,** a hater of mankind.

[2] **Jaques** (zhăk), a lord attending upon the exiled Duke, in Shakspeare's "As You Like it," who thinks, and does—nothing.

[3] **Stŏl′ id,** hopelessly insensible or stupid; dull; foolish.

7. Another sōurce of individual and nătional cheerfulnèss, too ŏf*te*n disregarded in our country, is the trained capacity to take plĕasure in little things—to bend our whōle energies to the progressive realization of moderate but ascending aims—and to regulate those passions of pride, vanity, envy, avarice, and ambition which poison the sōurces of action. This *power* of enjoyment proceeds from right ideäs as well as from right sentiments. It evinces that breadth and penetration of understanding by which objects are seen in their reäl dĭmĕnsions and natural relations, with the occasional harshnèss of the truth softened by the sense of beauty and the sense of humor. We then perceive the world as it is, and, what is mōre, we perceive our own modèst place in it; and, in our gratitude for what we have, lose all feeling of discontent for what we have not.

8. But in Amĕrica each individual is prone to be mōre impressed with his deserts than his duties or his capacity to compass his deserts; and nowhere else is mediŏcrity subject to such agonies of baffled desire. Our business, driving along through a storm of panics, too ŏf*te*n proves to us that "going ahead too fast" reälly means going backward, and is continually producing those desperate pinches in the money-markets in which the debtor's troubled heart stamps on his face that look of ruin, which, to the shrewd banker, says as plainly, "Don't trust me," as his lips say, "Do lend me!" Continually nettled by the failure of our selfish aspirations, we resent as injustice the disappointments of our vanity and greed; and are apt to feel, when foiled in expectations it was foolish to have ever cherished, something of the irritated self-sufficiency of that monarch whom Montaigne[1] mentions, who, on the sudden death of an ōnly child, indicated to Providence his sense and resentment of the injury by abolishing in his dominions the Christian religion for a fortnīght!

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[1] **Montaigne** (mŏn tā̆n′), a distinguished French essayist, born at the chateau of Montaigne, Périgord, Feb. 28, 1533, died there Sept. 13, 1589.

9. So wide-spread is this discontent, that a talent for unhăppinèss is fast gĕtting to be a sōurce of distinction; and among the many tones in the hubbub of universal talk, the voice that quickliĕst arrests attention is the voice that wails, snarls, groans, shrieks, howls, or hisses. Our best qualities and our best people are apt to cătch the infection of this screaming fōrcible-fēeblenèss, and to lose their power to cheer in their passion to declaim. Ev*e*n our religious people, paralyzed, seemingly by a contemplation of the works of Satan, are not celebrated for entering into the joy of their Lord. Our morality, the moment it sets about the work of reform, has a strŏng impulse to become grim, haggard, and screechy; and ev*e*n the lŏftier virtues are prone to pụt on a vinegar aspect, and to depress rather than exhilarate.

10. Our benevolence, for instance, sometimes labors mōst conscientiously to make itself unamiable, diffuses unhappinèss from the best of motives, and, growing sour and shrewish by its contact with suffering or contemplation of wrŏng, dispenses as much gall to its oppōnents as it does balm to the afflicted and oppressed. It seems to find a săturnīne[1] satisfaction in fastening its attention on the darkest side of life. If there be anything base or brutal in the foulest dens of metropolitan iniquity, see how eagerly it seizẹs it, emphasizes it, detaches it from its relations, talks about it, writes about it, throws it into the faces and stamps it on the imaginations of young and old, in the hope, we may suppose, of invigorating the sense of right by corrupting the sense of beauty, and converting us into philanthropists by a prŏcess which begins by disgusting us with human nature.

11. Scenes of misery and sin thus occupying the mōst conspicuous places in the picture gallery of the mind, it is not surprising that many humane people, aghast at the contemplation, should gradually associate chēerfulnèss with selfishness, and dutifully determine that nothing but wretchedness shall escape from their tongues and encamp on their faces. This morbid benevolence, first adopted as a duty, soon resolves itself into a taste; and then they hunt eagerly on the trail of offences to găther fresh topics of hŏrrifying scandal, and every new batch of crimes furnishes additional material for their ghastly gŏssip. And, to crown all, in exploring the causes of the wickednĕss and wretchedness which oppress their imaginations, they have a strange proclivity to hit on those things which are capable in themselves of affording innocent plĕasure, and too often think their purpose is attained when they have pasted a thundering "*Thou shalt not!*" on all amusements and recreations.

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[1] **Săt′ ur nīne**, under the influence of the planet Saturn; hence, not readily susceptible of excitement; dull; heavy; grave.

12. Now this ascetic acid in our morality and religion must be modified by an æsthetic[1] element, or we strip from virtue and duty and devotion the "awful" lovelinĕss by which they attract as well as command, inspire as well as warn, cheer as well as threat*en*. It is as dangerous to morality as it is destructive to chēerfulnĕss to make virtue the husky and haggard thing it is so ŏf*te*n held up to be; and accordingly, in the formation of harmonious character, great stress is to be laid on the education of the sense of beauty. There is nothing that cheers so much as this. The contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are sŏftly smiled away.

13. Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, this sense of beauty, and you are transformed at once from an artisan into an artist. The discontent you feel with the work you are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of an artist, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all hŏnĕst work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been plowed, many a house has been built, in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires and the creätion of ĕpics. The cheerfulnĕss which comes from the beautiful performance of such secluded duties disclaims all aid from mere animal spirits, and attaches itself resolutely to what is immortal in our being. It is "a masculine and severe thing; the rēcreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason; filling the soul, as Gŏd fills the universe, silently and without noise!"

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[1] **Æs thĕt′ ic**, of, or pertaining to, the science of the beautiful.

II.

61. CHEERFULNESS.

PART SECOND.

THE great crowning principle of growth in cheerful character is the FOOD of the mind—the daily bread of thought, emotion, and experience which the mind eats, and converts into the blood and bone and sinew of character. This, mōre than anything else, determines our destiny for gladnĕss or for gloom. The chief sōurces of this mental food are external nature, society, and the various forms of literature and art. All these have their cheerful and invigorating or dark and depressing phase, according to the disposition we bring to the feast.

2. Nature is an inexhaustible fountain of cheer—not, indeed, as seen and felt by those whose simple object is to make her yield a certain amount of corn and potatoes for the body, but by those who also regard her as the dear and gracious mother, teeming with fo͞od for the brain and heart of her children. Communion with her sights, sounds, colors, and forms—the hieroglyphics[1] of Gŏd—and with the inner spirit, which gives them life, meaning, and la̲nguage to the soul—closeness to her mighty heart, and contact with her informing mind—this is the love of nature which inspires, heals, refreshes, sublimes, and cheers.

3. And happy are they whose characters grow and ripen under her genial ministries, and who, in the words of a great poet, speaking from his own deep experience, can testify "of plĕasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteo̤usly as morning dewdrops; of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance; of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters; of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations; of hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers from the rṳined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead; in a word, of nature as a teacher of trṳth through joy and through gladnĕss, and as a creātress of the faculties through a prŏcess of smoothnĕss and delight."

4. But hastening from this attractive theme, whose fullnĕss of wealth we have barely hinted, let us hazard a remark or two on the nature of the mental food we derive from social life. Here, in the intercōurse of conversation, there is not ōnly the expression of thoughts and feelings, but the dĭrĕct passage of mind into mind; and characters, accordingly, are mutually fed and formed. In conversation, to use a violent image, we eat each other up, and this intellectual cannibalism results, if the conversation be good, in an increase of mental substance to all. How important, then, that this great element of culture should be cheerful, sympathetic, enlivening, the graceful play of knowledge, the festivity of intelligence, instead of being the sour, egotistic, sulky, or frivolous thing into which it is so ŏf*te*n perverted. A grumbler or bigot in this intercōurse should recollect that he is spoiling the temper of others in parading his own, and that a voluminous catalogue of his aches and pains, or a fierce outburst of his prejudices and hatreds, is hardly needed to gratify the civil curiosity that inquires after his health, or the polite tolerance that asks his opinion.

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[1] **Hi′ e ro glȳph′ ic,** a sacred character; any character or figure which has, or is supposed to have, a hidden or mysterious meaning.

5. But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cămbric kerchief, the mōst successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if phĭlŏsophy could ōnly search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on dwindling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart.

6. The whōle universe of Gŏd, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that dĭvīne ribbon in her bŏnnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they THINK, "It's high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slightly venomous vitality, which does pretty well in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reälity of life.

7. Seriously, however, this levity of being, whether innocent or malevolent, which thus splits the mind up into chips and splinters of thought, and leaves it vacant of substance and sap, is it not one, out of many nobler causes, of the rumored lack of cheerfulness in American women?—a fact of which we know nothing except from the melodious wail, alternating with melodramatic shrieks, that comes up from so large a pōrtion of our best fĕminĭne literature. The men, of cōurse, are great rascals, and deprive women of their rights, and circumscribe the sphere of their influence, and hypocritically sonnetize Desdemōnas[1] of the kitchen and Imogens[2] of the nursery, and are, besides, as superficial as they are wicked—all that is freely granted; but still is it not possible that women, the autocratic rulers at least of social life, can make it a little better subserve its great purpose of educating and enriching the mind without any lŏss to its mōre festive grace and airier charms?

8. But leaving a topic which is fast treading on the perilous ẹdges of impertinence, let us pass to the consideration of books, the third sōurce of our mental food. Here the influences springing from a communion with nature and ĭntercōurse with society are recast by the mind of genius in the form of literature. This literature, in the varieties of its spirit and depth, contains three special forms of genius, according as nature, or society, or bōth, contributed to build them up. The first has derived its inspiration and its nutriment almost exclusively from a communion with external nature; the second from an ĭntercōurse with society; while the third combines the two. Authors of this last class[3] have the mōst robust health of mind, and dispense the most invigorating cheer.

9. But there is still another class, composed of men of large but diṣeased powers and passions, who perversely *misconceive* bōth nature and social life, distorting and discoloring them with the morbid peculiarities of their own minds. These authors belŏng to the Satanic or the sentimental school, according as their inspiration is mixed with a wilful pride or insatiable vanity; and though their genius may intensely stir the soul for the time, they in the end deform or debilitate it. They represent the grumbler, the sulker, the caustic abstractionist, the unregulated, inharmonious mind and discontented heart, as vitalized and exaggerated—as transfigured by the light, and mighty with the powers, and tyrannous with the influence, of impassioned genius. They are, indeed, bitter fountains of mental disease and gloom; yet as long as people will go to literature as to a sort of gilded dram-shop of the brain, and love to read books that stimulate ōnly to leave them weak and miserable, just so long will such authors continue to be the most popular.

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[1] **Dĕs′ de mō′ na**, the hĕroĭne of Shakspeare's tragedy of "Othello," daughter of Brabantio, a Venetian senator, and wife of Othello, a Moorish general, who kills her on a groundless belief of her infidelity.

[2] **Im′ o ġĕn**, the wife of Posthumus, and the daughter of Cymbeline by a deceased wife, in Shakspeare's play of this name. She is noted for her unalterable fidelity to her husband under the most trying circumstances.

[3] **Class** (klȧs).

10. The two great European leaders of this school of Satanic sentimentality are Rousseau[1] and Byron—men whose powers and accomplishments have never been too highly lauded, and the cheerlĕssnĕss of whose sentiments, the informing and dĭrĕcting soul of their powers, has never been adequately probed and exposed. How mean appears their self-exaggerating disregard of all the laws and limitations of our being, when compared with the lŏfty composure with which Wordsworth modestly contents his ambition for influence:

"Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide:
  The form remains, the fun̲ction never dies:
  But we, the great, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of life, defied
  The elements, must perish. Be it so:
Content if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and *help* the future hour:
  And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through hope, through love, and Faith's transcendent dower,
  We feel that we are greater than we know."

11. It is not necessary to cheerful writing that it should be witty writing or even humorous writing. Cheerfulness is a characteristic of all great writers whose thoughts and imaginations have their spring in primitive feelings and affections, which are sound, vigorous, and unspotted with discontent and misan′thropy. There is ŏf*t*en in pāthos a gentle and refining melancholy, a tender sadnĕss, which does not sadden. The fire of Milton's[1] genius burns away the mists and vapors of the soul as readily as they are chased away by Ariosto's[2] more graceful and gleeful enchantments. The tempest-like passions that rend the breasts of Lear, Macbeth, and Othello are spiritual tonics. In short, where there is health in the senses and the soul of the writer, there is cheer; and, what is mōre, the sun-like radiation of cheer.

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[1] **Rousseau** (ro̤ sŏ′), a French philosopher and author, born in Geneva, June 28, 1712, died at Ermenonville, near Chantilly, July 3, 1778.

12. In conclusion, it may be said that we should specially watch and wait for those precious moments, not common to the mōst bountifully endowed natures, but coming at intervals to all, when Heav*e*n seems graciously revealed to our minds—when, through inlets of inspiration suddenly ōpened, stream thoughts and sentiments which, for the time, make existence ecstasy! Fix these moods in the memory, hōard them in the heart, assimilate them to the vĕry substance of the soul; for they can endear life, and make it beautiful and sweet, lŏng after their imparadising rapture has faded into "the light of common day." "Hold," says the Eastern proverb—"hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold!"

Adapted from WHIPPLE.

E. P. WHIPPLE, one of the most brilliant of American writers, was born in Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819. When four years of age, his family removed to Salem, where he attended various schools until he was fifteen, when he entered the Bank of General Interest in that city as a clerk. In his eighteenth year, he went to Boston, where he has ever since been occupied mainly with commercial pursuits. Although, from the age of fourteen, Mr. Whipple has been a writer for the press, occasionally writing remarkably well, he was only known as a writer to his few associates and confidants until 1843, when he published in the Boston Miscellany a paper on Macaulay, rivaling in analysis, and reflection, and richness of diction, the best productions of that brilliant essayist. He has since published, in the North American Review, articles on the Puritans, American Poets, Daniel Webster as an Author, Old English Dramatists, British Critics, South's Sermons, Byron, Wordsworth, Talfourd, Sydney Smith, and other subjects; in the American Review, on Beaumont and Fletcher, English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, etc.; and in other periodicals, essays and reviewals enough to form several volumes. He has been an important contributor to the Atlantic Monthly. Among his more recent works are "Character and Characteristic Men," in 1866; "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," in 1869; and "Success and its Conditions," from which the above is *adapted*, in 1871. As a critic, he writes with keen discrimination, cheerful confidence, and unhesitating freedom; illustrating truth with almost unerring precision, and producing a fair and distinct impression of an author. His style is sensuous, flowing, and idiomatic, abounding in unforced antitheses, apt illustrations, and natural grace.

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[1] **Milton,** see sketch, p. 295.

[2] **Ar′ ĭ ŏs′ tō,** an Italian poet, born at Reggio, Sept. 8, 1474, and died June 6, 1533.

III.

62. THE CANDID MAN.

PART FIRST.

ONE bright läughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightnèss of foot and exhilaration of spirit, to which I had lŏng been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets who loved and lived for nature, were right in calling our island "the mĕrry England"—when I was startled by a short quick bark on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round; and seated upon the sward was a man, apparently of the peddler profession; a great deal box was lying op*e*n before him; a few articles of linen and female dress were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his ītĭnerant warehouse.

2. A small black terrier flew tōward me with no friendly growl. "Down," said I; "all strangers are not foes—though the English generally think so." The man hastily looked up; perhaps he was struck with the quaintnèss of my remonstrance to his canīne′ cȯmpanion; for, touching his hat civilly, he said—"The dŏg, sir, is very quiet; he ōnly means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you;* for dogs seem to have no dĕs′picable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be tak*e*n by surprise."

3. "You are a mŏralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a phĭlŏsopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? if so, I should like to purchase of so moralizing a vender!"—"No, sir," said the seeming peddler, smiling, and yet at the same time hŭrrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key—"no, sir, I am ōnly a bearer of other men's goods; my mŏrals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

4. "You are candid, my friend," said I, and your fran̲knèss, alone, would be inĕstimable in this age of deceit, and country of hy̆pŏcrisy."—"Ah, sir!" said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our country the most virtuous in Europe."

5. "I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist,[1] on your opinions," quōth I; "but your observation leads me to suppose that you are bōth a historian and a traveler: am I right?"—"Why," answered the box-bearer, "I *have* dabbled a little in books, and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods: Gŏd send me the luck to deliver it safe!"

6. "Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and this trifle I wish you a good morning."—"Thank you a thousand times, sir, for bōth—but do add to your favors by informing me of the right road to the town of ——," replied the man. "I am going in that dĭrĕction myself: if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can insure your not missing the rest."

7. "Your honor is too good!" returned he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel ăcrŏss him—"it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one* of mine. You smile, sir; perhaps you think I should not clȧss myself among gentlemen; and yĕt I have as good a right to the name as mōst of the set. I belŏng to no trade—I follow no calling—I rove where I list, and rest where I please: in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, sir, may I not call myself a gentleman?"—"Of a surety!" quoth I. "You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gipsies."

8. "You have it, sir," rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and as we walked on, I had lëisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized, and rather athletic man; apparently about the age of thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark-blue frock cōat, which was nëither shabby nor new, but ill-made, and much too large and long for its present possessor; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat, that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, "blushed with crimson, and blazed with gold;" but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth Street for the lawful sum of two shillings and ninepence; under this was an inner vest of the cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress.

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[1] **Op′ ti mist**, one who holds the opinion or doctrine that every thing in nature is ordered by Providence for the best.

9. Though his shirt was of a vĕry unwashed hue, I remarked, with some suspicion, that it was of a very respectable fineness; and a pin, which might be paste, or could be diämond, peeped below a tattered and dingy black kid stock, like a gypsy's eye beneath her-hair. His trousers were of a light gray, and the justice of Providence, or of the tailor, avenged itself upon them for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-assorted companion, the cōat; for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the an̲kle, exhibited the whōle of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

10. The face of the man was common-place and ordinary; one sees a hundred such, ĕvèry day, in Fleet Street, or on the 'Change; the features were small, irregular and somewhat flat; yet, when you looked twice upon the countenance, there was something marked and singular in the expression, which fully atoned for the commonnèss of the features. The right eye turned away from the left, in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plan as those Irish guns, made for shooting round a corner; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble bushes, in which his fox-like eyes had taken refuge. Round these vŭlpĭne retreats was a labyrinthean maze of those wrinkles, vulgarly called crow's feet, deep, intricate, and intersected:[1] they seemed for all the world like the web of a Chancery suit.

11. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and unindented; ev*e*n the lines from the nŏstril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely mōre apparent than in a boy of eighteen. His smile was frank—his voice clear and hearty—his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect; but, notwithstanding all these certainly favorable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye and all the wrinkled demesnes[1] in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion: perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *degagé*,[2] to be quite natural.

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[1] **In′ ter sĕct′ ed**, cut into one another; mutually crossed.

12. Your honest men soon buy reserve by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and opennĕss cŏst them nŏthing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance which struck me as not whōlly unfamiliar; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen befōre, and yĕt which (perhaps from their vĕry commonnĕss) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times. We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the dāy; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noon-day so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and invigoration than of languor and heat.

IV.

63. THE CANDID MAN.

PART SECOND.

"WE have a beautiful country, sir," said my hero of the box. "It is like walking through a garden, after the mōre stĕrĭle[3] and sullen features of the continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and like the valleys in the psälm, I am ready to läugh and sing."

2. "An enthusiäst," said I, "as well as a phĭlŏsopher! perhaps (and I believe it likely), I have the honor of addressing a poet also."—"Why, sir," replied the man, "I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps, your honor will let me return the suspicion. Are *you* not a favorĭte of the muse?"—"I can not say that I am," said I. "I value myself ōnly on my common sense—the vĕry antĭpodès to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief."

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[1] **Demesne** (de mēn′), the chief manor-place, with that part of the lands belonging thereto which has not been granted out in tenancy but which has been retained by the lord for his own use, for the supply of his table and the maintenance of his family; a portion held in reserve for ŏne's own use.

[2] **Degage** (dā gä′ zhā), easy and unconstrained.

[3] **Stĕr′ ĭle**, barren; unfruitful.

3. "Common sense!" repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twin̲kle with his left eye. "Common sense! Ah, that is not my *fōrte,* sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, ēither passively or actively, by appearance, or in act? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me! I am the mōst unsuspicious person in the world."

4. "Too candid by half," thought I. "This man is certainly a rascal; but what is that to me? I shall never see him again;" and true to my love of never losing an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance vĕry valuable, especially if he were in trade; it was a pity, thĕrefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

5. "Why, sir," said he, "I *am* occasionally in employment; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians.[1] I fit up new married couples with linen at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels at forty per cent. less than the jewelers; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage; and when I can not sell my jewels, I will my good ŏffices. A gentleman so handsome as your honor may have an affair upon your hands; if so, you may rely upon my secrecy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent, good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one or nothing, and good to ĕvĕry one for something."

6. "I admire your code," quōth I, "and whenever I want a mediātor between Venus[2] and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other?"—"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend: "but Providence willed it otherwise: they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's prayer: Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon!"

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[1] **Plebeian** (ple bē′ yan), one of the common people or low ranks of men—usually applied to the common people of ancient Rome.

[2] **Vē′ nus**, or Aphrodite, *in mythology*, the Greek goddess of female beauty and of love; that is, beauty or love deĭfied.

7. "Well," said I, "you are the hŏnèstèst knave that ever I met, and one would trust you with one's purse, for the ingĕnuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you, is it probable that I have ever had the happiness of meeting you befōre? I can not help fancying so—as yet I have never been in the watch-house or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

8. "Not at all, sir," returned my worthy; "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did *not* remember. I had the honor of sipping some British liquors in the same room with yourself one evening; you were then in company with my friend Mr. Gordon."—"Ha!" said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token, that he told me you were the most ingenious gentleman in England, and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own; I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."

9. My friend smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed:—"No doubt, sir, Mr. Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself the art of *appropriation*, though I say it who should not say it. I deserve the reputation I have acquired, sir; I have always had ill-fortune to struggle against, and always have remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an ideä of my ill-fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times on suspicion; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly;* and of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let ŏff, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me!"

10. "I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson," replied I, "if by the name of Jonson it pleasèth you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others."—"Nay," answered the man of two virtues, "I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have never done anything to disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery:

whatever I have executed by way of profession has been done in a superior and artist-like manner; not in the rṳde bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains 'to learn and labor truly to get my living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me.'"

11. "I have ŏf*te*n heard," answered I, "that there is *honor* among thieves; I am happy to learn from you that there is also religion: your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson."—"They ought to be, sir," replied Mr. Jonson, "for I gave them the first specimens of my address: the stōry is lŏng, but, if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it."—"Thank you," said I; "meanwhile I must wish you good morning: your way now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."—"Oh, never mention it, your honor," rejoined Mr. Jonson. I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your 'common sense.' Farewell, sir; may we meet again!" So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new rōad, and we parted.

12. I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted in a most pitiful tone, by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and diṣease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into älmsgiving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was gone; and, on searching the other, lo—my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belŏnged to Madame d'Anville, had vanished too. One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receive compliments upon one's common sense, for nothing!

13. The beggar still continued to importune me. "Give him some food and half-a-crown," said I to my landlady. Two hours afterward she came up to me—"Oh, sir! my silver tea-pot—

that villain the beggar!" A light flashed upon me—"Ah, Mr. Job Jonson! Mr. Job Jonson!" cried I, in an indescribable rage; "out of mẏ sight, woman! out of my sight!" I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Sir **EDWARD BULWER LYTTON**, youngest son of the late Gen. Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norwalk, England, who has assumed the surname of his mother's family, was born in 1805. He exhibited proofs of superior talents at a very early period, having written verses when only five or six years old. His preliminary studies were conducted under the eye of his mother, a woman of cultivated taste and rare accomplishments. He graduated with honor at Trinity College, Oxford, having won the chancellor's medal for the best English poem. In 1826 he published "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a small volume of poems; and the following year his first novel, "Falkland," appeared. Since that time he has been constantly before the public as an author, both in prose and verse. Of his early novels, perhaps, "Rienzi" is the most complete, high-toned, and energetic: of his more recent ones his "Caxtons," and "My Novel, or Varieties in English Life," are regarded as the best. About 1832, he became editor of the "New Monthly Magazine;" and to that journal he contributed essays and criticisms, subsequently published under the title of "The Student." Of his dramas, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," are, perhaps, three of the most popular plays now upon the stage. The first of these seldom fails of drawing tears when well represented. Few authors have displayed more versatility. His language and imagery are often exquisite, and his power of delineating certain classes of character and manners superior to that of any of his contemporaries. He commenced his political life in 1831, when he entered parliament, where he became conspicuous for his advocacy of the rights of dramatic authors, and for his liberal opinions on other questions. His speeches in parliament, and his addresses, have served to raise his reputation. His inaugural address as rector of the University of Glasgow, in particular, has been greatly admired.

V.

64. L'ALḶEGRO.

HENCE lōathèd Melancholy,
  Of Cerberus,[1] and blackèst Midnight born!
 In Stygian[2] cave forlorn,
'Mongst hŏrrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darknèss spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;

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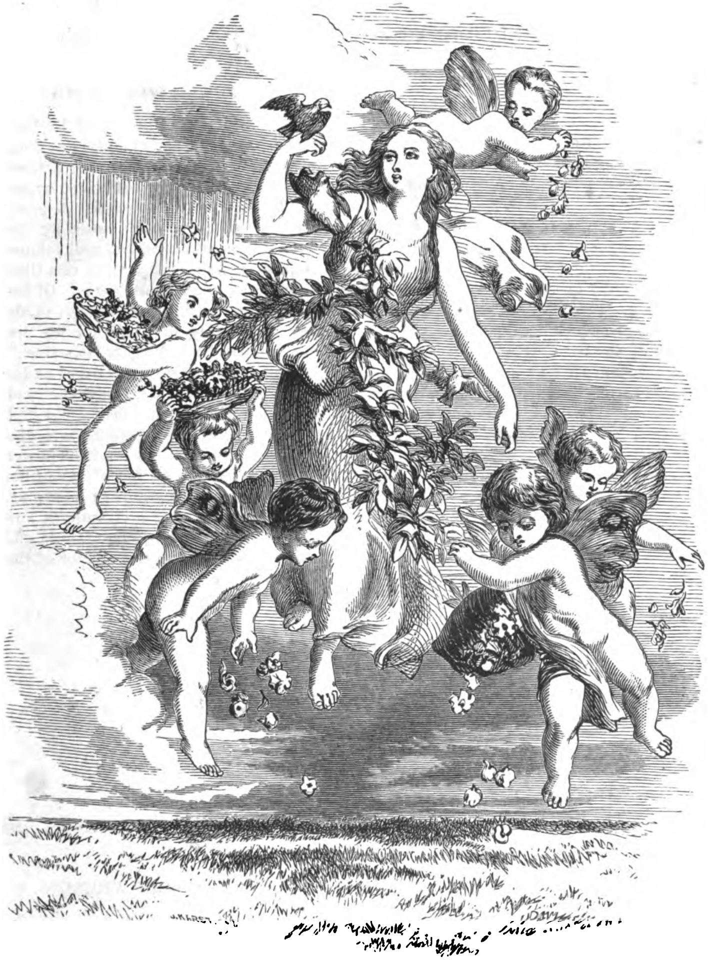
[1] **Cer' be rus**, in Greek mythology, the monster that guarded the entrance to the infernal regions. He is represented as a dog with several heads, the tail of a serpent, and a mane of snakes.

[2] **Sty̆g' i an**, of, or pertaining to, Styx, fabled by the ancients to be a river of hell over which the shades of the dead passed; hence, hellish.



Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.

There, under ĕbon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As raggèd as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian[1] desert ever dwell.

2. But come, thou Goddèss fair and free,
In Heaven y'cleped[2] Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces mōre
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bōre.
Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's[3] cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Spōrt that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding bōth his sides.

3. Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprovèd plĕasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

4. Then to come, in spite of sŏrrōw,
And at my windōw bid good mŏrrōw
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

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[1] **Cĭm mē′ ri an,** pertaining to the Cimmerii, a fabulous people, said to have dwelt, in very ancient times, in caves, in profound and perpetual darkness; hence, intensely dark.

[2] **Ycleped** (ĭ klĕpt′), called; named.

[3] **Hē′ be,** in Greek mythology, the goddess of youth.

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hōar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:

5. Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight;[1]
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the fŭrrowed land,
And the milk-maid singèth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

6. Straight mine eye hath caught new plĕasures,
Whilst the landscape round it mĕasures
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountaĭns on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do ŏf*te*n rest;
Meadōws trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cy̆nosure[2] of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two agèd oaks,

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[1] **Dight,** arrayed; adorned.

[2] **Cynosure** (sĭn′ o s̸ho̤r), the constellation of the Lesser Bear, to which, as containing the polar star, the eyes of mariners and travelers are often directed; hence, a center of attraction, or that which serves to direct.

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their sav'ry dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

7. Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jŏcund rebecks[1] sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come fōrth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the lĭvelŏng daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stōries told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;

8. Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lulled asleep.

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[1] **Rē′ bĕc**, a musical instrument formerly used, having catgut strings, and played upon with a bow. At first it had only two strings, then three, till exalted into the perfect violin, having four strings. It is thought to have been a Moorish instrument.

9. Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where thrŏngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With stōre of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while bōth contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen ŏft appear
In saffron robes, with taper clear,
And pŏmp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique păgeantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's[1] learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

10. And ever against eating cares
Lap me in sŏft Lydian[2] airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness lŏng drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony;
That Orpheus'[3] self may heave his head

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[1] **Ben Jonson,** an English dramatist, born in Westminster in 1573, died Aug. 6, 1637.

[2] **Lȳd′ i an,** pertaining to Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, or to its inhabitants: hence, soft; effeminate;—said especially of one of the ancient Greek modes or keys, the music in which was soft and pathetic.

[3] **Or′ phe ŭs,** a mythical personage, was regarded by the Greeks as the most celebrated of the early poets who lived before the time of Homer. Presented with the lyre of Apollo, and instructed by the Muses in its use, he enchanted with its music not only the wild beasts, but the trees and rocks upon Olympus, so that they moved from their places to follow the sound of his golden harp. He was the reputed author of the Orphic doctrines.

From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian[1] flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto,[2] to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.[3]
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

John Milton, one of the greatest of all poets and scholars, was born in London, December 9, 1608. He was educated with great care, studied ancient and modern languages, delighted in poetical reading, and cultivated the musical taste which he inherited from his father. At fifteen he was sent to St. Paul's School, London, and two years later to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in due course. He wrote several poems at an early age. His "Hymn on the Nativity," composed in his twenty-first year, is one of the noblest of his works, and perhaps the finest lyric in the English language. Leaving the university in 1632, he went to the house of his father, at Hutton in Buckinghamshire, where he lived five years, studying classical literature and writing poems. During this happy period of his life he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Arcades," "Lycidas," and "Comus." In 1638 the poet visited the Continent, where he remained fifteen months, principally in Italy and France. His study of the works of art during this period probably suggested some of his best poetical creations. On his return to England in 1639 he took up his residence in London. The next twenty years, during the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate, the poet's lyre was mute. A Republican in politics and an Independent in religion, during this stormy period he threw himself promptly and fearlessly into the vortex of the struggle, and, as a controversialist, enrolled his name among the noblest and most eloquent of the writers of old English prose. In 1643 Milton married Mary Powell, the daughter of a high cavalier of Oxfordshire. In 1649 he was appointed Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and retained the same position during the Protectorate. For ten years his eyesight had been failing, when, in 1652, he became totally blind. About the same period his first wife died, but he married soon after. His second wife, Catharine Woodcock, died in 1656. The Restoration of 1660 consigned the poet, for the last fourteen years of his life, to an obscurity which gave him leisure to complete the mighty poetical task which was to secure him an immortality of literary fame. In 1664 he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, of a good Cheshire family. In 1665 he completed "Paradise Lost," which was first published in 1667. In 1671 appeared the "Paradise Regained," to which was subjoined "Samson Agonistes." He died November 8, 1674.

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[1] **E lȳs′ ĭ an,** pertaining to Elysium, or the abode of the blessed after death; yielding the highest pleasure; most delightful.

[2] **Plū′ to,** in *mythology*, the god of the infernal regions.

[3] **Eu rȳd′ i ce,** the wife of Orpheus, having trod upon a snake, was bitten to death. Her husband followed her to Pluto's regions and, by the charm of his lyre, obtained permission for her to return; but lost her again, having broken the condition of not looking back after her. Plato says that only a phantasm of the wife was shown.

SECTION XV.

I.

65. CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON'S life was not a literary or a cloistered life. He had lived generally in the world, and always and entirely for the world. If he sought seclusion, it was not for the retired lĕisure or the sweet and innocent tranquillity of a country life. His retreats were rather like that of Tiberius[1] at Că′preæ—the gloomy solitude of misanthropy and remorse, hiding its despair in darkness, or seeking to stupefy and drown it in vice and debauchery. But, even when he fled from the sight of men, it was ōnly that he might be sought after the mōre; and in the depth of his hiding-places, as was lŏng ago remarked of Timon[2] of Ath′ens, he could not live without vomiting fōrth the gall of his bitternĕss, and sending forth mōst elaborate curses in good verse to be admired of the vĕry wretches whom he affected to despise.

2. He had much to mortify him. His destiny was a crṳel tantalism. He possessed signal advantages; but every blessing was dashed with bitterness, and the suffering from what was withheld was more than the enjoyment from what he possessed. He was a man of the proudest descent; yet he was born in obscurity, and he went into the House of Lords, like an intrṳder, unknown, unwelcome. He was of high degree, but low estate—a nobleman and man of fashion, so situated in his circumstances that his house was always beset with duns and bailiffs.

3. He was the most beautiful of men, with a deformity which humbled him to the dust. He had a sublime genius, but undisciplined and irregular—exquisite sensibility, but so perverted as to be alive only to suffering—and, in the full blaze of his glōry, the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him than the applause of the highest was pleasing. He lived in the world, and for the world; nor is it ŏf*t*en that a career so brief affords to bīŏgraphy so much impressive incident, or that the folly of an undisciplined and reckless spirit has assumed such a motley wear, and played ŏff before Gŏd and man so many extravagant and fantastical antics.

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[1] **Tī bē′ ri us,** the third emperor of Rome, born Nov. 16, 42 B. C., and died March 16, A. D. 37.

[2] **Tīmon,** called the Misanthrope, an Athenian who lived in the latter part of the 5th century B. C. In consequence of the ingratitude of those he had benefited, he secluded himself from all the world except Alcibiades, and is said to have died from a broken limb which he refused to suffer a surgeon to set. He is the subject of Shakspeare's "Timon of Athens."

4. On the other hand, there was, amidst all his irregularities, something strangely ĭn′teresting—occasionally ev*e*n grand and imposing—in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whōle being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree extraordinary, fanciful, and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil—his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs and his downfall—spring from the same sōurce—a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others.

5. We well remember a time when we could never think of him ourselves but as an idēäl being; a creature, to use his own words, "of loneliness and mystery," moving about the earth like a troubled spirit, and, even when in the midst of men, not of them; and it has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him in that situation with the ōnly man who had not been at that time totally overshadowed and eclipsed by his genius.

6. It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast! Never did two such men—competitors in the highĕst walks of creätive imagination and deep pāthos—present such a strange antĭthesis of mŏral character, and domestic habits and pursuits, as Walter Scott at home and Lord Byron abroad. It was the difference between prose and poetry; between the reälities of existence and an incoherent though powerful and agitating romănce′; between a fa̤*l*con trained to the uses of a domestic bird, and some savage untamed eagle, who, after struggling with the bars of his cage, until his breast was bare and bleeding with agony, had flung himself fōrth once mōre upon the gale, and was again chasing befōre him the "whōle herd of timorous and flocking birds," and making his native Alps, through all their solitudes, ring to his wild and boding scream.

7. Lord Byron's pilgrimage to distant and famous lands—especially his first—heightened this effect of his genius, and of his vĕry peculiar mode of existence. Madame de Stael[1] ascribes it to his good fortune or his deep policy that Napoleon[2] succeeded in associating his name with some of those objects which have, through all time, most strŏngly impressed the imaginations of men—with the Pyramids, the Alps, the Holy Land. Byron had the same advantage; his muse, like Horace's image of Care, mounted with him the steed and the gŏn′dola, the post-chaise and the packet-ship. His poems are, in a manner, the journal and common-place book of his wanderings. His sketches of the sublime and beautiful in nature seem to be mere images; or, so to express it, shadows thrown down upon his pages from the objects which he visited, only colored and illumined with such feelings, reflections, and associations as they naturally awaken in contemplative and susceptible minds.

8. His early visit to Greece, and the heartfelt enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon her loveliness, even "in her age of woe"—upon the glōry which once adorned, and that which might still await her—have identified him with her name in a manner which subsequent events have made remarkable. He now appears to have been the herald of her resuscitation. The voice of lămentātion, which he sent fōrth over Christendom, as if it had issued from all her caves, fraught with the woe and the wrŏngs of ages, and the deep vengeance which at length awoke, were not in vain.

9. His prose style has always appeared to us excellent. He expressed himself with all the freedom of literary table-talk, and one is surprised to find a man of so much and such extraordinary genius as remarkable as the best of his contemporaries for that strong common sense and shrewd cleverness which have not always been attributes of the most gifted spirits. It may, in general, be remarked of his poetry, as of most of that of the present day, that it is not sufficiently elaborated. Many feeble, prosaic, and even unmeaning lines abound everywhere in his finest compositions. Nothing can be more powerful and pathetic than his poetry in his loftier vein—but the same objection lies here to the want of that *critical labor* which entitles a work of genius to be classed among perfect specimens of art. He threw off some, probably most of his compositions, with almost as much rapidity as a hackneyed writer for the daily press. Indeed, many of the greatest beauties of his poems were put in, as corrections and improvements, on second thought and with great care.

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[1] **Baroness de Stael-Holstein**, a French authoress, only child of Necker the Swiss banker and minister of finance to Louis XVI., was born in Paris, April 22, 1766, and died there, July 14, 1817. Her writings, 18 vols., appeared in 1820. "Corinne" is the work on which her literary reputation mainly rests.

[2] **Napoleon Bonaparte**, first emperor of the French, was born at Ajaccio, capital of the island of Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769, and died at St. Helena, May 5th, 1821.

10. His literary reputation, however, has been established beyond all possibility of change or decay. We do not believe—notwithstanding some apparent exceptions—that the opinions of contemporaries, in regard to the works of men of genius, have ever materially differed from those of posterity. But this is especially true of those writers who have addressed themselves more to the feelings of mankind than to the imagination. Byron wrote because he felt, and as he felt. He spoke to the hearts of men, and, however the spirit of most of his productions is to be censured, his voice, whether for good or for evil, has seldom failed to find an echo *there.*

11. In regard to his character and conduct, we apply to him, without changing a syllable, his own lines in relation to Manfred:

"This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed and contending without end or order."

Adapted from LEGARÉ.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARE, an American statesman and man of letters, was born in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 2, 1797. His early education was conducted in his native city. He entered the South Carolina College at the age of 14, from which he graduated in December, 1814. He continued an industrious and earnest student, acquiring much of his varied and profound learning by the midnight lamp in solitary studies. In the

course of a few years he not only became a fine classical scholar, but acquired a knowledge of the leading modern languages, and spoke and wrote French with the same freedom as English. He left home for Europe in 1818, where he devoted two years to observation and study. He was a member of the lower house of the General Assembly of South Carolina from 1820 to 1822, from which time he commenced his legal career. In 1830 he was elected attorney-general of his native State, and about that period became a frequent contributor to the "Southern Review." In 1832 he became chargé-d'affaires at Brussels. He was elected to Congress in 1836. In 1840 he began a series of brilliant papers in the "New York Review," and soon after was appointed attorney-general of the United States. He died in Boston, while taking part in the Bunker Hill celebration of that year, June 20, 1843. He was never married. A biography, with selections from his writings, was published at Charleston, in 1846, in 2 vols. 8vo.

II.

66. *ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.*

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with rụin—his control
Stops with the shōre;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor dȯth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncŏffined, and unknown.

2. His steps are not upon thy pāthṣ—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dȯst arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bọsom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful sprāy
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's[1] pride or spoils of Trafalgar.[2]

4. Thy shōres are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine ăzure brow—
Such as creātion's dawn beheld, thou rollĕst now.

5. Thou glōrious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the tŏrrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundlĕss, endlĕss, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee: thou goëst fōrth, dread, fathomlĕss, alone.

6. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful spōrts was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here. BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, the descendant and head of an ancient and noble family, was born in London, January 22, 1788. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1805, with a rare reputation for general information, having read an almost incredible list of works in various departments of literature before the age of 15. He neglected the prescribed course of study at the university, but his genius kept him ever active. His first work, "The Hours of Idleness," appeared in 1807. It received a castigation from the "Edinburgh Review," to which we owe the first spirited outbreak of his talents, in the able and vigorous satire entitled, "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," published in 1809. He took his seat in the House of Lords a few days before the appearance of this satire; but soon left for the Continent. He returned home in 1811, with two cantos of "Childe Harold," which he had written abroad. They were published in March, 1812, and were immediately received with such unbounded admiration, as to justify the poet's terse remark, "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." In May of the next year, appeared his "Giaour;" in November, the "Bride of Abydos," written in a week; and, about three months after, the "Corsair," written in the almost incredible space of ten days. January 2, 1815, he was married to Miss Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke; and his daughter, Augusta Ada, was born in December of that year. The husband and wife, for an unknown cause, separated forever, on the 15th of January of the next year. He quitted England for the last time on the 25th of April, 1816, and passed through Flanders, and along the Rhine to Switzerland, where he resided until the close of the year. He here composed the third canto of "Childe Harold," the "Prisoner of Chillon," "Darkness," "The Dream," and a part of "Manfred." The next year he went to Italy, where he resided several years, and where he wrote the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," "Mazeppa," "The Lament of Tasso," "Beppo," "Don Juan," and his dramatic poems. In 1823 he interested himself in the struggle of the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke and gain their independence. In December of that year, after making his arrangements with judgment and generosity, he sailed for Greece, and arrived at Missolonghi on the 5th of January, 1824, where he was received with great enthusiasm. In three months he did much to produce harmony and introduce order; but he had scarcely arranged his plans to aid the nation, when he was seized with a fever, and expired April 19, 1824, soon after having celebrated, in affecting verses, the completion of his 36th year.

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[1] **Ar mā′da**, a fleet of armed ships; a squadron; *specifically*, the Spanish fleet intended to act against England, A. D. 1588.

[2] **Traf al gar′**, a cape of Spain, on the S. W. coast of Cadiz. In the memorable naval battle off Cape Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805, the English gained a complete victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets. Lord Nelson, the English commander, was mortally wounded. He died at the close of the battle, and his last words were, when told that the enemy were vanquished, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

III.

67. *CAPTURE OF BREDA.*

THE fair and pleasant city of Breda[1] lies on the Merk, a slender stream, navigable for small vessels, which finds its way to the sea through the great canal of the Dintel. It had been the property of the Princes of Orange, Barons of Breda, and had passed with the other possessions of the family to the house of Châlons-Nassau. Henry of Nassau had, half a century before, adorned and strengthened it by a splendid palace-fortress which, surrounded by a deep and double moat, thoroughly commanded the town. A garrison of five companies of Italian[2] infantry and one of cavalry lay in this castle, which was under the command of Edward Lanzavecchia, governor bōth of Breda and of the neighboring Gertruydenberg.[3]

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[1] **Breda** (brā dä′), a strongly fortified town of the Netherlands.

[2] **Italian** (ĭ tăl′ yan).

[3] **Gertruydenberg** (hēr tra̤ĭ′ den bĕrg′), a town of the Netherlands 9 miles N.N.E. of Breda.

2. Breda was an important stratē′ġĭcal position. It was moreover the feudal superior of a large number of adjacent villages as well as of the cities of Osterhout, Steenberg, and Rosendaal. It was obviously not mōre desirable for Maurice[1] of Nassau to recover his patrimonial city than it was for the States-General to drive the Spaniards from so important a position.

3. In the month of February, 1590, Maurice, being then at the castle of Voorn in Zeeland, received a secret visit from a bōatman, Adrian van der Berg by name, who lived at the village of Leur, eight or ten miles from Breda, and who had long been in the habit of supplying the căs*t*le with turf. In the absence of woods and coal mines, the habitual fuel of the country was furnished by those vast relics of the antediluvian fŏrests which abounded in the still partially submerged soil. The skipper represented that his vessel had passed so ŏf*t*en into and out of the castle as to be hardly liable to search by the guard on its entrance. He suggested a stratagem by which it might be possible to surprise the stronghold.

4. The prince approved of the scheme and immediately consulted with Barneveld. That statesman at once proposed, as a suitable man to carry out the daring venture, Captain Charles de Heraugiere, a nobleman of Cambray, who had been long in the service of the States, had distinguished himself at Sluys and on other occasions, but who had been implicated in Leicester's nefarious plot to gain possession of the city of Leȳden a few years befōre. The Advocate expressed confidence that he would be grateful for so signal an opportunity of retrieving a somewhat damaged reputation. Heraugiere, who was with his company in Voorn at the moment, eagerly signified his desire to attempt the enterprise as soon as the matter was communicated to him; avowing the deepest devotion to the house of William the Silent,[2] and perfect willingness to sacrifice his life, if necessary, in its cause and that of the country.

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[1] **Maurice,** count of Nassau and prince of Orange, stadtholder of the United Dutch Provinces, one of the greatest generals of his age, and founder of modern military tactics, was born Nov. 14, 1567, and died at the Hague, April 23, 1625.

[2] **William of Nassau,** first prince of Orange of that name, surnamed "the Silent," was born at Dillenburg, in the duchy of Nassau, April 25, 1533, and assassinated at Delft, July 10, 1584. He was the father of Maurice.

5. Heraugiere selected sixty-eight men, on whose personal daring and patience he knew that he could rely, from the regiments of Philip Nassau and of Famars, governor of the neighboring city of Heusden, and from his own company. Besides himself, the officers to command the party were Captains Logier and Fervet, and Lieutenant Mathew Held. The names of such devoted soldiers deserve to be commemorated and are still freshly remembered by their countrymen.

6. On the 25th of February, Maurice and his staff went to Willemstad on the Isle of Klundert, it hăving been given out on his departure from the Hague that his destination was Dort. On the same night at about eleven o'clock, by the feeble light of a waning moon, Heraugiere and his band came to the Swertsenberg ferry, as agreed upon, to meet the bōatman. They found nēither him nor his vessel, and they wandered about half the night, vĕry cold, very indignant, much perplexed. At last, on their way back, they came upon the skipper at the village of Terheyde, who made the extraordinary excuse that he had overslept himself and that he feared the plot had been discovered. It being too late to make any attempt that night, a meeting was arranged for the following evening. No suspicion of treachery occurred to any of the party, although it became obvious that the skipper had grown faint-hearted. He did not come on the next night to the appointed place, but he sent two nephews, boatmen like himself, whom he described as dare-devils.

7. On Monday night, the 26th of February, the seventy went on bōard the vessel, which was apparently filled with blocks of turf, and packed themselves closely in the hold. They moved slowly during a little time on their perilous voyage; for the winter wind, thick with fog and sleet, blew dĭrĕctly down the river, bringing along with it huge blocks of ice and scooping the water out of the dangerous shallōws, so as to render the vessel at any moment liable to be stranded. At last the navigation became impossible and they came to a standstill. From Monday night till Thursday morning those seventy Hollanders lay packed like herrings in the hold of their little vessel, suffering from hunger, thirst, and deadly cold; yet not one of them attempted to escape or murmured a wish to abandon the enterprise. Even when the third morning dawned there was no better prospect of proceed-

ing; for the remorseless east wind still blew a gale against them, and the shoals which beset their path had become more dangerous than ever.

8. It was, however, absolutely necessary to recruit exhausted nature, unless the adventurers were to drop powerless on the threshold when they should at last arrive at their destination. In all secrecy they went ashore at a lonely căs*t*le called Nordham, where they remained to refresh themselves until about eleven at night, when one of the boatmen came to them with the intelligence that the wind had changed and was now blowing freshly in from the sea. Yet the voyage of a few leagues, on which they were embarked, lasted nearly two whōle days lŏnger. On Saturday afternoon they passed through the last sluice, and at about three o'clock the last boom was shut behind them. There was no retreat possible for them now. The seventy were to take the strŏng castle and city of Breda or to lay down their lives every man of them. No quarter and short shrift—such was their certain destiny, should that half-crippled, half-frozen little band not succeed in their task before another sunrise.

9. They were now in the outer harbor and not far from the water-gate which led into the inner castle-haven. Presently an ŏfficer of the guard put off in a skiff and came on bōard the vessel. He held a little conversation with the two boatmen, observed that the castle was much in want of fuel, took a survey of the turf with which the ship was apparently lad*e*n, and then lounged into the little cabin. Here he was ōnly separated by a sliding trap-door from the interior of the vessel. Those inside could hear and see his every movement. Had there been a single cough or sneeze from within, the true character of the cargo, then making its way into the castle, would have been discovered, and every man would within ten minutes have been butchered. But the officer, unsuspecting, soon took his departure, saying that he would send some men to warp the vessel into the castle dock.

10. Meantime, as the adventurers were making their way slowly towards the water-gate, they struck upon a hidd*e*n obstruction in the river and the deeply-laden vessel sprang a leak. In a few minutes those inside were sitting up to their knees in water—a circumstance which scarcely improved their already sufficiently dismal condition. The boatmen vigorously plied the pumps to save the vessel from sinking outright: a party of Italian soldiers soon arrived on the shōre, and in a couple of hours they had laboriously dragged the concealed Hollanders into the inner harbor and made their vessel fast, close to the guard-house of the castle.

11. And now a crowd of all sorts came on bōard. The winter nights had been lŏng and fearfully cold, and there was almost a dearth of fuel bōth in town and fortress. A gang of laborers set to work discharging the turf from the vessel with such rapidity that the departing daylight began to shine in upon the prisoners much sooner than they wished. Moreover, the thorough wetting, to which after all their other inconveniences they had just been exposed in their narrow escape from foundering, had set the whōle party sneezing and coughing. Never was a catarrh so sudden, so universal, or so ill-timed. Lieutenant Held, unable to control the violence of his cough, drew his dagger and eagerly implored his next neighbor to stab him to the heart, lest his infirmity should lead to the discovery of the whōle party.

12. But the cälm and wary skipper who stood on the deck instantly commanded his companion to work at the pump with as much clatter as possible, assuring the persons present that the hold was nearly full of water. By this means the noise of the coughing was effectually drowned. Mōst thoroughly did the bold boatman deserve the title of dare-devil, bestowed by his more faint-hearted uncle. Calmly looking death in the face, he stood there quite at his ease, exchanging jokes with his old acquaintances, chaffering with the eager purchasers of peat, shouting most noisy and superfluous orders to the one man who composed his crew, doing his utmost, in short, to get rid of his customers and to keep enough of the turf on bōard to conceal the conspirators.

13. At last, when the case seemed almost desperate, he loudly declared that sufficient had been unladen for that evening, and that it was too dark and he too tired for further work. So, giving a handful of stivers among the workmen, he băde them go ashore at once and have some beer and come next morning for the rest of the cargo. Fortunately, they accepted his hŏs′pitable proposition and took their departure. Only the servant of the captaĭn of the guard lingered behind, complaining that the turf was not as good as usual, and that his master would never be satisfied with it. "Ah!" returned the cool skipper, "the best part of the cargo is underneath. This is expressly reserved for the captain. He is sure to get enough of it to-morrow."

14. Thus admonished, the servant departed, and the bōatman was left to himself. His companion had gone on shōre with secret orders to make the best of his way to Prince Maurice, to inform him of the arrival of the ship within the fortress, and of the important fact which they had just learned, that Governor Lanzavecchia, who had heard rumors of some projected enterprise, and who suspected that the object aimed at was Gertruydenberg, had suddenly taken his departure for that city, leaving as his lieutenant his nephew Paolo, a raw lad quite incompetent to provide for the safety of Breda.

15. A little before midnight, Captain Heraugiere made a brief address to his cŏmrādes in the vessel, telling them that the hour for carrying out their undertaking had at length arrived. Retreat was impossible, defeat was certain death, ōnly in complete victory lay their own safety and a great advantage for the commonwealth. It was an honor to them to be selected for such an enterprise. To show cowardice now would be an eternal shame for them, and he would be the man to strike dead with his own hand any traitor or poltroon. But if, as he doubted not, every one was prepared to do his duty, their success was assured, and he was himself ready to take the lead in confronting every danger. He then dĭvīded the little band into two companies, one under himself to attack the main guard-house, the other under Fervet to seize the arsenal of the fortress.

16. Noiselessly they stole out of the ship where they had been so long confined, and stood at last on the ground within the precincts of the castle. Heraugiere marched straight to the guard-house. "Who goes there?" cried a sentinel, hearing some movement in the darkness. "A friend," replied the captain, seizing him by the thrōat, and commanding him, if he valued his life, to keep silence except when addressed, and then to speak in a whisper. "How many are there in the garrison?" muttered Heraugiere. "Three hundred and fifty," whispered the sentinel. "How many?" eagerly demanded the nearest followers, not hearing the reply. "He says there are but fifty of them," said Heraugiere, prudently suppressing the three hundred, in order to encourage his comrades.

17. Quietly as they made their approach, there was nevertheless a stir in the guard-house. The captain of the watch sprang into the cōurt-yard. "Who goes there?" he demanded in his turn. "A friend," again replied Heraugiere, striking him dead with a single blow as he spoke. Others emerged with torches. Heraugiere was slightly wounded, but succeeded, after a brief struggle, in killing a second assailant. His followers set upon the watch who retreated into the guard-house. Heraugiere commanded his men to fire through the doors and windows, and in a few minutes every one of the enemy lay dead.

18. It was not a moment for making prisoners or speaking of quarter. Meantime Fervet and his band had not been idle. The magazine-house of the castle was seized, its defenders slain. Young Lanzavecchia made a sally from the palace, was wounded and driven back, together with a few of his adherents. The rest of the garrison fled helter-skelter into the town. Never had the musketeers of Italy—for they all belonged to Spinola's famous Sicilian Legion—behaved so badly. They did not even take the precaution to destroy the bridge between the castle and the town as they fled panic-stricken before seventy Hollanders. Instead of encouraging the burghers to their support they spread dismay, as they ran, through every street.

19. Young Lanzavecchia, penned into a corner of the castle, began to parley, hoping for a rally before a surrender should be necessary. In the midst of the negotiation, and a couple of hours before dawn, Hohenlo, duly apprised by the bōatman, arrived with the vanguard of Maurice's troops before the field-gate of the fort. A vain attempt was made to fōrce this pōrtal open, but the winter's ice had fixed it fast. Hohenlo was obliged to batter down the palisade near the water-gate and enter by the same rōad through which the fatal turf-boat had passed.

20. Soon after he had marched into the town at the head of a strong detachment, Prince Maurice himself arrived in great haste, followed by another body of picked troops. And the fight was over. Some forty of the garrison had been killed, but not a man of the attacking party. The burgomaster sent a trumpet to the prince, asking permission to come to the castle to arrange a capitulation; and before sunrise, the city and fortress of Breda had surrendered to the authŏrity of the States-General and of his Excellency. MOTLEY.

JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY, the distinguished historian, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, and was graduated at Harvard college in 1831. Soon after, he spent several years in Germany, studying in its universities. In 1841, he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Russia, which post he resigned in less than two years, having written in the meantime for the N. A. Review a leading article on Peter the Great. He has written numerous papers for leading periodicals, and two anonymous novels, "Morton's Hope," and "Merrymount." "The Rise of the Republic" appeared in 1856; "The History of the United Netherlands," in 1867; and "Life of Barneveld," in 1874. He died in 1877, leaving incomplete the History of the Thirty Years' War.

IV.

68. HERVÉ RIEL.

1.

ON the sea and at the Hogue,[1] sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small, twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place, "Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

3.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and lēaped on bōard;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starbōard,[2] rocks to pōrt,[3] all the passage scarred and scōred,

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[1] **Cape La Hogue**, 10 miles N. E. of Valognes, France, off which the united English and Dutch fleets defeated the French naval force, as referred to above, May 19–22, 1692.

[2] **Star' bōard**, the right-hand side of a ship or boat, to a person looking forward.

[3] **Pōrt**, now used instead of *larboard*, or opposed to *starboard*.

Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns
  Think to make the river-mouth by the single nărrōw way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside? now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say, while rock stands or water runs,
        Not a ship will leave the bay!"

4.

Then was called a council straight; brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? better run the ships aground!"
  (Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait! let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
        France must undergo her fate."

5.

"Give the word!"—But no such word was ever spoke or heard;
  For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captaĭn? A lieŭtenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet with his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
  A poor cōasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

6.

And "What mŏckery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
  "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or
      rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers ĕvèry bank, every shallōw, every swell
  'Twixt the ŏffing here and Grève, where the river disembŏgues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day, have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

7.

"Burn the fleet, and rṳin France? That were worse than fifty
      Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the trṳth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
  Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer, get this Formidable clear,

Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève, and there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

8.

Not a minute mōre to wait, "Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place! he is admiral, in brief.
Still the North wind, by God's grace! see the noble fĕllōw's face
As the big ship, with a bound, clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock, how they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past, all are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

9.

So the storm subsides to cälm:
They see the green trees wave on the hights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with bälm.
"Just our rapture to enhance, let the English rake the bāy,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance, as they cannonade ăwāy!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,—"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise in the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

10.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend, I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips; you have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will, France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

11.

Then a beam of fun outbroke on the bēardèd mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through those frank eyes of Breton
blue:
"Since I needs must say my say, since on bōard the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—since the others go ashōre—
Come! A good whōle holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurōre!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing mōre.

12.

Name and deed alike are lost: not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black on a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bōre the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

V.

69. RECAPTURE OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

[*During the first term of the Presidency of* THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1803 *to* 1805, *the insolence of the piratical states on the Barbary coast was humbled by the bombardment of Tripoli and the invasion of that state by a land force. The frigate* PHILADELPHIA, *while chasing one of the enemy's vessels, struck on a reef, in the harbor of Tripoli, and in consequence was captured, and her crew sold into slavery. She was soon after recaptured and destroyed, as described below.*]

THE Philadelphiä lay not quite a mile within the entrance, riding to the wind, and abreast of the town. Her foremast, which had been cut away while she was on the reef, had not yĕt been replaced, her main and mizzen[1] top-masts were houşed, and her lower yards were on the gunwales.[2] Her lower standing rigging, however, was in its place, and, as was shortly afterward ascertained, her guns were lōaded and shotted. Just within her, lay two cor′sairs, with a few gun-bōats and a galley.

2. It was a mild evening for the season, and the sea and bay were smooth as in summer; as unlike as possible to the same place a few days previously, when the two vessels had been driven from the enterprise by a tempest. Perceiving that he was likely to get in too soon, when about five miles from the rocks, Mr. Decatur[3] ordered buckets and other drags to be towed astern, in order to lessen the way of the kĕtch[4] without shortening sail, as the latter expedient would have been seen from the pōrt, and must have awakened suspicion. In the meantime the wind gradually fell, until it became so light as to leave the ketch but about two knots' way on her, when the drags were removed.

3. About ten o'clock the Intrepid reached the eastern entrance of the bay, or the passage between the rocks and the shoal. The wind was nearly east, and, as she steered dĭrĕctly for the frigate, it was well abaft[5] the beam. There was a young moon, and as these bold adventurers were slowly advancing into a hŏstĭle pōrt, all around them was tran̲quil and apparently without distrust. For near an hour they were stealing slowly along, the air gradually failing, until their motion became scarcely perceptible.

4. Mōst of the ŏfficers and men of the ketch had been ordered to lie on the deck, where they were concealed by low bulwarks, or weather-bōards, and by the different objects that belong to a vessel. As it is the practice of those seas to carry a number of men even in the smallĕst craft, the appearance of ten or twelve would excite no alarm, and this number was visible. The commanding officer himself stood near the pilot, Mr. Catalano, who was to act as interpreter. The quartermaster at the helm was ordered to stand directly for the frigate's bows, it being the intention to lay the ship aboard in that place, as the mode of attack which would least expose the assailants to her fire.

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[1] **Mizzen** (mĭz′ zn), hindmost; nearest the stern.

[2] **Gunwale** (gŭn′ nel), the uppermost wall, or upper edge of a ship's side.

[3] **Stephen Decatur, jr.,** a commodore in the U. S. navy, son of the first commodore of the name, was born at Sinnepuxent, Md., Jan. 5, 1779, and was killed in a duel, March 22, 1820. He was one of the bravest and most highly esteemed of all our naval officers.

[4] **Kĕtch,** a vessel with two masts, usually from 100 to 250 tons burden.

[5] **Abaft** (a băft′), toward the stern; back of; *abaft the beam,* in an arc of the horizon, between a line that crosses a ship in the direction of her beams, and that point of the compass toward which her stern is directed.

5. The Intrepid was still at a considerable distance from the Philadelphia, when the latter hailed. The pilot answered that the ketch belŏnged to Malta, and was on a trading voyage; that she had been nearly wrecked, and had lost her anchors in the late gale, and that her commander wished to ride by the frigate during the night. This conversation lasted some time, Mr. Decatur instructing the pilot to tell the frigate's people with what he was laden, in order to amuse them; and the Intrepid gradually drew nearer, until there was every prospect of her running foul of the Philadelphia, in a minute or two, and at the vĕry spot contemplated.[1]

6. But the wind suddenly shifted and took the ketch aback. The instant the southerly puff struck her, her head fell ŏff, and she got a stern-board; the ship, at the same mōment, tending to the new cŭrrent of air. The effect of this unexpected change was to bring the ketch dirĕctly under the frigate's broadside, at the distance of about forty yards, where she lay perfectly becālmed, or, if anything, drifting slowly astern, exposed to nearly every one of the Philadelphia's larboard[2] guns. Not the smallest suspicion appears to have been yet excited on bōard the frigate, though several of her people were looking over the rails; and, notwithstanding the moonlight, so completely were the Turks deceived, that they lowered a bōat, and sent it with a fast.

7. Some of the ketch's men, in the meantime, had got into her boat, and had run a line to the frigate's fore-chains. As they returned they met the frigate's boat, took the fast it brought, which came from the after part of the ship, and passed it into their own vessel. These fasts were put into the hands of the men, as they lay on the ketch's deck, and they began cautiously to breast the Intrepid alongside of the Philadelphia, without rising. As soon as the latter got near enough to the ship, the Turks discovered her anchors, and they sternly ordered the ketch to keep ŏff, as she had deceived them; preparing, at the same time, to cut the fasts. All this passed in a moment, when the cry of "Americanos!" was heard in the ship. The people of the Intrepid, by a strong pull, brought their vessel alongside of the frigate, where she was secured, quick as thought.

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[1] **Contemplated** (kŏn tĕm′plāt ĕd).

[2] **Lar′ bōard,** the left-hand side of a ship, when a person stands with his face to the head.

8. Up to this moment not a whisper had betrayed the presence of the men concealed. The instructions had been positive to keep quiet until commanded to show themselves, and no precipitation, even in that trying moment, deranged the plan. Lieūtenant-commander Decatur was standing ready for a spring, with Messrs. Laws and Morris quite near him. As soon as close enough, he jumped at the frigate's chain-plates, and, while clinging to the ship himself, he gave the order to bōard. The two midshipmen were at his side, and all the ŏfficers and men of the Intrepid arose and followed. The three gentlemen named were in the chains together, and Lieutenant-commander Decatur and Mr. Morris sprang at the rail above them, while Mr. Laws dashed at a pōrt. To the latter would have belŏnged the honor of having been first in this gallant assault; but wearing a boarding-belt, his pistols were caught between the gun and the side of the port. Mr. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, and Mr. Charles Morris first stood upon the quarter-deck of the Philadelphia. In an instant, Lieutenant-commander Decatur and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports, in all directions.

9. The surprise seems to have been as perfect, as the assault was rapid and earnest. Most of the Turks on deck crowded forward, and all ran over to the starboard side, as their enemies pōured in on the larboard. A few were aft, but as soon as charged they lēaped into the sea. Indeed, the constant plunges into the water gave the assailants the assurance that their enemies were fast lessening in numbers by flight. It took but a minute or two to clear the spar-deck, though there was more of a struggle below. Still, so admirably managed was the attack, and so complete the surprise, that the resistance was but trifling.

10. In less than ten minutes Mr. Decatur was on the quarter-deck again, in undisturbed possession of his prize. There can be no doubt that this gallant ŏfficer now felt bitter regrets that it was not in his power to bring ȧwāy the ship he had so nobly recovered. Not ōnly were his orders on this point pĕr′emptory,[1] however, but the frigate had not a sail bent, nor a yard crŏssed, and she wanted her foremast. It was next to impossible, therefore, to remove her, and the command was given to pass up the combustibles from the ketch. The duty of setting fire to the prize appears to have been executed with as much prŏmptitude and order as every other part of the service. The officers distributed themselves, agreeably to the previous instructions, and the men soon appeared with the necessary means.

11. Each party acted by itself, and as it got ready. So rapid were they all in their movements, that the men with combustibles had scarcely time to get as low as the cockpit and after stōre-rooms, befōre the fires were lighted over their heads. When the officer intrusted with the duty last mentioned had got through, he found the after-hatches filled with smoke from the fire in the ward-room and steerage, and he was oblīged to make his escape by the forward ladder. The Americans were in the ship from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and they were literally driven out of her by the flames. The vessel had got to be so dry in that low latitude, that she burnt like pine; and the combustibles had been as judiciously prepared as they were steadily used. The last party up were the people who had been in the store-rooms, and when they had reached the deck they found most of their companions in the Intrepid. Joining them, and ascertaining that all was ready, the order was given to cast ŏff.

12. Notwithstanding the daring character of the enterprise in general, Mr. Decatur and his party now ran the greatest risks they had incurred that night. So fierce had the çonflagration already become, that the flames began to pōur out of the ports, and the head-fast having been cast ŏff, the ketch fell astern, with her jigger flapping against the quarter-gallery, and her boom[2] foul. The fire showed itself in the window at this critical moment; and beneath was all the ammunition of the party, covered with a tarpau′lin.[1] To increase the risk, the stern-fast was jammed. By using s*w*ōrds, however (for there was not time to look for an ax), the hawşer[2] was cut, and the Intrepid was extricated from the most ĭmminent danger by a vigorous shove. As she swung clear of the frigate the flames reached the rigging, up which they went hissing, like a rocket, the tar having oozed from the ropes, which had been saturated with that inflammable matter. Matches could not have kindled with greater quickness.

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[1] **Pĕr′ emp to rȳ,** forbidding debate or remonstrance; positive.

[2] **Boom** (bo̤om), a long spar or pole, run out from various parts of a vessel for the purpose of extending the bottom of particular sails.

13. The sweeps[3] were now manned. Up to this moment everything had been done earnestly, though without noise; but as soon as they felt that they had command of their ketch again, and by two or three vigorous strokes had sent her away from the frigate, the people of the Intrepid ceased rowing, and as one man they gave three cheers for victory. This appeared to arouse the Turks from their stupor, for the cry had hardly ended when the batteries, the two corsairs, and the galley, pōured in their fire. The men laid hold of their sweeps again, of which the Intrepid had eight of a side, and favored by a light air, they went merrily down the harbor.

14. The spectacle that followed is described as having been bōth beautiful and sublime. The entire bay was illuminated by the conflagration, the rōar of cannon was constant, and Trĭp′olĭ was in a clamor. The appearance of the ship was, in the highest degree, magnificent; and to add to the effect, as her guns heated, they began to go ŏff. Owing to the shift of the wind, and the position into which she had tended, she, in some mĕasure, returned the enemy's fire, as one of her own broadsides was discharged in the dĭrĕction of the town, and the other tōward Fort English. The most singular effect of this conflagration was on board the ship; for the flames having run up the rigging and masts, collected under the tops, and fell over, giving the whōle the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals.

15. Under ordinary cir′cumstances, the situation of the ketch would still have been thought sufficiently perilous; but after the exploit they had just performed, her people, elated with success, regarded all that was now passing as a triumphant spectacle.[1] The shot constantly cast the spray around them, or were whistling over their heads; but the ōnly sensation they produced, was by calling attention to the brilliant *jets d'eau*[2] that they occasioned as they bounded along the water. Only one struck the Intrepid, although she was within half a mile of many of the heaviest guns for some time; and that passed through her top-gallant sail.

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[1] **Tarpaulin** (tär pa̤′ lĭn), canvas covered with tar, or a composition, to render it water-proof.

[2] **Haws′ er**, a large rope.

[3] **Sweep**, a large oar, used in small vessels to impel them during a calm, or to increase their speed during a chase.

16. With sixteen sweeps and eighty men elated with success, Mr. Decatur was enabled to drive the little Intrepid ahead with a velocity that rendered towing useless. Near the harbor's mouth he met the Siren's boats, sent to cover his retreat; but their services were scarcely necessary. The success of this gallant exploit laid the foundation of the name which Mr. Decatur subsequently acquired in the navy. The country applauded the feat generally; and the commanding officer was raised from the station of a lieutenant to that of a captain. Most of the midshipmen engaged were also promoted. Lieutenant-commander Decatur also received a *w*ōrd.

COOPER.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. His father, Judge William Cooper, born in Pennsylvania, became possessed, in 1785, of a large tract of land near Otsego Lake, in the State of New York, where, in the spring of 1786, he erected the first house in Cooperstown. Here the novelist chiefly passed his boyhood to his thirteenth year, and became perfectly conversant with frontier life. At that early age he entered Yale College, where he remained three years, when he obtained a midshipman's commission and entered the navy. He passed the six following years in that service, and thus became master of the second great field of his future literary career. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married Miss Delancey, a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America, and settled down to a home life in Westchester, near New York, where he resided for a short time before removing to Cooperstown. Here he wrote his first book, "Precaution." This was followed, in 1821, by "The Spy," one of the best of all historical romances. It was almost immediately republished in all parts of Europe. It was followed, two years later, by "The Pioneers." "The Pilot," the first of his sea novels, next appeared. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause. In 1826 he visited Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age has produced. He passed several years abroad, and was warmly welcomed in every country he visited. His literary activity was not impaired by his change of scene, as several of his best works were written while traveling. He returned home in 1833. His writings throughout are distinguished by purity and brilliancy of no common merit. He was alike remarkable for his fine commanding person, his manly, resolute, independent nature, and his noble, generous heart. He died at Cooperstown, September 14, 1851.

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[1] **Spectacle** (spĕk′ ta kl).

[2] **Jets d'eau** (zhā dō′), streams of water spouting upwards from a fountain or pipe, for ornament.

SECTION XVI.

I.

70. ELOQUENCE.

PART FIRST.

PERHAPS it is the lowest of the qualities of an ŏrator, but it is, on so many occasions, of chief importance—a certain robust and rādiănt physical health; or—shall I say?—great volumes of animal heat. When each auditor feels himself to make too large a part of the assembly, and shudders with cold at the thinness of the morning audience, and with fear lest all will heavily fail through one bad speech, mere energy and mĕllōwnĕss are then inĕstimable. Wisdom and learning would be harsh and unwelcome, compared with a substantial, cordiăl man, made of milk, as we say, who is a house-warmer, with his obvious honesty and good meaning, and a hue-and-cry style of harangue, which inundates the assembly with a flood of animal spirits, and makes all safe and secure, so that any and every sort of good speaking becomes at once practicable. I do not rate this animal eloquence very highly; and yet, as we must be fed and warmed befōre we can do any work well—ev*e*n the best—so is this semi-animal exuberance, like a good stove, of the first necessity in a cold house.

2. Climate has much to do with it—climate and race. Set a New Englander to describe any accident which happened in his presence. What hesitation and reserve in his narrative! He tells with difficulty some particulars, and gĕts as fast as he can to the result, and, though he can not describe, hopes to suggest the whōle scene. Now lis*te*n to a poor Irishwoman recounting some experience of hers. Her speech flows like a river—so unconsidered, so humorous, so pathetic, such justice done to all the parts! It is a true transubstantiation[1]—the fact converted into speech, all warm and colored and alive, as it fell out. Our Southern people are almost all speakers, and have every advantage[2] over the New England people, whose climate is so cold that, ’tis said, they do not like to op*e*n their mouths very wide.

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[1] **Transubstantiation** (tran′ sub stan′ shĭ ā′ shun), a change into another substance.

[2] **Advantage** (ad vȧn′ taj).

3. But neither can the Southerner in the United States, nor the Irish, compare with the lively inhabitant of the south of Europe. The traveler in Sicily needs no gayer melodramatic[1] exhibition than the *table d'hôte*[2] of his inn will afford him in the conversation of the joyous guests. They mimic the voice and manner of the person they describe; they crow, squeal, hiss, cackle, bark, and scream like mad, and, were it ōnly by the physical strength exerted in telling the stōry, keep the table in unbounded excitement. But in every constitution some large degree of animal vigor is necessary as material foundation for the higher qualities of the art.

4. But eloquence must be attractive, or it is nóne. The virtue of books is, to be readable, and of ŏrators, to be interesting; and this is a gift of nature; as Demosthenes, the most laborious student in that kind, signified his sense of this necessity when he wrote "Good Fortune," as his motto on his shield. As we know, the power of discōurse′ of certain individuals amounts to fascination, though it may have no lasting effect. Some pōrtion of this sugar must intermingle. The right eloquence needs no bell to call the people together, and no constable to keep them. It draws the chĭldrèn from their plāy, the old from their arm′-chairs, the invalid from his warm chāmber: it holds the hearer fast; steals away his feet, that he shall not depart—his memory, that he shall not remember the mōst pressing affairs—his belief, that he shall not admit any opposing considerations.

5. But the power of detaining the ear by pleasing speech, and addressing the fancy and imagination, ŏf*te*n exists without higher merits. Thus separated, as this fascination of discourse aims only at amusement, though it be decisive in its momentary effect, it is yet a juggle, and of no lasting power. It is heard like a band of music passing through the streets, which converts all the passengers into poets, but is forgotten as soon as it has turned the next corner; and unless this oiled tongue could, in Oriental phrase, lick the sun and moon away, it must take its place with opium and brandy. I know no remedy against it but cotton-wool, or the wax which Ulysses[1] stuffed into the ears of his sailors to pass the Sirens[2] safely.

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[1] **Mĕl′ o dra măt′ ic,** pertaining to a dramatic performance in which songs are intermixed, and effect is sought by startling, exaggerated, or unnatural sentiment or situation; coarsely represented; done for effect merely; overstrained.

[2] **Table-d'hote** (tä′ bl dōt), a common table for guests at a French hotel; an ordinary.

6. There are all degrees of power, and the least are interesting, but they must not be confounded. There is the glib tongue and cool self-possession of the salesman in a large shop, which, as is well-known, overpower the prudence and resolution of house-keepers of bōth sexes. There is a petty lawyer's fluency, which is sufficiently impressive to him who is devoid of that talent, though it be, in so many cases, nothing more than a facility of expressing with accuracy and speed what everybody thinks and sayș more slowly, without new information or precision of thought—but the same thing, nēither less nor more. It requires no special insight to ĕdit one of our country newspapers. Yet whoever can say ŏff currently, sentence by sentence, matter nēither better nor worse than what is there printed, will be very impressive to our easily pleased population.

7. These talkers are of that class who prosper, like the celebrated schoolmaster, by being ōnly one lesson ahead of the pupil. Add a little sarcasm, and prompt allusion to passing occurrences, and you have the mis′chievous member of co̱ngress. A spice of malice, a ruffian touch in his rhetoric, will do him no harm with his audience. These accomplishments are of the same kind, and only a degree higher than the coaxing of the auctioneer, or the vituperative style well described in the street-word "jawing." These kinds of public and private speaking have their use and convenience to the practitioners; but we may say of such collectively, that the habit of ŏratory is apt to disqualify them for eloquence.

8. One of our statesmen said, "The curse of this country is eloquent men." And one can not wonder at the uneasiness sometimes manifested by trained statesmen, with large experience of public affairs, when they observe the dispropōrtionate advantage suddenly given to oratory over the most solid and accumulated public service. In a senate or other business committee, the solid result depends on a few men with working-talent. They know how to deal with the facts before them, to put things into a practical shape, and they value men only as they can forward the work. But a new man comes there, who has no capacity for helping them at all, is insignificant, and nobody in the committee, but has a talent for speaking. In the debate with open doors, this precious person makes a speech, which is printed, and read all over the Union, and he at once becomes famous, and takes the lead in the public mind over all these executive men, who, of course, are full of indignation to find one who has no tact or skill, and knows he has none, put over them by means of this talking-power which they despise.

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[1] **U ly̆s′ ses**, one of the most distinguished of the Greek leaders at the siege of Troy. The accounts of his death differ.

Sī′ ren, one of three damsels—or, according to some writers, of two—said to dwell near the Island of Capræa, in the Mediterranean, and to sing with such sweetness that they who sailed by forgot their country, and died in an ecstacy of delight; hence, an enticing, alluring, or dangerous woman; one rendered dangerous by her enticements.

9. Eloquence is attractive as an example of the magic of personal ascendency—a total and resultant power, rare, because it requires a rich coincidence of powers, intellect, will, sympathy, organs, and, over all, good fortune in the cause. We have a half-belief that the person is possible who can counterpoise all other persons. We believe that there may be a man who is a match for events—one who never found his match—against whom other men being dashed are broken—one of inexhaustible personal resōurces, who can give you any odds and beat you. What we reälly wish for is a mind equal to any exigency.

10. You are safe in your rural district, or in the city, in broad daylight, amidst the police, and under the eyes of a hundred thousand people. But how is it on the Atlantic, in a storm—do you understand how to infuse your reason into men disabled by terror, and to bring yourself ŏff safe then?—how among thieves, or among an infuriated populace, or among cannibals? Face to face with a highwayman who has ĕvĕry temptation and opportunity for vīolence and plunder, can you bring yourself off safe by your wit, exercised through speech?—a problem easy enough to Cæsar[1] or Napoleon. Whenever a man of that stamp arrives, the highwayman has found a master.

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[1] **Caius Julius Cæsar,** Dictator of Rome, was born July 12, 100 B. C., and died by the hands of assassins, in the Senate House, March 15, in the 65th year of his age. As a warrior, a statesman, and a man of letters, he was one of the most remarkable men of any age.

11. Julius Cæsar said to Metellus, when the trĭbune interfered to hinder him from entering the Roman trĕasury, "Young man, it is easier for me to put you to death than to say that I will;" and the youth yielded. In earlier days he was taken by pirates. What then? He threw himself into their ship, established the most extraordinary intimacies, told them stōries, declaimed to them; if they did not applaud his speeches, he threatened them with hanging—which he performed afterwards—and, in a short time, was master of all on bōard.

12. A man this is who can not be disconcerted, and so can never play his last card, but has a reserve of power when he has hit his mark. With a serene face, he subverts a kingdom. What is told of him is miraculous; it affects men so. The confidence of men in him is lavish, and he changes the face of the world, and histories, poems, and new philosophies arise to account for him. A supreme commander over all his passions and affections; but the secret of his ruling is higher than that. It is the power of Nature running without impediment from the brain and will into the hands. Men and women are his game. Where they are, he can not be without resource.

13. It is easy to illustrate this overpowering personality by examples of soldiers and kings; but these are men of the most peaceful way of life, and peaceful principle, who are felt, wherever they go, as sensibly as a July sun or a December frost—men who, if they speak, are heard, though they speak in a whisper—who, when they act, act effectually, and what they do is imitated; and these examples may be found on very humble platforms, as well as on high ones. I know very well, that, among our cool and calculating people, where every man mounts guard over himself, where heats and panics and abandonments are quite out of the system, there is a good deal of scepticism as to extraordinary influence. To talk of an overpowering mind rouses the same jealousy and defiance which one may observe round a table where anybody is recounting the marvelous anecdotes of mesmerism. Each auditor puts a final stroke to the discourse by exclaiming, "Can he mesmerize *me?*" So each man inquires if any orator can change *his* convictions.

14. But does any one suppose himself to be quite impregnable? Does he think that not possibly a man may come to him who shall persuade him out of his most settled determination?—for example, good sedate citizen as he is, to make a fană'tic of him—or, if he is penurious, to squander money for some purpose he now least thinks of—or, if he is a prụdent, industrious person, to forsake his work, and give days and weeks to a new interest? No, he defies any one, every one. Ah! he is thinking of resistance, and of a different turn from his own. But what if one should come of the same turn of mind as his own, and who sees much farther on his own way than he? A man who has tastes like mine, but in greater power, will rule me any day, and make me love my ruler.

15. Thus it is not powers of speech that we primarily consider under this word *eloquence,* but the power that, being present, gives them their perfection, and, being absent, leaves them a merely superficial value. Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy. Personal ascendency may exist with or without adequate talent for its expression. It is as surely felt as a mount*a*ĭn or a planet; but when it is wĕaponed with a power of speech, it seems first to become truly human, works actively in all dĭrĕctions, and supplies the imagination with fine materials. This circumstance enters into ĕvèry consideration of the power of ŏrators, and is the key to all their effects. In the assembly, you shall find the orator and the audience in perpetual balance; and the predominance of ēither is indicated by the choice of topics. If the talents for speaking exist, but not the strŏng personality, then there are good speakers who perfectly receive and express the will of the audience, and the commonest populace is flattered by hearing its low mind returned to it with every ornament which happy talent can add. But if there be personality in the orator, the face of things changes. The audience is thrown into the attitude of pupil, follows like a child its preceptor, and hears what he has to say.

16. This balance between the ŏrator and the audience is expressed in what is called the pertinence of the speaker. There is always a rivalry between the orator and the occasion, between the demands of the hour and the prepossession of the individual. The emergency which has convened the meeting is usually of more importance than anything the debaters have in their minds, and therefore becomes imperative to them. But if one of them have any thing of commanding necessity in his heart, how speedily he will find vent for it, and with the applause of the assembly! This rivalry between the orator and the occasion is inevitable, and the occasion always yields to the eminence of the speaker; for a great man is the greatest of occasions.

17. Of cōurse, the interest of the audience and of the orator conspire. It is well with them ōnly when his influence is complete; then only they are well pleased. Especially, he consults his power by making instead of taking his theme. If he should attempt to instruct the people in that which they already know, he would fail; but, by making them wise in that which he knows, he has the advantage of the assembly every moment. Napoleon's tactics of marching on the angle of an army, and always presenting a superiority of numbers, is the orator's secret also.

II.

71. ELOQUENCE.

PART SECOND.

ORATORS, as we have seen, must have substantial personality. Then, first, they must have power of statement—must have the fact, and know how to tell it. In any knot of men conversing on any subject, the person who knows mōst about it will have the ear of the company, if he wishes it, and lead the conversation—no matter what genius or distinction other men there present may have; and in any public assembly, him who has the facts, and can and will state them, people will lis*te*n to, though he is otherwise ignorant, though he is hōarse and ungraceful, though he stutters and screams. In a cōurt of justice, the audience are impartial; they reälly wish to sift the statements and know what the truth is. And in the examination of witnesses there usually leap out, quite unexpectedly, three or four stubborn words or phrases which are the pith and fate of the business, which sink into the ear of all parties, and stick there, and determine the cause. All the rest is repetition and qualifying; and the court and the county have reälly come together to arrive at these three or four memorable expressions, which betrayed the mind and meaning of somebody.

2. In every company, the man with the fact is like the guide you hire to lead your party up a mountaĭn, or through a difficult country. He may not compare with any of the party in mind, or breeding, or coŭrage, or possessions, but he is much more important to the present need than any of them. That is what we go to the cōurt-house for—the statement of the fact, and the elimination of a general fact, the reāl relation of all the parties; and it is the certainty with which, indifferently in any affair that is well handled, the truth stares us in the face, through all the disguises that are put upon it—a piece of the well known human life—that makes the ĭnterĕst of a court-room to the intelligent spectator. The statement of the fact, however, sinks befōre the statement of the law, which requires immĕasurably higher powers, and is a rarest gift, being in all great masters one and the same thing—in lawyers, nothing technical, but always some piece of common sense, alike interesting to laymen as to clerks.

3. Next to the knowledge of the fact and its law is method, which constitutes the genius and efficiency of all remarkable men. A crowd of men go up to the City Hall; they are all pretty well acquainted with the object of the meeting: they have all read the facts in the same newspapers. The orator possesses no information which his hearers have not; yet he teaches them to see the thing with his eyes. By the new placing, the circumstances acquire new solidity and worth. Every fact gains consequence by his naming it, and trifles become important. His expressions fix themselves in men's memories, and fly from mouth to mouth. His mind has some new principle of order. Where he looks, all things fly into their places. What will he say next? Let this man speak, and this man ōnly. By applying the habits of a higher style of thought to the common affairs of this world, he introduces beauty and magnificence wherever he goes.

4. Imagery. The ŏrator must be, to a certain extent, a poet. We are such imaginative creatures, that nothing so works on the human mind, barbarous or civil, as a trope. Condense some daily experience into a glowing symbol, and an audience is electrified. They feel as if they already possessed some new right and power over a fact, which they can detach, and so completely master in thought. It is a wonderful aid to the memory, which carries away the image, and never loses it. A popular assembly, like the House of Commons, or the French Chamber, or the Amĕrican Coṉgress, is commanded by these two powers—first by a fact, then by skill of statement. Put the argument into a concrete shape, into an image—some hard phrase, round and solid as a ball, which they can see and handle and carry home with them—and the cause is half won.

5. Statement, method, imagery, selection, tenacity of memory, power of dealing with facts, of illuminating them, of sinking them by ridicule or by diversion of the mind, rapid generalization, humor, pathos, are keys which the ŏrator holds; and yet these fine gifts are not eloquence, and do ŏf*te*n hinder a man's attainment of it. And if we come to the heart of the mystery, perhaps we should say that the truly eloquent man is a sane man with power to communicate his sanity. If you arm the man with the extraordinary wĕapons of this art, give him a grasp of facts, learning, quick fancy, sarcasm, splendid allusion, inter′minable illustration—all these talents, so potent and charming, have an equal power to ensnare and mislead the audience and the orator. His talents are too much for him, his horses run away with him; and people always perceive whether you drive, or whether the horses take the bits in their teeth and run.

6. But these talents are quite something else when they are subordinated and serve him; and we go to Washington, or to Westminster Hall, or might well go round the world, to see a man who drives, and is not run ăwāy with—a man who, in prosecuting great designs, has an absolute command of the means of representing his idēās, and uses them ōnly to express these; placing facts, placing men; amid the inconceivable levity of human beings, never for an instant warped from his erectness.

7. There is for every man a statement possible of that truth which he is most unwilling to receive—a statement possible, so broad and so pungent that he can not get away from it, but must ēither bend to it or die of it. Else there would be no such word as eloquence, which means this. The listener can not hide from himself that something has been shown him and the whōle world, which he did not wish to see; and, as he can not dispose of it, it disposes of him. The hĭstòry of public men and affairs in America will readily furnish tragic examples of this fatal fōrce.

8. For the triumphs of the art somewhat mōre must still be required, namely, a reinforcing of man from events, so as to give the double force of reason and destiny. In transcendent eloquence, there was ever some crisis in affairs, such as could deeply engage the man to the cause he pleads, and draw all this wide power to a point. For the explosions and eruptions, there must be accumulations of heat somewhere, beds of ignited anthracite at the center. And in cases where profound conviction has been wrought, the eloquent man is he who is no beautiful speaker, but who is inwardly drunk with a certain belief. It agitates and tears him, and perhaps almost bereaves him of the power of articulation. Then it rushes from him as in short, abrupt screams, in tŏrrents of meaning. The possession the subject has of his mind is so entire, that it insures an order of expression which is the order of Nature itself, and so the order of greatest force, and inimitable by any art.

9. And the main distinction between him and other well-graced actors is the conviction, communicated by every word, that his mind is contemplating a whōle, and inflamed by the contemplation of the whole, and that the words and sentences uttered by him, however ăd′mirable, fall from him as unregarded parts of that terrible whole which he sees, and which he means that you shall see. Add to this concentration a certain regnant calmness, which, in all the tumult, never utters a premature syllable, but keeps the secret of its means and method; and the orator stands before the people as a dĕmonī′acal power to whose miracles they have no key. This terrible earnestness makes good the ancient superstition of the hunter, that the bullet will hit its mark, which is first dipped in the marksman's blood.

10. Eloquence must be grounded on the plāinĕst narrative. Afterwards, it may warm itself until it exhales symbols of every kind and color, speaks ōnly through the mōst poetic forms; but, first and last, it must still be at bottom a biblical statement of fact. The ŏrator is thereby an orator, that he keeps his feet ever on a fact. Thus ōnly is he invincible. No gifts, no graces, no power of wit or learning or illustration, will make amends for want of this. All audiences are just to this point. Fame of voice or of rhetoric will carry people a few times to hear a speaker; but they soon begin to ask, "What is he driving at?" and if this man does not stand for anything, he will soon be deserted.

11. A good upholder of anything which the people believe, a fact-speaker of any kind, they will lŏng follōw; but a pause in the speaker's own character is vĕry properly a loss of attraction. The preacher enumerates his classes of men, and I do not find my place therein; I suspect, then, that no man does. Everything is my cousin; and whilst he speaks things, I feel that he is touching some of my relations, and I am uneasy; but whilst he deals in words, we are released from attention. If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. If you would correct my false view of facts—hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought, and I can not go back from the new conviction.

12. He who will train himself to mastery in this science of persuasion must lay the emphasis of education, not on popular arts, but on character and insight. Let him see that his speech is not differenced from action; that, when he has spoken, he has not done nothing, nor done wrŏng, but has cleared his own skirts, has engaged himself to whōlesome exertion. Let him look on opposition as opportunity.

13. He can not be defeated or put down. There is a principle of resurrection in him, an immortality of purpose. Men are averse and hŏstĭle to give value to their suffrages. It is not the people that are in fault for not being convinced, but he that can not convince them. He should mold them, armed as he is with reason and love which are also the cōre of their nature. He is not to neutralize their opposition, but he is to convert them into fiery apŏs*t*les and publishers of the same wisdom.

14. The highest platform of eloquence is the mŏral sentiment. It is what is called affirmative truth, and has the property of invigorating the hearer; and it conveys a hint of our eternity, when he feels himself addressed on grounds which will remain when everything else is tak*e*n, and which have no trace of time or place or party. Everything hostile is strick*e*n down in the presence of the sentiments; their majesty is felt by the most ŏb′durate. It is observable that, as soon as one acts for large masses, the mŏral element will and must be allowed for, will and must work; and the men least accustomed to appeal to these sentiments invariably recall them when they address nations. Napoleon, even, must accept and use it as he can.

15. It is ōnly to these simple strokes that the highest power belŏngs—when a weak human hand touches, point by point, the eternal beams and rafters on which the whōle structure of nature and society is laid. In this tŏssing sea of delusion, we feel with our feet the adamant; in this dominion of chance, we find a principle of permanence. For I do not accept that definition of Isocrates,[1] that the ŏffice of his art is to make the great small and the small great; but I esteem this to be its perfection—when the ŏrator sees through all masks to the eternal scale of truth, in such sort that he can hold up before the eyes of men the fact of to-day steadily to that standard, thereby making the great great, and the small small, which is the true way to astonish and to reform mankind.

16. Eloquence, like ĕvĕry other art, rests on laws the most exact and determinate. It is the best speech of the best soul. It may well stand as the expōnent[2] of all that is grand and immortal in the mind. If it do not so become an instrument, but aspires to be somewhat of itself, and to glitter for show, it is false and weak. In its right exercise, it is an elastic, unexhausted power—who has sounded, who has estimated it?—expanding with the expansion of our interests and affections.

17. Its great masters, whilst they valued every help to its attainment, and thought no pains too great which contributed in any manner to further it, yet subordinated all means; never permitted any talent—nēither voice, rhythm, poetic power, anecdote, sarcasm—to appear for show; but were grave men, who preferred their integrity to their talent, and esteemed that object for which they toiled, whether the prosperity of their country, or the laws, or a reformation, or liberty of speech or of the press, or letters, or mŏrals, as above the whōle world, and themselves also.

R. W. EMERSON.

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[1] **I sŏc′ ra tēs,** an Athenian rhetorician, was born in Athens in 436 B. C. He acquired great wealth from his writings and instruction. He taught principally political oratory, and the most eminent statesmen, orators, philosophers, and historians of the time were educated in his school. Of 28 genuine orations of his, 21 have come down to us, 8 of which were written for judicial cases. His "Panathenaicus," a eulogy on Athens, was written when he was 94 years old. He died at 98.

[2] **Ex pō′ nent,** one who, or that which, stands as an index or representative.

III.

72. EPICTETUS AND SENECA.

SENECA.[1] Epictetus![2] I desired your master Epaphroditus to send you hither, having been much pleased with his repōrt of your conduct, and much surprised at the ingenuity of your writings.

Epictetus. Then I am afraid, my friend——

Sen. My friend! are these the expressions——. Well, let it pass. Phĭlŏsophers must bear bravely. The people expect it.

Ep. Are philosophers then ōnly philosophers for the people? and instead of instructing them, must they plāy tricks befōre them? Give me rather the gravity of dancing dŏgs. Their motions are for the rabble; their reverential eyes and pendent paws are under the pressure of awe at a master; but they are dogs, and not below their destinies.

Sen. Epictetus! I will give you three talents to let me take that sentiment for my own.

Ep. I would give thee twenty, if I had them, to make it thine.

Sen. You mean, by lending to it the graces of my lan̲guage.

Ep. I mean, by lending it to thy conduct. And now let me console and comfort thee, under the calamity I brought on thee, by calling thee *my friend.* If thou art not my friend, why send for me? Enemy I can have nōne: being a slave, Fortune has now done with me.

Sen. Continue then your former observations. What were you saying?

Ep. That which thou interruptedst.

Sen. What was it?

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[1] **Lucius Annæus Seneca,** a Roman Stoic philosopher, tutor to young Domitius, afterward the Emperor Nero, was born in Corduba a few years before the Christian era. He wrote extensively, and on almost every subject. He committed suicide at the command of Nero, A. D. 65.

[2] **Ep′ ic tē′ tus,** a Roman Stoic philosopher, born in Hierapolis, Phrygia, in the 1st century of our era, in his youth was a slave of Epaphroditus, who was one of the guards of Nero. He esteemed philosophy to be neither deep research nor eloquent discourse, but the love and practice of virtue. He died near the middle of the 2d century.

Ep. I should have remarked that, if thou foundest ingenuity in my writings, thou must have discovered in them some deviation from the plain homely tr̤uths of Zeno[1] and Cleanthes.[2]

Sen. We all swerve a little from them.

Ep. In practice too?

Sen. Yes, even in practice, I am afraid.

Ep. Often?

Sen. Too ŏf*t*en.

Ep. Strange! I have been attentive, and yĕt have remarked but one difference among you great personages at Rome.

Sen. What difference fell under your observation?

Ep. Crates[3] and Zeno and Cleanthes taught us, that our desires were to be subdued by philosophy alone. In this city their acute and inventive scholars take us aside, and show us that there is not ōnly one way, but two.

Sen. Two ways?

Ep. They whisper in our ear, "These two ways are philosophy and enjoyment: the wiser man will take the readier, or, not finding it, the alternative." Thou reddenest.

Sen. Monstrous degeneracy!

Ep. What magnificent rings! I did not notice them until thou liftedst up thy hands to heaven, in dĕtestā′tion of such effeminacy and impudence.

Sen. The rings are not amiss: my rank rivets them upon my fingers: I am fōrced to wear them. Our emperor gave me one, Epaphroditus another, Tĭgellī′nus the third. I can not lay them aside a single day, for fear of offending the gŏds, and those whom they love the mōst worthily.

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[1] **Zeno,** a Greek philosopher, founder of the Stoic school, born about 362 B. C. He devoted many years to preparatory studies, and was at the head of his school for 58 years. After his death, at the age of 98, the Athenians decreed that by exciting the youth to wisdom and virtue, and giving his own life as an example thereof, he deserved well of the republic, hence they awarded him a crown of gold, and a public tomb in the Caramicus.

[2] **Clēăn′thēs,** a Greek philosopher, a disciple of Zeno and his successor at the head of the Stoic school, was born about 300 B. C., and died in Athens about 220. In a hymn of his to Jupiter, which has been preserved, he recognizes one supreme God, omnipotent and eternal, who governs the universe.

[3] **Crā′tēs,** an eminent Cynic philosopher, born at Thebes, and early removed to Athens, where he flourished about 320 B. C.

Ep. Although they make thee stretch out thy fingers, like the arms and legs of one of us slaves upon a crŏss.

Sen. Oh hŏrrible! Find some other resemblance.

Ep. The extremities of a fig-leaf.

Sen. Ignoble.

Ep. The claws of a tōad, trodd*e*n on or stoned.

Sen. You have great need, Epictetus, of an instructor in eloquenċe and rhetoric: you want topics and tropes and figures.

Ep. I have no room for them. They make such a buzz in the house, a man's own wife can not understand what he says to her.

Sen. Let us reas*o*n a little upon style. I would set you right, and remove from befōre you the prejudices of a somewhat rustic education. We may adorn the simplicity of the wisèst.

Ep. Thou canst not adorn simplicity. What is naked or defective is susceptible of decoration: what is decorated is simplicity no longer. Thou māyèst give another thing in exchange for it; but if thou wert master of it, thou wouldst preserve it inviolate. It is no wonder that we mortals, little able as we are to see truth, should be less able to express it.

Sen. You have formed at present no idēă of style.

Ep. I never think about it. First I consider whether what I am about to say is true; then whether I can say it with brevity, in such a manner as that others shall see it as clearly as I do in the light of truth; for if they survey it as an ingenuity, my desire is ungratified, my duty unfulfilled. I go not with those who dance round the image of Truth, less out of honor to her than to display their agility and address.

Sen. We must attract the attention of readers by novelty and fōrce and grandeur of expression.

Ep. We must. Nŏthing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novèl.

Sen. Sonōroŭs sentences are wanted, to awak*e*n the lethargy of indolence.

Ep. Awaken it to what? Here lies the question; and a weighty one it is. If thou awakenest men where they can see nothing and do no work, it is better to let them rest: but will not they, thinkèst thou, look up at a rainbow, unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder?

Sen. Your early youth, Epictetus, has been I will not say neglected, but cultivated with rude instruments and unskillful hands.

Ep. I thank Gŏd for it. Those rude instruments have left the turf lying yet toward the sun; and those unskillful hands have plucked out the docks.

Sen. We hope and believe that we have attained a vein of eloquence, brighter and more varied than has been hitherto laid open to the world.

Ep. Than any in the Greek?

Sen. We trust so.

Ep. Than your Cicero's?[1]

Sen. If the declaration may be made without an offence to modesty. Surely you can not estimate or value the eloquence of that noble pleader.

Ep. Imperfectly; not being born in Italy; and the noble pleader is a much less man with me than the noble phĭlŏsopher. I regret that, having farms and villas, he would not keep his distance from the pumping up of foul words, against thieves, cutthrōats, and other rogues: and that he lied, sweated, and thumped his head and thighs, in behalf of those who were no better.

Sen. Senators must have clients, and must protect them.

Ep. Innocent or guilty?

Sen. Doubtless.

Ep. If it becomes a philosopher to regret at all, and if I regret what is, and might not be, I may regret mōre what bōth is and must be. However, it is an amiable thing, and no small merit in the wealthy, even to trifle and play at their lēisure hours with philosophy. It can not be expected that such a personage should espouse her, or should recommend her as an inseparable mate to his heir.

Sen. I would.

Ep. Yĕs, Seneca, but thou hast no son to make the match for; and thy recommendation, I suspect, would be given him befōre he could consummate the marriage. Every man wishes his sons to be philosophers while they are young; but takes especial care, as they grow older, to teach them its insufficiency and unfitness for their ĭntercōurse with mankind. The paternal voice says, "You must not be particular: you are about to have a profession to live by: follow those who have thriven the best in it." Now among these, whatever be the profession, canst thou point out to me one single philosopher?

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[1] **Marcus Tullius Cicero**, consul of Rome, a distinguished orator, writer, rhetorician, and philosopher, was born of an equestrian family at Arpinum, Jan. 3, 106 B. C., and assassinated Dec. 7, 43 B. C.

Sen. Not just now, nor, upon reflection, do I think it feasible.

Ep. Thou, indeed, mayest live much to thy ease and satisfaction with philosophy, having (they say) two thousand talents.

Sen. And a trifle to spare—pressed upon me by that godlike youth, my pupil Nero.[1]

Ep. Seneca! Where Gŏd hath placed a mine, he hath placed the materials for an earthquake.

Sen. A true philosopher is beyond the reach of Fortune.

Ep. The false one thinks himself so. Fortune cares little about philosophers; but she remembers where she hath set a rich man, and she laughs to see the Destinies at his door.

LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born in Warwick, England, on the 30th of January, 1775, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He first resided at Swansea, in Wales, dependent on his father for a small income, where he commenced his "Imaginary Conversations," a work which alone establishes his fame. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated 1793. On succeeding to the family estate he became entirely independent, and was enabled to indulge to the fullest his propensity to literature. He left England in 1806, married in 1814, and, the following year, went to Italy, which he made his chief residence. His collected works, of prose and verse, were published in 1846, in two large volumes. Mr. Landor was a poet of great originality and power. But he is most favorably known now, as he will be by posterity, for his prose productions, which, written in pure nervous English, are full of thoughts that fasten themselves on the mind, and are "a joy forever." His "Imaginary Conversations," from which the preceding dialogue was selected, is a very valuable work. It is rich in scholarship; full of imagination, wit, and humor; correct, concise, and pure in style; various in interest, and universal in sympathy. He died at Florence, Sept. 17, 1864.

IV.

73. ARTS OF EXPRESSION.

NATURE teaches and enfōrces many things for human development and instruction; the ordinary occupations of life assist the same design; but this is not all. Men are possessed of great and dĭvīne idēäs and sentiments; and to paint them, sculpture them, build them in architecture, sing them in music, utter them in eloquent speech, write them in books, in essays, sermons, poems, drămas, fictions, phĭlŏsophies, histories—this is an irresistible propensity of human nature.

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[1] **Nē'ro,** though at first noted for clemency and justice, probably the most infamous of the Roman emperors, whose original name was Lucius Domitius, was born Dec. 15, 37, and died by his own hands in 68.

2. Art, inspiration, power, in these forms, naturally places itself at the head of the human influences by which the world is cultivated and carried forward. The greatèst thing in the world doubtlèss is a sacred life; the greatest power, a pure example; but this is the *end* of all, and we do not here contĕm′plate it as a means. As means, art is greatest. A beautiful thought, a great idēä, made to quick*e*n the intellect, to touch the heart, to penetrate the life—this is the grandèst ŏffice that can be committed to human hands. Every faithful artist of every grade, belŏngs to this magnificent Institute for the instruction of the world.

3. There is one grand mistake ŏf*te*n made in the appreciation of art, arising from the honor and fame that attend it. I suspect that it is quite a common notion that men study, write, speak, paint, build, for *fame.* Totally and infinitely otherwise is the fact with all true men. They live for an ideä—live to develop, embody, express it; and all extraneous considerations ōnly hinder and hurt their work.

4. But this is often misunderstood. Believe me, the effluence of genius can no mōre be bought or sold than the light that streams from the fountain of day. It is the light of the world; and it is not man's purchase, but Gŏd's gift; it is God's light shining through the soul. It shines into the artist's studio and philosopher's laboratory; it falls upon the still places of deep meditation; the pen that writes immortal sŏng, immortal thought in any form, is a rod that conveys the lightning from heaven to earth; and the breath of eloquent speech is an afflātus that comes from far above windy cŭrrents of human applause.

5. It concerns my purpose here, to insist on this mission of all true intellectual labor, and to remind every worker in this field, however high or however humble, of his reäl vocation. "I am not distinguished," one may say; "the world, Europe, Eṉgland, does not know me—will never know me." What then? Do what thou canst. Somebody will know it. No true word or work is ever lŏst. Stand thou in thy lot; do thy work; for the great Being that framed the world assuredly meant that somebody should do it—that men and women of vārious gifts should do it, as they are able.

6. Why can we not look at the goodly band of human occupations and arts as it is; and depreciate no *trade* that is necessary, no *art* that is useful, no ministration that springs from the bọsom of nature, and is thus clearly ordained of Heav*e*n? If there be abuses of such ministration, let them be remedied; but rejection and scorn of any one thing that God has made to be or to be done, is not lawful, nor reverent to Heaven.

7. Let this whōle system of nature and life appear as it is; as it stands in the great order and design of Providence. Let nature, let the solid world, be mōre than a material world—even the ārea on which a grand mŏral structure is to be built up; itself helping the ultimate design in many ways. Let the works of man take their proper place—the place assigned them in the plan of Heaven. Let agriculture lay the basis of the world-building. Let mechanism and manufacture rear and adorn the vast abode of life. Let trade and commerce replenish it with their trĕasures. Let the liberal and learnèd professions stand as stately pillars in the edifice of society.

8. But when all this is done, still there are wants to be supplied. There is a thought in the bosom of humanity that lŏngs to be uttered. The heart of the world would break, if there were no voice to give it relief—to give it utterance. There is, too, a slumber upon the world which needs that voice. There are dim corners and dark caverns, that want light. There is weariness to be cheered, and pain to be soothed, and the dull routine of toil to be relieved, and the dry, dead matter of fact to be invested with hues of imagination, and the mystery of life to be cleared up, and a great, dread, blank destitution that needs resōurce and refreshment—needs inspiring beauty and melody to breathe life into it.

9. Then let the artist men come and do their work. Let statues stand in many a niche and recess, and pictures hang upon the wall, that shall fill the surrounding air with their sublimity and loveliness. Let essays and histories, let written speech and printed books, be ranged in unending alcoves, to pōur instruction upon the world. Let poetry and fiction lift up the heavy cur′taĭns of sense and materialism, and unfold visions of beauty, like the flushes of morning, or of parting day behind the dark mountains. Let music wave its wings of light and air through the world, and sweep the chords that are strung in the human heart with its entrancing melodies. Let lŏfty and commanding eloquence thunder in the ears of men the words of truth and justice, or, in strains as sweet as angels use, whispẽr peace. Let majestic philosophy touch the dark secret of life, and turn its bright side as a living light upon the päthş of men.

10. I believe in a better day that is coming. Improved agriculture, manufacture and mechanism, less labor and mōre result, more lēisure, better culture, high philosŏphy, beautiful art, inspiring music, resōurces that will not need the base appliances of sense, will come; and with them truth, purity, and virtue; reverent piety building its altar in all human abodes; and the worship that is gentleness and disĭn′terestednĕss, and holy love, hallowing all the scene; and human life will go fōrth, amidst the beautiful earth and beneath the blessĕd heavens, in harmony with their spirit, in fulfilment of their high teaching and intent, and in communion with the all-surrounding light and loveliness.

Adapted from Orville Dewey.

SECTION XVII.

I.

74. THE DRAMA OF HISTORY.

WHAT is the use of hĭstòry? and what are its lessons? First, it is a voice forever sounding ăcrŏss the centuries the laws of right and wrŏng. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the mŏral law is written on the tablets of eternity.

2. For ĕvèry false word or unrighteous deed, for crṳelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last: not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and trṳth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-līved, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways.

3. That is one lesson of history. Another is, that we should draw no hŏroscopes; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not bōrne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far ăwāy. These great convulsions leave the world changed—perhaps improved; but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be.

4. The mōst reasonable anticipations fail us—antecedents the most ap′poşĭte mislead us; because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything—some element which we detect ōnly in its after-operation. But this, it may be said, is but a meager outcome. Can the lŏng records of humanity, with all its joys and sŏrrōws, its sufferings and its con̲quests, teach us no more than this? Let us approach the subject from another side.

5. If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakspeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention, perhaps, among others, this, that his stōries are not put together, and his characters are not conceived to illŭs′trate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another; and when we have drawn from them all the dĭrĕct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved—something which the artist gives, and which the phĭlosŏpher can not give.

6. It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to say Shakspeare's supreme *truth* lies. He represents reäl life. His drāmas teach as life teaches—nēither less nor more. He builds his fabrics as nature does, on right and wrŏng; but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is.

7. In the subtle interflow of good and evil—in the unmerited sufferings of innocence—in the dispropōrtion of penalties to desert—in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shakspeare is true to reäl experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it; and, in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding—knowing well that the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child.

8. For history to be written with the complete form of a drama, doubtless is impossible; but there are periods, and these the periods, for the most part, of greatest interest to mankind, the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; where mind can be seen matched against mind, and the great passions of the ĕpoch not simply be described as existing, but be ex̣hibited at their white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them.

9. There are all the elements of drama—drama of the highest order—where the huge fōrces of the times are as the Grecian destiny, and the power of the man is seen ēither stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield to it. It is nature's drama—not Shakspeare's—but a drama none the less. So at least it seems to me.

10. Wherever possible, let us not be told *about* this man or that. Let us hear the man himself speak; let us see him act, and let us be left to form our own opinions about him. The historian, we are told, must not leave his readers to themselves. He must not ōnly lay the facts befōre them—he must tell them what he himself thinks about those facts. In my opinion, this is precisely what he ought not to do.

11. Philosophies of history, sciences of history—all these, there will continue to be; the fashions of them will change, as our habits of thought will change; each new philosopher will find his chief employment in showing that befōre him no one understood anything; but the drama of history is imperishable, and the lessons of it will be like what we learn from the great drămatists—lessons for which we have no words.

12. For the rest, nône can tell what will be after us. Mankind, if they last lŏng enough on the earth, may develop strange things out of themselves; but whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred—be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us—this ōnly we may foretell with confidence—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yĕt which physical laws will fail to explain—that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science can not fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his ŏrigin and his destiny.

Adapted from FROUDE.

James Anthony Froude, an English historian and journalist, a son of the late Archdeacon Froude, was born at Dartington Rectory, Totness, Devonshire, in 1818. He took his degree from Oriel college, Oxford, in 1840, two years later obtained the chancellor's prize for an English essay, and was elected fellow of Exeter college. He studied for the ministry and was ordained deacon, but soon abandoned theology for literature. His first volume of stories, "The Shadows of the Clouds," was published in 1847; and his second work, "The Nemesis of Faith," in 1849. For about three years, he wrote almost constantly for "Frazer's Magazine," and the "Westminster Review." In 1856 the first two volumes of his "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," appeared, and in 1858 the third and fourth. The boldness and originality of the author's views, not less than his attempt to vindicate the reputation of Henry VIII, have attracted much attention. In 1867 appeared his "Short Studies on Great Subjects."

II.

75. THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE from this western shōre, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, which threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yŏn gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the fŏrest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gäunt wolf yelled near.

2. And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in the sŏft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white thrŏng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

3. Then, all his youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundlĕss mainland lay,
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strŏng tornādo broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark fŏrest smiled.

4. There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spreads its blue sheet that flashed with many an ōar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank;—as the light gale flew ō'er,
The twinkling maize-field rus*t*l*e*d on the shōre;
And while that spot, so wild and lone and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wōre,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

5. Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
Was stillĕst, gorged his battle-ax with blood;
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of light that scăthed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the daybeam played;
No mōre the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever, by their lake, lay moored the light canoe.

6. Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertĭle realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze,
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies fōrth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame, among the autumnal trees.

7. Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters ŏff; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftnĕss in the forward race.
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untraveled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace—
Afar, the brightening glōry of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lŏst to human sight.

W. C. BRYANT.

III.

76. THE RANSOM OF ATAHUALLPA.

[ATAHUALLPA, *inca of Peru at the time of the Spanish invasion, at a friendly interview, was informed of the mysteries of religion, and that, owing to the Peruvians' heathenism, the Pope had granted his empire to the Spaniards. Not consenting at once to resign his power, many of* ATAHUALLPA'S *unarmed attendants were massacred, and he was seized and imprisoned. Notwithstanding the ransom described below, the remorseless* PIZARRO *ordered his execution by the garotte.*]

ATAHUALLPA[1] discovered, amidst all the show of religious zeal in his coṉquerors, a lurking appetite mōre potent in mōst of their bosoms than ēither religion or ambition. This was the love of gold. He determined to avail himself of it to procure his freedom. In the hope to effect his purpose, he one day told Pizarro[2] that, if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold.

2. Those present lis*ten*ed with an incredulous smile; and, as the inca received no answer, he said with some emphasis, that "he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;" and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the insane bōast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling repōrts first received of the riches of Peru.

3. Atahuallpa himself had giv*e*n him the mōst glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tăpestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect, at once, all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent its being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahuallpa's ŏffer, and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary.

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[1] **Atahuallpa** (ä tä whäl′ pä). [2] **Pizarro** (pe zăr′ ro).

4. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet lŏng, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor. This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room of smaller dĭmĕnsions twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish this.

5. No sooner was this arrangement made, than the inca dispatched couriers to Cuzco and the other principal places in the kingdom, with orders that the gold ornaments and utensils should be removed from the royal palaces, and from the temples and other public buildings, and transpōrted, without lŏss of time, to Caxamalca. Meanwhile, he continued to live in the Spanish quarters, treated with the respect due to his rank, and enjoying all the freedom that was compatible with the security of his person. Though not permitted to go abroad, his limbs were unshackled, and he had the range of his own apartments, under the jealous surveillance[1] of a guard, who knew too well the value of the royal captive to be remiss.

6. He was allowed the society of his favorĭte wives, and Pizarro took care that his domestic prīvacy should not be violated. His subjects had free accĕss′ to their sovereign, and every day he received visits from the Indian nobles, who came to bring presents, and ŏffer condō′lence to their unfortunate master. On such occasions, the most potent of these great vassals never ventured into his presence without first stripping ŏff their sandals, and bearing a lōad on their backs in token of reverence.

7. The Spaniards gazed with curious eyes on these acts of homage, or rather of slavish submission, on the one side, and on the air of perfect indifference with which they were received, as a matter of cōurse, on the other; and they conceived high idēās of the character of a prince who, even in his present helpless condition, could inspire such feelings of awe in his subjects. The royal levee[2] was so well attended, and such devotion was shown by his vassals to the captive monarch, as did not fail, in the end, to excite some feelings of distrust in his keepers.

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[1] **Surveillance** (sur vāl′ yans), watch; inspection.

[2] **Lĕv′ ee**, a morning assembly of visitors; also, any general or somewhat miscellaneous gathering of guests, often in the evening.

8. To wait longer would ōnly be to invite the assault of their enemies, allured by a bait so attractive. While the trĕasure remained uncounted, no man knew its value, nor what was to be his own pōrtion. It was better to distribute it at once, and let every one possess and defend his own. Several, moreover, were now disposed to return home, and take their share of the gold with them, where they could place it in safety.

9. But these were few, while much the larger part were ōnly anxious to leave their present quarters, and march at once to Cuzco. More gold, they thought, awaited them in that capital, than they could get here by prolŏnging their stay; while every hour was precious, to prevent the inhabitants from secreting their trĕasures, of which design they had already given indication. Pizarro was especially moved by the last consideration; and he felt that, without the capital, he could not hope to become master of the empire.

10. Without further delay the dĭvĭsion of the trĕasure was agreed upon. Yet, before making this, it was necessary to reduce the whōle to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These articles consisted of goblets, ewers, sălvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and the royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals.

11. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tăssel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountaĭn was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters of its base. The delicacy of the workmanship of some of these, and the beauty and ingenuity of the design, attracted the admiration of better judges than the rude conquerors of Peru.

12. Before breaking up these specimens of Indian art, it was determined to send a quantity, which should be deducted from the royal fifth, to the emperor. It would serve as a sample of the ingenuity of the natives, and would show him the value of his conquests. A number of the most beautiful articles was selected, to the amount of a hundred thousand dŭcats,[1] and Hernando Pizarro was appointed to be the bearer of them to Spain. He was to obtain an audience of Charles, and, at the same time that he laid the trĕasures befōre him, he was to give an account of the proceedings of the conquerors, and to seek a further augmentation of their powers and dignities.

13. The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night; but such was the quantity to be recast, that it consumed a full month. When the whōle was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos*[2] of gold, probably equivalent to about fifteen millions and a half of dollars at the present time. The quantity of silver was estimated at fifty-one thousand six hundred and ten marks.[3]

14. Històry affords no parallel of such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers, like the conquerors of Peru. The great object of the Spanish expeditions in the New World was gold. It is remarkable that their success should have been so complete. Had they taken the track of the English, the French, or the Dutch, on the shōres of the northern continent, how different would have been the result! It is equally worthy of remark, that the wealth thus suddenly acquired, by dĭverting them from the slow but surer and more permanent sōurces of nătional prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp, and left them among the poorèst of the nations of Christendom.

Adapted from PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, the eminent historian, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796. His father, William Prescott, LL.D., a distinguished lawyer

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[1] **Dŭc′ at,** a coin of several countries in Europe, struck in territory governed by a duke. A silver ducat is generally of nearly the value of an American dollar, and a gold ducat of twice the value.

[2] **Peso** (pā′ so), the Spanish dollar of exchange; also, the pound weight; a peso was then about $11.67 of our money.

[3] **Mark,** an old English coin, worth about $3.22.

and judge, noted for intellectual and moral worth, died in the last month of 1844, at the advanced age of 84. His grandfather was the celebrated Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill on the memorable 17th of June, 1775. But Mr. Prescott needs none of the pride of ancestry to stamp him as one of nature's noblemen. An untoward accident in college, by which he lost the sight of one eye, and the sympathy subsequently excited in the other, rendered him almost totally blind; but, notwithstanding, his indefatigable industry, united with fine taste and a well-stored mind, elevated him to the highest rank in that difficult department, historical composition. Indeed, it is the concurrent judgment of the best European critics that he had no superior, if he had an equal, among contemporary historians. His first work, "Ferdinand and Isabella," was published in the beginning of 1838, and was soon republished in nearly all the great cities of Europe. That, and his second work, "The Conquest of Mexico," are not only among the finest models of historical composition, but in a very genuine sense they are *national* works. The choicest words of panegyric can not do injustice to the exquisite "beauty of Mr. Prescott's descriptions, the just proportion and dramatic interest of his narrative, his skill as a character writer, the expansiveness and completeness of his views, and that careful and intelligent research which enabled him to make his works as valuable for their accuracy as they are attractive by all the graces of style." In private life Mr. Prescott was as much admired for his amiability, simplicity, and high-bred courtesy as for his remarkable abilities and acquirements. He died January 28, 1859.

IV.

77. KING PHILIP'S WAR.

PART FIRST.

THE prŏject of a wide and simultaneous[1] revōlt, if such had reälly been formed, was worthy of a capācious mind, and, had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of de′tail, a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprises. Still, it sets fōrth the military genius and daring prowèss of Philip; and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility of expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

2. Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless fŏrèsts that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious[2] to anything but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he găthered together his fōrces, like the storm accumulating its stōres of mischief in the bosom of the thunder-cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages.

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[1] **Sī′ mul tā′ ne oŭs,** existing or happening at the same time.

[2] **Im per′ vĭ ous,** not admitting of entrance or passage through.

3. There were, now and then, indications of these impending ravages, that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The repōrt of a distant gun would perhaps be heard from the solitary woodland, where there was known to be no white man; the cattle which had been wandering in the woods would sometimes return home wọunded; or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the fŏrests, and suddenly disappearing; as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tĕmpĕst.

4. Though sometimes pursued and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as ŏf*t*en escaped almost mĭrăculously from their toils, and, plunging into the wilderness, would be lŏst to all search or inquī′ry, until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate. Among his strongholds were the great swamps[1] and morasses which extend in some parts of New England, composed of loose bogs of deep black mud, perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and moldering trunks of fall*e*n trees, overshadowed by lugūbrious[2] hemlocks. The uncertain footing and the tan̤gled mazes of these shaggy wilds rendered them almost impracticable to the white man, though the Indian could thrid their labyrinths[3] with the agility of a deer.

5. Into one of these, the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, was Philip once driv*e*n with a band of his followers. The English did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes. They therefore invested the entrance to the Neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, leaving the women and children behind, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

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[1] **Swamp** (swŏmp).

[2] **Lu gū′ brĭ oŭs**, indicating sorrow; mournful.

[3] **Lăb′ y rĭnth**, a labyrinth, among the ancients, was a building made with many winding passages, so that a person could hardly avoid being lost. Hence, any difficult windings or ways; anything that is much entangled or very perplexing.

6. In this way, Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was envĕloped exaggerated his reäl terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness; whose coming nône could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on the alert. The whōle country abounded with rumors and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity;[1] for, in whatever part of the widely-extended frŏntier an irruption from the fŏrest took place, Philip was said to be its leader.

7. Many superstitious notions also were circulated concerning him. He was said to deal in necromancy; and to be attended by an old Indian witch or prŏphĕtĕss, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations.[2] This indeed was frequently the case with Indian chiefs; ēither through their own credulity, or to act upon that of their followers; and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstition has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare.

8. At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His fōrces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lŏst almost the whōle of his resōurces. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canon′chet, chief săchem[3] of all the Narragansets. He was the son and heir of Mianton′imo, the great sachem, who, after an honorable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice toward the English;"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder.

9. Though he had forbōrne to take an active part in this hopelĕss war, yet he received Philip and his broken fōrces with open arms; and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hŏstility of the

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[1] **Ubiquity** (ū bĭk′ wĭ tĭ), existing in all places, or every where, at once.

[2] **In′ can tā′ tion,** the act or process of using certain formulas of words and ceremonies, for the purpose of raising spirits or performing other magical actions.

[3] **Sachem** (sā′ chem).

English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve bōth the sachems in one common ruin. A great fōrce was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narraganset country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnèssès to the Indians.

10. Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stōres, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strŏng fortrèss; where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their fōrces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable,[1] was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

11. Guided by a renegade[2] Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this stronghold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravèst ŏfficers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress, s*w*ōrd in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair.

12. Most of their veterans were cut to pieces; and after a lŏng and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding fŏrest. The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whôle was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighboring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and ŏffspring.

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[1] **Im prĕg′ na ble,** not to be stormed, or taken by assault; not to be moved, impressed, or shaken.

[2] **Rĕn′ e gāde,** one who renounces his religious faith; a deserter; a worthless or wicked fellow.

13. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most hŏrrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "they were in *much doubt* then, and afterward seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the gŏspel."

14. The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention; the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity. Brok*e*n down in his power and resōurces by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his allȳ', and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, ŏffered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country hăr'assed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was oblīged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut; where he formed a rallying point to the whōle body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

V.

78. KING PHILIP'S WAR.

PART SECOND.

CANONCHET, early in the spring, departed on a hazardous expedĭtion, with ōnly thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vĭcĭnity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-cŏrn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the centre of the Narraganset, resting at some wigwams near Pawtucket River, when an alarm was giv*e*n of an approaching enemy. Having but sev*e*n men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill to bring intelligence of the foe.

2. Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and

Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout who did the same. He then sent two mōre, one of whom, hŭrrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whōle British army was at hand. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hŏstile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw ŏff, first his blanket, then his silver-laced cōat and belt of peag,[1] by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

3. At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterward confessed, "his heart and his bowels burned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength." To such a degree was he unnerved, that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart.

4. But, on being made prisoner, the whōle pride of his spirit arose with him; and from that moment we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nȯthing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like hĕroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lŏfty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you can not understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

5. Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects, saying that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith tōward the whites, his bōast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, and his threat that he would burn the English alive in their houses; he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, and "he desired to hear no mōre thereof."

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[1] **Pē′ ag or wampum** (wŏm′ pum), small beads made of shells, used by the N. American Indians as money, and also wrought into belts, etc., as an ornament. It was of two kinds, one being white and the other dark.

6. So noble and unshak*e*n a spirit, so true a fĭdĕlity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian—a being tōward whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion;—he was condemned to dié. The last words of his that are recorded are worthy of the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed "that he liked it well, for he should die befōre his heart was sŏft, or he had spok*e*n anything unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham by three young sāchems of his own rank.

7. The defeat at the Narraganset fortress and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighboring tribes. The unfortunate chiĕftaĭn saw himself daily stripped of power, and the ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned[1] by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were hăr'assed. His stōres were all captured; his chosen friends were swept away from befōre his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his nărrōw escapes he was compelled to leave his belovèd wife and ōnly son to the mercy of the enemy.

8. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, lŏss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be tak*e*n away." To fill up the mĕasure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonorable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighboring river: ēither exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water-side.

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[1] **Sub orned'**, procured or caused to take a false oath amounting to perjury; induced to act privately; procured by indirect means.

9. But persecution ceased not at the grave. Even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the wicked commonly cease from troubling, was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fīdĕlity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body and set upon a pole, and was thus exposed at Taunton, to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognized the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle, that we are told they broke fōrth into the "most hŏrrid and diăbolical[1] lămentātions."

10. However Philip had bōrne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to worry his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterward, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardor of enterprise was extinguished—he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers.

11. Here he lurked about, like a specter, among scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of fămily, and friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation, than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English fōrces through the woods, above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by dĭvīne permission to execute vengeance upon him."

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[1] **Dī' a bŏl' ic al**, wicked; devilish.

12. Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur găthers round his mĕmòry. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildnèss and dreariness̹ of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow mōre haughty beneath dis̹aster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness.

13. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it. The vĕry idēä of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Befōre he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his best trustiĕst followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed fōrth from his covert, and made a hĕadlŏng attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

14. Such is the scanty stōry of the brave but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dis̹honored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lŏfty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the sŏfter feelings of connubial[1] love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "belovèd wife and ōnly son" is mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant[2] misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort.

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[1] **Con nū′ bi al,** pertaining to marriage, or the marriage state.

[2] **Poignant** (pa̤in′ ant), sharp; stinging; actually painful.

15. He was a pātriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrŏngs—a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the fŏrests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses,[1] rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

Adapted from WASHINGTON IRVING.

VI.

79. CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

THE twentiëth of March wa̤ş the day appointed for the prĕşentātion at Versailles[2] of the American commissioners to the king. The world thought ōnly of Fran̠klin; but he was accompanied by his two colleagues and by the unreceived ministers to Prussia and Tuscany. These four glittered in lace and powder; the pātriarch was dressed in the plain gāla[3] cōat of Manchester velvet which he had used at the lĕvee of George the Third—the same which, according to the custom of that age, he had wōrn, as it proved for the last time in En̠gland, when as agent of Massachusetts he had appeared before the prĭvy council—with white stockings, as was the use in England, spectacles on his nose, a round white hat under his arm, and his thin gray hair in its natural state. The king, without any unusual courtesy, said to them: "I wish Congress to be assured of my friendship."

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[1] **Mo răss′ es, marshes;** low, wet pieces of ground.

[2] **Versailles** (ver sälz′).

[3] **Gala** (gä′ lȧ), holiday.

2. After the ceremony they dined with the secretary for fŏreign affairs. Two days later they were introduced to the still youthful Marie Antoinette,[1] who yielded willingly to generous impulses, and gave her sympathy to the cause of Amĕrica. The ladies of her household caught her enthusiasm. The king felt all the while as if he were wrŏnging the cause of monarchy by his acknowledgment of rebels, and engaged in the American Revolution against his own will in obedience to the advice of Maurepas[2] and the opinion of his cabinet on his duty to France. Personally he was irritated, and did not disguise his vexation. The praises lavished on Franklin by those around the queen fretted him to peevishnèss, and he mŏcked the enthusiasm of one of the lovelièst of her companions by the cōarsèst jest.

3. The pique of the king was not due to any defect in Franklin. He was a man of the best understanding, never disturbed by recollections or fears, with nòne of the capricious anxieties of diseased minds, or the susceptibilities of disturbed self-love. Free from the illusions of poetic natures, he loved truth for its own sake, and looked upon things just as they were.

4. As a consequence, he had no eloquence but that of clearnèss. He computed that the inheritor of a noble title in the ninth generation represents at mōst but the five hundred and twelfth part of the ancestor; nor was he awed by a crosier[3] or dazzled by a crown. He knew the mŏral world to be subjected to laws like the natural world; in conducting affairs he remembered the necessary relation of cause to effect, aiming only at what was possible; and with a tran̲quil mind he signed the treaty with France, just as with a tranquil eye he had contĕmplated the dangers of his country.

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[1] **Marie Antoinette** (mä re′-ŏn twä nĕt′), the accomplished and beautiful queen of France, daughter of Francis I., emperor of Germany, was born in Vienna, Nov. 1, 1755, and guillotined in Paris, Oct. 16, 1793.

[2] **Count Maurepas** (mōr pä′), a French statesman, was born in 1701. At the age of 14 years he succeeded his father as secretary of state, though he was not acting secretary till 1725. He rendered important aid to science and also to embellish the capital. He was president of the council of state under Louis XVI., and by his fickle and frivolous administration hastened the catastrophe of the French revolution.

[3] **Crosier** (krō′ zher), the official staff of an archbishop, terminating at the top in a cross; also, the pastoral staff of a bishop, which terminates in an ornamental curve or crook.

5. In regard to money he was frṳgal, that he might be independent, and that he might be generous. He owed good health to his ĕx′emplary[1] temperance. Habitually gay, employment was his resōurce against wearinĕss and sŏrrōw, and contentment came from his superiŏrity to ambition, interest, or vanity. There was about him mōre of mŏral greatnĕss than appeared on the surface; and while he made no bōast of unselfish benevolence, there never lived a man who would have met martyrdom in the cōurse of duty more surely or more unmoved.

6. The official conduct of Fran̲klin and his ĭntercōurse with persons of highĕst rank were marked by the most delicate propriety, as well as by perfect self-respect. His charm was simplicity, which gave grace to his style and ease to his manners. No life-long courtier could have been more free from vulgarity; no dĭplōmatist more true to his position as minister of a republic; no laborer more consistent with his former life as a workingman; and thus he won respect and love from all.

7. When a celebrated cause was to be heard befōre the parliament of Paris, the thrŏng which filled the house and its approaches opened a way on his appearance, and he passed through to the seat reserved for him amidst the acclamations of the people. At the opera, at the theaters, similar honors were paid him. Throughout Europe, there was scarcely a citizen or a peasant of any culture who was not familiar with his name, and who did not consider him as a friend to all men. At the academy, D'Alembert[2] addressed him as the man who had wrenched the thunderbolt from the cloud, the scepter from tyrants; and bōth these ideäs were of a nature to pass easily into the common mind.

8. From the part which he had tak*e*n in the emancipation of Amĕrica, imagination transfigured him as the man who had separated the colonies from Great Britain, had framed their best constitutions of government, and by counsel and example would show how to abolish all political evil throughout the world. Thus Franklin was the venerable impersonation of democracy, yet so calmly decōrous, so free from a disposition to quarrel with the convictions of others, that, while he was the delight of free-thinking phĭlŏsophers, he escaped the hatred of the clergy, and his presence excited no jealousy in the old nobility, though sometimes a woman of rank might find fault with his hands and skin which toil had embrowned.

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[1] **Exemplary** (ĕgz′em pler ĭ), serving as a pattern or model; commendable.

[2] **D'Alembert** (dä lŏn bårt′), a distinguished mathematician and scientific author of France, born Nov. 16, 1717, and died Oct. 29, 1783. The most complete edition of his writings was published in 5 volumes 8vo., in 1821.

9. Yĕt he understood the movement of the French of his day. He remarked to those in Paris who learned of him the secret of statesmanship: "He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world;" and we know from Condorcet[1] that while in France he said one day in a public company: "You perceive liberty establish herself and floŭrish almost under your vĕry eyes; I dare to predict that by and by you will be anxious to taste her blessings." In this way he conciliated the most opposite natures; yet not for himself.

10. Whatever favor he met in society, whatever honor he received from the academy, whatever respect he gained as a man of science, whatever distin̲ction came to him through the good-will of the people, whatever fame he acquired throughout Europe, he turned all to account for the good of his country. Never detracting from the merit of any one, he did not dişdain glōry, and he knew how to pardon envy. Great as were the injuries which he received in England, he used toward that power undeviating frankness and fairnĕss, and never from resentmĕnt lŏst an opportunity of promoting peace.

BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the eminent historian, was born in 1800, in Worcester, Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College at the early age of seventeen. The next year he went to Europe, and studied for four years at Gottingen and Berlin, and traveled in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and England. On his return, in 1823, he published a volume of poems which were principally written while he was abroad. He soon after established the academy at Round Hill, at Northampton. He was appointed collector of Boston in 1838; was made secretary of the navy in 1845; was sent as minister plenipotentiary to England in 1846; and on his return, in 1849, became a resident of New York, where he has since devoted himself principally to the composition of his "History

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[1] **Marquis de Condorcet** (kŏn dor sā′), a distinguished French savant, was born Sept. 17, 1743, and died March 8, 1794. His complete works, in 22 volumes, were published in Paris, 1809.

of the United States," the ninth volume of which appeared in 1866. He has also lately published a volume of "Literary and Historical Miscellanies." His "History of the United States" has been published in its original language in London and Paris, and has been translated into several foreign languages. It is a work of great labor, originality, and ability, and eminently American, in the best sense of that word as used in regard to literature. It is the most accurate and philosophical account that has been given of the United States; and is elaborately and strongly, yet elegantly written. His revised, centenary edition appeared in 1876.

VII.

80. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

[*From a speech delivered at a public dinner in Washington, D. C., in honor of the Centennial Birthday of* GEORGE WASHINGTON, *February* 22, 1832.]

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in honor of whose character and services, we are here assembled. We are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belŏngs mōst essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thrŏnging public disasters and calamities; that name shōne, amid the storm of war, a beacon light to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes.

2. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whōle people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect. That name, descending with all time, spreading over the whōle earth, and uttered in all the languages belŏnging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by ĕvĕry one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

3. We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place, so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name. All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly influenced by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, after long periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression, of events with which they are historically connected.

4. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken a feeling, which all acknowledge. No Amĕrican can pass by the fields of Buṉker Hill, Monmouth, and Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the seṇtiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belŏnged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

5. But nēither of these sōurces of emotion equals the power with which great mŏral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of pātriotism delights to contemplate its purèst modèls; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to sōar sọ high into the regions of sentiment as to be lŏst and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and become too elevated or too refined to glow with fervor in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors.

6. All this is unnatural. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry, as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Cicero and Chatham;[1] or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstacy with the elements of beauty, propōrtion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael[2] and Michel Angelo[3] with coldnèss or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finèst exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpōuring of the public feeling, made to-day, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, proves this sentiment to be bōth just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the Father of his Country.

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[1] **William Pitt,** first earl of Chatham, one of the greatest of English orators and statesmen, was born Nov. 15, 1708, and died May 11, 1778.

[2] **Răph′ a el,** the eminent Italian artist whose paintings are the admiration of the world, was born in Urbino, March 28, 1483, and died in Rome April 6, 1520. He belonged to a family of artists, and his father was his first instructor.

[3] **Michel Angelo Buonarotti** (bo̤ ō′ nä rŏt′ tē), one of the greatest, if not the greatest of all artists, leading architect of St. Peters, was born in Tuscany, March 6, 1474, and died in Rome, Feb. 17, 1563. He applied himself to every branch of knowledge connected with painting and sculpture. Many of his works were left unfinished; but even his fragments have educated eminent men.

7. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of Amĕrica will hold up to themselves the bright modĕl of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision; as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them formed into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

8. Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its cōurse, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence and human freedom, mōre than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of bōth he is the chief.

9. It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that, having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy, existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to extend over a vast country, of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith.

10. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed ōnly by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glōry. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full of interest indeed to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Dĕstĭned for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by pātriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man tōward man. In entering on the untried scenes, early disappointment and the premature extinction of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him who stood at the helm.

11. The principles of Washington's administration are not left doubtful. They are to be found in the constitution itself, in the great mĕasures recommended and approved by him, in his speeches to Congress, and in that mōst interesting paper, his Farewell Address to the People of the United States. The success of the government under his administration is the highest proof of the soundnèss of these principles. In the first place, all his measures were right in their intent. He stated the whōle basis of his own great character, when he told the country, in the homely phrase of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. One of the most striking things ever said of him is, that *he changed mankind's idēäs of political greatness.*

12. To commanding talents, and to success, the common elements of such greatness, he added a disregard of self, a spotlèssnèss of motive, a steady submission to every public and private duty, which threw far into the shade the whōle crowd of vulgar great. The object of his regard was the whole country. No part of it was enough to fill his enlarged pātriotism. His love of glōry, so far as that may be supposed to have influenced him at all, spurned ĕvèry thing short of general approbation. It would have been nôthing to him, that his partisans or his fāvorĭtes outnumbered, or outvoted, or outmanaged, or outclamored those of other leaders. He had no favorites; he rejected all partisanship; and, acting honestly for the universal good, he deserved, what he had so richly enjoyed, the universal love.

13. The maxims upon which Washington conducted our fŏreign relations were few and simple. The first was an entire and indis′putable impartiality towards foreign states. He adhered to this rule of public conduct against vĕry strŏng inducements to depart from it, and when the popularity of the moment seemed to favor such a departure. In the next place, he maintained true dignity and unsullied honor in all communications with foreign states. It was among the high duties devolved upon him, to introduce our new government into the circle of civilized states and powerful nations. Not arrogant or assuming, with no unbecoming or supercilious bearing, he yet exacted for it from all others entire and pun̲ctilious respect. He demanded, and he obtained at once, a standing of perfect equality for his country in the society of nations; nor was there a prince or pōtentate of his day, whose personal character carried with it, into the intercourse of other states, a greater degree of respect and veneration.

14. His own sin̲glenĕss of purpose, his disin′terested pātriotism, were evinced by the selection of his first cabinet, and by the manner in which he filled the seats of justice, and other places of high trust. He sought for men fit for ŏffice; not for offices which might suit men. Above personal considerations, above local considerations, above party considerations, he felt that he could ōnly discharge the sacred trust which the country had placed in his hands, by a diligent inquī′ry after reăl merit, and a conscientious preference of virtue and talent. The whōle country was the field of his selection. He explored that whole field, looking only for whatever it contained most worthy and distin̲guished. He was, indeed, most successful, and he deserved success for the purity of his motives, the liberality of his sentiments, and his enlarged and manly policy.

15. Washington's administration established the năational credit, made provision for the public debt, and for that pātriotic army whose interests and welfare were always so dear to him; and, by laws wisely framed, and of admirable effect, raised the commerce and navigation of the country, almost at once, from depression and ruin to a state of prosperity. Nor were his eyes open to these interests ălōne. He viewed with equal concern its agriculture and manufactures, and, so far as they came within the regular exercise of the powers of this government, they experienced regard and favor.

16. It should not be omitted, even in this slight reference to the general mĕasures and general principles of the first president, that he saw and felt the full value and importance of the judicial department of the government. An upright and able administration of the laws, he held to be alike indispensable to private happiness and public liberty. The temple of justice, in his opinion, was a sacred place, and he would profane and pollute it who should call any to minister in it not spotless in character, not incorruptible in integrity, not competent by talent and learning, not a fit object of unhesitating trust.

17. Finally, gentlemen, there was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly ŭppermōst, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. He regarded the union of these States less as one of blessing, than as the great trĕasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as ĕvèry true Amĕrican still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government on the one hand, nor by surrendering them on the other; but by an administration of them at once firm and moderate, pursuing objects truly năational, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

18. Full of gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of the century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horī'zon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on tōward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his cōurse visit no land mōre free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country! *Adapted from* DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. At the age of fifteen he entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated in due course, exhibiting remarkable faculties of mind. When in his nineteenth year, he delivered a Fourth of July oration, at the request of the citizens of Hanover, which, energetic, and well stored with historical matter, proved him, at that early age, something more than a sounder of empty words. Upon graduating, in 1801, he assumed the charge of an academy for a year; then commenced the study of law in his native village, which he completed in Boston, in 1805. He first practiced his profession near his early home; but, not long after, feeling the necessity of a wider sphere of action, he removed to Portsmouth, where he soon gained a prominent position. In 1812 he was elected to a seat in the National Congress, where he displayed remarkable powers both as a debater and an orator. In 1817 he removed to Boston, and resumed the practice of his profession with the highest distinction. In 1822 he was elected to a seat in Congress from the city of Boston; and in 1827 was chosen senator of the United States from Massachusetts. From that period he was seldom out of public life, having been twice Secretary of State, in which office he died. In 1839 he visited England and France, and was received with the greatest distinction in both countries. His works, arranged by his friend, Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, at Boston, in 1851. They bear the impress of a comprehensive intellect and exalted patriotism. He died at Marshfield, surrounded by his friends, October 24, 1852. The last words he uttered were, "I still live." Funeral honors were paid to his memory, in the chief cities of the Union, by processions and orations. A marble block, placed in front of his tomb, bears the inscription: "LORD, I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF."

SECTION XVIII.

I.

81. HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are hāunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmlĕss phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

2. We meet them at the dŏorway, on the stair,
Alŏng the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

3. There are mōre guests at table than the hōsts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thrŏnged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

4. The stranger at my fireside can not see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

5. We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain[1] still their old estates.

6. The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

7. Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires!
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

8. These perturbations,[2] this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

9. And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Acrŏss whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—

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[1] **Mort′ māin,** possession of lands or tenements in dead hands, or hands that can not alienate—a term originally applied to conveyances of lands made to ecclesiastical bodies.

[2] **Per′ tur bā′ tion,** the act or the state of being agitated, disturbed, disquieted, or confused.

10. So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

II.

82. THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

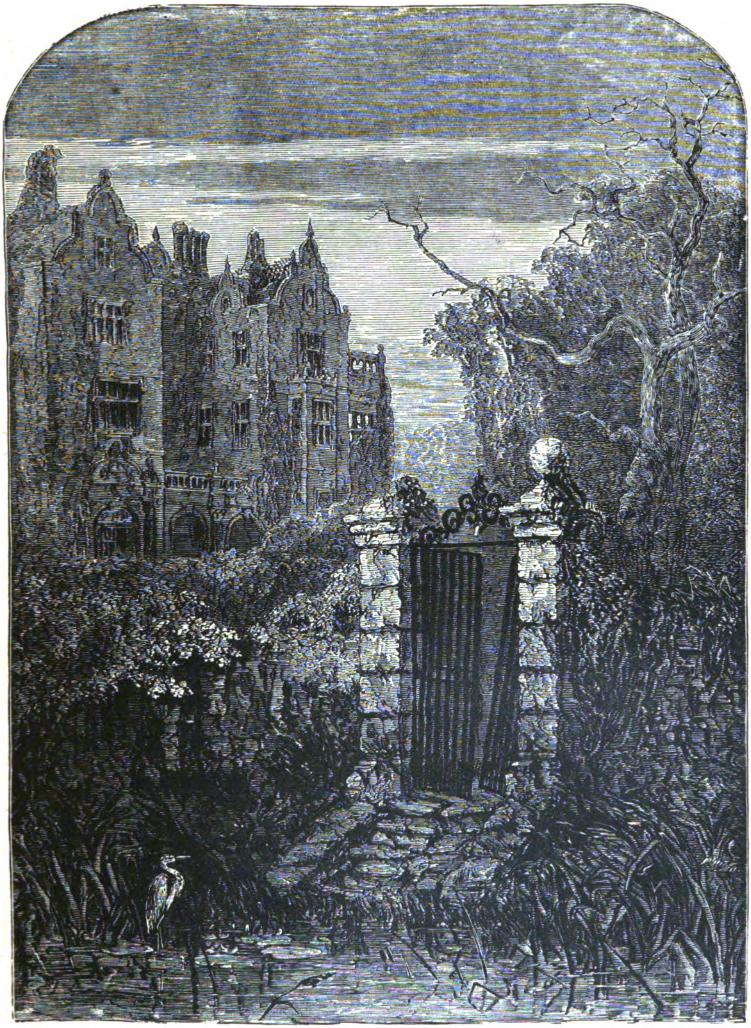
PART FIRST.

SOME dreams we have are nŏthing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yĕt others of our mōst romantic schemes
Are something mōre than fictions.
It might be ōnly on enchanted ground!
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted mansion.

2. A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling-place—and yet no habitation;
A house—but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.
Unhinged the iron gates hälf open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

3. No dŏg was at the threshold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
Not one domestic feature.
No human figure stirred, to go or come,
No face looked fōrth from shut or open casement;
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement.

4. With shattered panes the grassy cōurt was starred;
The time-worn cōping-stone had tumbled after;
And through the ragged roof the sky shōne, barred
With naked beam and rafter.
O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;



Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

5. The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the dial.
But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

6. The wren had built within the pōrch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn—within its turfy mound—
The rabbit made his bŭrrow.
The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,
But lēisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banished.

7. The wary crow—the pheasant from the woods—
Lulled by the still and everlasting samenèss,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tamenèss."
The coot was swimming in the reedy pond
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

8. The moping hèron, motionlèss and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.
No sound was heard, except, from far away,
The ringing of the whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after.

9. But Echo never mŏcked the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,

A secret curse on that old building hung,
  And its deserted gard*e*n.
The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;
  No footstep marked the damp and mŏssy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
  For want of human travel.
The vine unprṳned, and the neglected peach,
  Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the can̲kered tree, in easy reach,
  Rotted the gold*e*n apple.

10. But awfully the truant shunned the ground
  The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher;
In spite of gaps that through the fences round
  Invited the encroacher.
For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
  A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
  The place is haunted!

11. The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass;
  The mold was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums—a wilderness it was
  Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!
The mărigōld amidst the nettles blew,
  The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble,
The thistle and the stock together grew,
  The hollyhock and bramble.

12. The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,
  The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
  Of human care and labor.
The very yew Formality had trained
  To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
For want of trimming had almost regained
  The raggednèss of nature.

13. The Fountain was a-dry—neglect and time
  Had marred the work of artisan and mason,
And efts and croaking frŏgs, begot of slime,
  Sprawled in the rṳined basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,
  Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,
Lay like the idol of some bygone race,
  Its name and rites forgotten.

14. On every side the aspect was the same,
  All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage:
No hand or foot within the precinct came
  To rectify or ravage.
For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
  A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
  The place is haunted!

III.

83. *THE HAUNTED HOUSE.*

PART SECOND.

OH, very gloomy is the House of Woe,
  Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
  That Death is in the dwelling!
Oh very, very dreary is the room
  Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
  The corpse lies on the trestles!

2. But house of woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
  The nărrōw home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall,
  With its deserted pōrtal!
The centiped ălŏng the threshold crept,
  The cobweb hung ăcrŏss in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
  At every nōōk and angle.

3. The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,
  The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And marched in search of their diurnal food
  In undisturbed procession.
As undisturbed as the prehensile cell

Of mŏth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

4. O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.
Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—
Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

5. But Time was dumb within that mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners.
Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor
Like dead leaves in December.

6. The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mŏck the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!
A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther!

7. Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,
The banner shuddered, and the raggèd streamer;
All things the hŏrrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.
The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,
Stirred as the tempest stirs the fŏrest brȧnches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The bloodhound at his häunches.

8. The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And through its many gaps of destitution

Dŏlorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.
The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,
Touched by some impulse occult[1] or mechanic;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

9. The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.
The vĕry stains and fractures on the wall
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

10. Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the Bloody Hand shōne out,
So ominously vivid.
Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver;
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

11. For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!
If but a rat had lingered in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel!
But not a rat remained, or tīny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.

12. Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth and chilly.
For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or glanced on cōat of buff or knightly metal;

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[1] **Oc′ cult, hidden from the eye or understanding; secret.**

The slug was crawling on the vacant chair—
  The snail upon the settle.

13. The floor was redolent of mold and must,
  The fun̲gus in the rotten seams had quickened;
While on the oak*e*n table cōats of dust
  Perennially had thickened.
No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
  No cup—no horn—no hŏspitable tok*e*n—
All social ties between that bōard and man
  Had long ago been brok*e*n.

14. There was so foul a rumor in the air,
  The shadow of a presence so atrocious;
No human creature could have feasted there,
  Even the most ferocious.
For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
  A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
  The place is haunted!

IV.

84. THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

PART THIRD.

'TIS hard for human actions to account,
  Whether from reason or from impulse ōnly—
But some internal prŏmpting băde me mount
  The gloomy stairs and lonely.
Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
  With odors as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mold,
  The chapel vault, or charnel.

2. Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
  Of every step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess
  How many feet ascended.
The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
  Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,

As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that rankly rotted.

3. The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The death's-head mŏth was clinging.
That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning bluely.

4. Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some apparition standing.
For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

5. Yet no portĕntous shape the sight amazed;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,
And faces specter-pallid.
Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of art's simulation;
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

6. On every lip a speechless hŏrror dwelt;
On every brow the burthen of affliction;
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt
The house's malediction.
Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

7. No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber,
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of āncient date,
And carvings gilt and burnished.

8. Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable;
But all had faded, save one raggèd part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.
The silent waste of mildew and the mŏth
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage;
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.

9. The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller;
But still the Bloody Hand shōne strangely out
With ve′hemence of color!
The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain
Shōne on the dusty floor, a dismal tok*e*n,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was brok*e*n.

10. The Bloody Hand significant of crime,
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner!
O'er all there hung the shădōw of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

11. The death-watch ticked behind the paneled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.
Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
That chamber is the ghostly!

12. Across the door no gossamer festoon
  Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
  About its nooks and hinges.
The spider shunned the interdicted room,
  The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
  The very midge had vanished.

13. One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,
  As if with awful aim dĭrĕct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
  Embroidered on the curtain.
And yĕt no gōry stain was on the quilt—
  The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,
  Those bōards obscurely spotted.

14. Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
  With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,
  Of hŏrror and amazement!
What human creature in the dead of night
  Had cōursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,
  Striving for dear existence?

15. What shrieking spirit in that bloody room
  Its mortal frame had violently quitted?—
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
  A ghostly shadow flitted.
Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
  But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veiled the tăpestry at all,
  Or pōrtrait frowning grimly.
O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
  A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
  The place is haunted!

THOMAS HOOD.

SECTION XIX.

I.

85. SCENE FROM WALLENSTEIN.

Characters: OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieut. General;* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his son, Colonel; and* VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*

MAX. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes* QUESTENBERG, *and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*]
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Oct. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor,
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—rev'rence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.
Max. [*drily*]. Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our headquarters.
Ques. [*seizing his hand*]. Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nôthing common will I say therewith.
[*Taking the hands of both.*
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini
O savior names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous Genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessèd influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hōsts.
Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegy̆ric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us.
I must not be beforehand with my cŏmrādes.
Oct. [*To* MAX.]. He comes from cōurt, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone dôth understand?

Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he cǎn't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whōle, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
The pause, the central point of thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the cōurt—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.
Ques. The army? Doubtless!
Oct. [*To* QUESTENBERG]. Hush! Suppress it, friend!
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.
Max. [*Continuing*]. In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
Mōre than the ills for which they called him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chiēftaĭn asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The ŏracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Nor ordinances, not mold-rotted papers.
Oct. My son! of those old nărrow ordinances

Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the vŏlatĭle will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ăncient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's păth, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Dĭrĕct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the rōad the human being travels,
That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's cōurse, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.
Ques. Oh hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The cälm, the blissful, and th' enduring mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whōle scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills! the rōads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hŭrries!
But on some mŏrrōw morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the hōrde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. Oh let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first vīŏlet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!
Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?
Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld?—I *have* beheld it.
From thence I am come hither: oh! that sight,
It glimmers still befōre me, like some landscape
Left in the distance—some delicious landscape!
My rōad conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren cōasts,
Like some poor, ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and nărrōw ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.
Oct. [*Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*].
——And so your journey has revealed this to you?
Max. 'Twas the first lēisure of my life. Oh! tell me,
What is meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented,
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This can not be the sole felicity,
This can not be man's best and ōnly plĕasure!
Oct. Much hast thou learned, my son, in this short journey.

Max. Oh! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life, when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the sŏft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the pētard′ to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
Oh! happy man, oh, fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Ques. [*Apparently much affected*]. Oh! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-mŏrrōw, not of this to-day.
Max. [*Turning round to him, quick and vehement*].
Where lies the fault but on you in Vïenna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must fōrce it from you,
Ye fret the general's life out, black*e*n him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awak*e*n confidence in th' enemy;
Which yet's the ōnly way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.

And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off drop by drop ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

COLERIDGE'S TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, one of the most imaginative and original of poets, the youngest son of the vicar of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire, England, was born at that place in October, 1772. Left an orphan in his ninth year, he was educated for seven years at Christ's Hospital; and in 1791 he became student of Jesus College, Cambridge. His reading embraced almost numberless books, especially on theology, metaphysics, and poetry. In 1794 was published the drama called "The Fall of Robespierre," of which the first act was Coleridge's, and the other two were Southey's. In 1795 he married Miss Fricker, whose sister soon afterward became Mrs. Southey; and in the same year he became acquainted with Wordsworth. About the same period he went to reside in a cottage at Stowey, Somersetshire, about two miles from the residence of the latter; and the poets bound themselves in the closest friendship. He here wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his "Ode on the Departing Year," "Tears in Solitude," "France, an Ode," "Frost at Midnight," the first part of "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner," and his tragedy of "Remorse." In 1798 he went to Germany to complete his education, and resided for fourteen months at Ratzburg and Gottingen. On his return to England he resided in the lake district near Southey and Wordsworth, and contributed political articles and poems for the "Morning Post" newspaper, which was followed, some years later, by similar employment in the "Courier." For fifteen months, in 1804 and 1805, he was secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor of Malta. In 1816 he found a quiet and friendly home in the house of Mr. Gillman, surgeon of Highgate, where, after a residence of eighteen years, he died in July, 1834. There both mind and body were restored from the excitement and ill health caused by the use of opium, first taken in illness, and afterward used habitually. His numerous productions in prose and verse, as well as his unsurpassed Table-Talk, have since been published, proving a perpetual delight; and, like Nature, furnishing subjects of admiration and imitation for the refined and observing.

II.

86. *THE LAY OF THE BELL.*

PART FIRST.

FAST in its prison-walls of earth,
Awaits the mold of bakèd clay.
Up, cŏmrādes, up, and aid the birth—
The Bell that shall be born to-day!
But with sweat and with pain, can we honor obtain,
And prove that we master the art we profess;
With man be the ĕffōrt, with Heav*e*n the success!
And well an earnest word beseems
The work the earnest hand prepares;
Its lōad mōre light the labor deems,
When sweet discōurse the labor shares.

So let us duly ponder all
The works our feeble strength achieves,
For mean in truth, the man we call,
Who ne'er what he completes conceives.
And well it stamps our human race,
And hence the gift TO UNDERSTAND,
That man, within the heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

2. From the fir the fagot take,
Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
That the găthered flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.
When the copper within seethes and simmers—the tin,
Pour quick, that the fluid which feeds the Bell
May flow in the right cōurse glib and well.
Deep hid within this nĕther cell,
What fōrce with fire is molding thus,
In yŏnder airy tower shall dwell,
And witness far and wide of US!
It shall in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
Its solemn voice, with Sorrow wailing,
Or chōral chiming to Devotion.
Whatever Fate to Man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,
That metal tongue shall backward ring
The warning mŏral drawn from all.

3. See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now!
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood, and speed the flow.
From the drŏss and the scum, pure, the fusion must come;
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure and deep.
That voice with merry music rife,
The cherished child shall welcome in;
What time the rosy dreams of life,
In the first slumber's arms begin.

As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful ō'er that golden morning,
The mother-love's untiring care!

4. And swift the years like ărrōws fly—
No more with girls content to play,
Bounds the proud boy upon his way,
Storms through loud life's tumultuous plĕasures,
With pilgrim staff the wide world mĕasures;
And, wearied with the wish to roam,
Seeks, stranger-like, the father-home.
And lo, as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies,
With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
The virgin stands before his eyes.

5. A nameless longing seizes him!
From all his wild companions flown;
Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim;
He wanders all alone.
Blushing, he glides where'er she move;
Her greeting can transpōrt him;
To every mead, to deck his love,
The happy wild-flowers cōurt him!
Sweet Hope—and tender Longing—ye
The growth of Life's first Age of Gold;
When the heart, swelling, seems to see
The gates of heaven unfold;
Oh, were it ever green! Oh, stay,
Linger, young Love, Life's blooming May!

6. Browning ō'er the pipes are simmering,
Dip this wand of clay within;
If like glass the wand be glimmering,
Then the casting may begin.
Brisk, brisk now, and see if the fusion flow free;
If—(happy and welcome indeed were the sign!)
If the hard and the dŭctĭle united combine.
For still where the strŏng is betrŏthed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,

Rings the con̲cord harmonious, bōth tender and strong:
So heed, oh heed well, ere for ever united,
That the heart to the heart flow in one, love-delighted;
Illusion is brief, but repentance is long!—

7. Lovely, thither they are bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Tōlls the church-bell far and wide!
With that sweetĕst holyday,
Must the May of Life depart;
With the cestus[1] loosed—away
Flies ILLUSION from the heart!
Yet Love must be cherished
Though Passion be mute;
If his blossoms be perished,
They yield to the fruit.
The Husband must enter
The hŏstĭle life, with struggle and strife,
To plant or to watch, to snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune!
Then flows in a cŭrrent the gear and the gain,
And the garners are filled with the gold of the grain,
Now a yard to the cōurt, now a wing to the center!

8. Within sits another,
The thrifty housewife;
The mild one, the mother—
Her home is her life.
In its circle she rules, and the daughters she schools,
And she cautions the boys,
With a bustling command, and a diligent hand
Employed she employs;
Gives order to stōre,
And the much makes the mōre;

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[1] **Cĕs′ tus**, a girdle; particularly the girdle of Venus, on which was represented everything that could awaken love; a marriage girdle, given by the newly-married wife to her husband.

Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with lavender smelling,
And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
And she hōards in the presses, well polished and full,
The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
  Still intent upon use, while providing for show,
  And never a rest from her cares doth she know.

9.   Blithe the Master (where the while
      From his roof he sees them smile)
        Eyes the lands and counts the gain;
      There, the beams projecting far,
      And the laden storehouse are,
      And the grănaries bowed beneath
        The blessèd golden grain;
      There, in undulating motion,
      Wave the corn-fields like an ocean.
    Proud the bōast the proud lips breathe:—
      "My house is built upon a rock,
    And sees unmoved the stormy shock
      Of waves that fret below!"
    Alas! for never mortal state
    Can form perpetual truce with Fate!
      Swift are the steps of Woe.

10. Now the casting may begin;
      See the breach indented there;
    Ere we run the fusion in,
      Halt—and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the plug out—see around and about
Through the bow of the handle the smoke rushes red.
Gŏd help us!—the flaming waves burst from their bed.—
    What friend is like the might of fire,
    When man can watch and wield the ire?
    Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
    Still to that heaven-descended glow.
    But dread the heaven-descended glow,
    When from their chain its wild wings go,
    When, where it listèth, wide and wild,
    Sweeps from free Nature's free-born child,
      When the frantic one fleets,

While no fŏrce can withstand,
Through the populous streets
Whirling ghastly the brand;
For the Elements hate what man's labors create,
And the works of his hand.

11. Impartially out from the cloud,
Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
Benignantly out from the cloud
Come the dews, the revivers of all;
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the leaven, the bolt, and the ball!
Hark—a wail from the steeple!—aloud
The bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
Look—look—red as blood
All on high;
It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
The sky!
What a clamor awaking
Rōars up through the street;
What a hell-vapor breaking
Rolls on through the street,
And higher and higher
Aloft moves the column of fire!
Through the vistas and rows like a whirlwind it goes,
And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.

12. Beams are crackling—posts are shrinking—
Walls are sinking—windows clinking—
Children crying—mothers flying—
And the beast (the black ruin yet smoldering under)
Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder!
Hurry and skurry—away—away,
The face of the night is as clear as day!
As the links in a chain, again and again
Flies the bucket from hand to hand;
High in arches up-rushing the engines are gushing;
And down comes the storm with a rōar!
And it chases the flames as they sōar.
To the grain and the fruits,

Through the rafters and beams,
Through the barns and the garners it crackles and streams!
As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
Rush the flames to the sky giant-high;
And at length,
Wearied out and despairing, man bows to their strength!
With an idle gaze sees their wrath consume,
And submits to his doom!

13. Desolate the place, and dread;
For storms the barren bed.
In the blank voids that cheerful casements were,
Comes to and fro the melancholy air, and sits Despair;
And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud
Peers, as it flits, the melancholy cloud.
One human look of grief upon the grave
Of all that fortune gave,
The lingerer casts—then turns him to depart,
And grasps the wanderer's staff and mans his heart;
Whatever else the element bereaves,
One blessing more than all it reft, it leaves—
The *faces that he loves!*—He counts them ō'er,
Not one dear look is missing from *that* stōre!

III.

87. THE LAY OF THE BELL.

PART SECOND.

NOW clasped the bell within the clay—
The mold the mingled metals fill—
Oh, may it, sparkling into day,
Reward the labor and the skill!
Alas! should it fail, for the mold may be frail—
And still with our hope must be mingled the fear—
And even now, while we speak, the mishap may be near!
To the dark womb of sacred earth
This labor of our hands is given,
As seeds that wait the second birth
And turn to blessings watched by heaven!

Ah, seeds, how dearer far than they
  We bury in the dismal tomb,
Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray
That suns beyond the realm of day
  May warm them into bloom!

2. From the steeple tōlls the bell,
Deep and heavy, the death-knell!
Guiding with dirge note—solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home earth's weary wanderers know.
  It is that worshiped wife—it is that faithful mother!
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.
  Far from those blithe companions, born
  Of her, and blooming in their morn;
  On whom, when couched her heart above,
  So ŏf*te*n looked the mother-love!
  Ah! rent the sweet home's union-band,
    And never, never mōre to come—
  She dwells within the shadowy land,
    Who was the mother of that home!
  How oft they miss that tender guide,
    The care—the watch—the face—the MOTHER—
  And where she sat the babes beside,
    Sits with unloving looks—ANOTHER!

3. While the mass is cooling now,
  Let the weary labor rest;
Blithe as bird upon the bough,
  Each to do as lists him best.
In the cool starry time, at the sweet vesper-chime,
The workman his task and his travail forgoes—
It is ōnly the master that ne'er may repose!

4. Homeward from the tasks of day,
Through the greenwood's welcome way,
Wends the wanderer, light and cheerly,
To the cottage loved so dearly!
And the eye and ear are meeting,
Now, the slow sheep homeward blēating—

Now, the wȏnted shelter near,
Lōwing the lusty-fronted steer;
Creaking now the heavy wain
Reels with the happy harvest grain.
While with many-colored leaves,
Glitters the garland on the sheaves;
For the mower's work is done,
And the young folks' dance begun!
Desert street and quiet mart;
Silence is in the city's heart;
And the social taper lightèth
Each dear face that Home unitèth;
While the gate the town befōre
Heavily swings with sullen rōar!

5. Now darkness is spreading:
  Now quenched is the light;
But the burgher, undreading,
  Looks safe on the night—
Which the evil man watches in awe,
For the eye of the Night is the Law!—
  Bliss-dowered! O daughter of the skies,
Hail, holy Order, whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy—
Builder of cities, who of old
Called the wild man from waste and wold,
And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling;
  And, best of all the happy ties,
The center of the social band—
The Instinct of the Fatherland!

6. United thus, each helping each,
  Brisk work the countlèss hands for ever!
For naught its power to Strength can teach,
  Like Emulation and Endeavor!
Thus linked the master with the man
  Each in his rights can each revere,
And while they march in freedom's van,
  Scorn the lewd rout that dŏgs the rear!
To freemen labor is renown!

Who works—gives blessings and commands;
Kings glōry in the orb and crown—
Be ours the glory of our hands.

7. Lŏng in these walls—long may we greet
Your footfalls, Peace and Co̱ncord sweet!
Distant the day, oh! distant far,
When the rude hōrdes of trampling War,
Shall scare the silent vale
And where,
Now the sweet heav*e*n, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose-hues on the vail of Eve;
Shall the fierce war-brand tŏssing in the gale,
From town and hamlet shake the hŏrrent glare!

8. Now, its destined task fulfilled,
Asunder break the pris*o*n-mōld;
Let the goodly bell we build,
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave, 'till the cover it cleave;
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the bell.
To break the mold, the Master may,
If skilled the hand and ripe the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pōur.
Frantic and blind with thunder-knell,
Exploded from its shattered home,
And glaring fōrth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!

9. When rages strength that has no reas*o*n,
There breaks the mold befōre the seas*o*n;
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State that thrives no more!
Yea, woe, when in the city's heart,
The lătent spark to flame is blown;
And from their thrall the millions start,
No leader but their rage to own!
Discordant howls the warning bell,

Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliĕst voice of war:
"Freedom! Equality!" to blood,
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, rōars the flood,
And banded murder closes round!

10. The hyena-shapes (that women were!)
Jest with the hŏrrors they survey;
From human breasts the hearts they tear—
As panthers rend their prey!
Naught rests to hallow;—burst the ties
Of Shame's religious, noble awe;
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And Universal Crime is Law;
Man fears the lion's kingly tread;
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
But man himself is most to dread,
When mad with social error.
No torch, though lit from Heav*en*, illumes
The Blind!—Why place it in his hand?
It lights not *him*—it but consumes
The City and the Land!

11. Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husks—behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright, like the sun's flash of light.
And even the scutcheon, clear-graven shall tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the bell!—
Come in—come in
My merry men—we'll form a ring,
The new-born labor christening;
And "CONCORD" we will name her!—
To union may her heartfelt call
In brother-love attune us all!
May she the dĕstĭned glōry win
For which the master sought to frame her—

Alŏft—(all earth's existence under),
  In blue pavilioned heaven afar
To dwell—the neighbor of the thunder,
  The borderer of the star!

12. Be hers above a voice to raise
  Like those bright hosts in yŏnder sphere,
Who while they move, their Maker praise,
  And lead around the wreathèd year.
To solemn and eternal things
  We dedicate her lips sublime,
As hourly, calmly, on she swings,
  Touching with every movement, Time!
No pulse—no heart—no feeling hers,
  She lends the warning voice to Fate;
And still companions, while she stirs,
  The changes of the human state!
So may she teach us, as her tone,
  But now so mighty, melts away—
That earth no life which earth has known
  From the last silence can delay.

13. Slowly now the cords upheave her!
  From her earth-grave sōars the bell;
Mid the airs of heaven we leave her,
  In the music-realm to dwell.
      Up—upward—yet raise—
      She has risen—she sways.
Fair Bell, to our city bode joy and increase;
And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to—PEACE![1]

SCHILLER—LYTTON'S *translation.*

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, a German poet, dramatist, and historian, was born in Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759, and died in Weimar, May 9, 1805. His worthiest prose production, "History of the Thirty Years' War," published in 1791, is probably the best historical performance of which Germany can boast. His greatest literary success, the drama of "Wallenstein," appeared in 1799. "William Tell," his most popular dramatic production, was published in 1804. Though probably the real founder of the German drama, he is best known by his ballads and lyric poems.

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[1] **Peace**, the prayer at the end, breathed the wish of all Germany when the poem was written—*during* the four years' war with France.

SECTION XX.

I.

88. COUNTESS LAURA.

PART FIRST.

IT was a dreary day in Păd′uä.
The countèss Laura, for a single year
Fernando's wife, upon her bridal bed,
Like an uprōōted lily on the snow,
The withered outcast of a festival,
Lay dead. She died of some uncertain ill,
That struck her almost on her wedding-day,
And clung to her, and dragged her slowly down,
Thinning her cheeks and pinching her full lips,
Till, in her chance, it seemed that with a year
Full häḷf a century was overpast.

2. In vain had Paracelsus[1] taxed his art,
And feigned a knowledge of her malady;
In vain had all the doctors, far and near,
Găthered around the mystery of her bed,
Draining her veins, her husband's trĕasury,
And physic's jargon, in a fruitless quest
For causes equal to the dread result.
The countess only smiled, when they were gone,
Hugged her fair body with her little hands,
And turned upon her pillōws wearily,
As if she fain would sleep, no common sleep,
But the long, breathless slumber of the grave.
She hinted nôthing. Feeble as she was,
The rack could not have rung her secret out.

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[1] **Paracelsus**, a Swiss alchemist and empiric, born in 1493, and died Sept. 23, 1541. The son of a physician, he received an irregular education, the defects of which he managed to conceal or supply by remarkable self-possession and assurance. With all his absurdities, he taught some true principles with regard to the use of opium, mercury, sulphur, antimony, and arsenic, and was the first to introduce chemical remedies into the dispensatory. His writings are still extant.

3. The Bishop, when he shrīved her, coming fōrth,
Cried, in a voice of heavenly ecstacy,
"O blessèd soul! with nothing to confess,
Save virtues and good deeds, which she mistakes—
So humble is she—for our human sins!"
Praying for death, she tŏssed upon her bed,
Day after day—as might a shipwrecked bark
That rocks upon one billow, and can make
No onward motion tōward her pōrt of hope.
At length, one morn, when those around her said,
"Surely the countess mends, so fresh a light
Beams from her eyes and beautifies her face"—
One morn in spring, when every flower of earth
Was opening to the sun, and breathing up
Its votive[1] incense, her impatient soul
Opened itself, and so exhaled to heaven.

4. When the count heard it, he reeled back a pace;
Then turned with anger on the messenger;
Then craved his pardon, and wept out his heart
Befōre the mēniăl: tears, ah, me! such tears
As Love sheds ōnly, and Love only once.
Then he bethought him, "Shall this wonder die
And leave behind no shadōw? not a trace
Of all the glōry that environed her,
That mellōw nimbus circling round my star?"
So, with his sŏrrōw glooming in his face,
He paced along his gallery of art,
And strode amongst the painters, where they stood,
With Carlo, the Venetian, at their head,
Studying the Masters by the dawning light
Of his transcendent genius.

5. Through the groups
Of gayly vestured artists moved the count—
As some lone cloud of thick and lead*e*n hue,
Packed with the secret of a coming storm,
Moves through the gold and crimşon evening mists,
Deadening their splendor. In a moment, still

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[1] **Vō′ tĭve**, given by vow; devoted.

Was Carlo's voice, and still the prattling crowd;
And a great shadow overran them all,
As their white faces and their anxious eyes
Pursued Fernando in his moody walk.
He paused, as one who balances a doubt,
Weighing two cōurses, then burst out with this:
"Ye all have seen the tidings in my face;
Or has the diäl ceased to register
The workings of my heart? Then hear the bell,
That almost cracks the frame in utterance:
'The countess—she is dead!'"

6. "Dead!" Carlo groaned.
And if a bōlt from middle heaven had struck
His splendid features full upon the brow,
He could not have appeared mōre scăthed and blanched.
"Dead!—dead!" He staggered to his easel-frame,
And clung around it, buffeting the air
With one wild arm, as though a drowning man
Hung to a spar and fought against the waves.

7. The count resumed: "I came not here to grieve,
Nor see my sorrow in another's eyes.—
Who'll paint the countess, as she lies to-night
In state within the chapel? Shall it be
That earth must lose her whōlly? that no hint
Of her gold tresses, beaming eyes, and lips
That talked in silence, and the eager soul
That ever seemed outbreaking through her clay,
And scattering glōry round it—shall all these
Be dull corruption's heritage, and we,
Poor beggars, have no legacy to show
The love she bōre us? That were shame to love,
And shame to you, my masters."

8. Carlo stalked
Fōrth from his eas̬*e*l, stiffly as a thing
Moved by mechanic impulse. His thin lips,
And sharpened nŏstrils, and wan, sunk*e*n cheeks,
And the cold glimmer in his dusky eyes,
Made him a ghastly sight. The thrŏng drew back,

As if they let a spectre through. Then he,
Fronting the count, and speaking in a voice
Sounding remote and hŏllō̆w, made reply:
"Count, I shall paint the countess. 'T is my fate—
Not plĕasure—no, nor duty."

9. But the count,
Astray in woe, but understood assent,
Not the strange words that bore it; and he flung
His arm round Carlo, drew him to his breast,
And kissed his fŏr*eh*ĕ*a*d. At which Carlo shrank:
Perhaps 't was at the honor. Then the count,
A little reddening at his public state—
Unseemly to his near and recent loss—
Withdrew in haste between the downcast eyes
That did him reverence as he rustled by.

10. Night fell on Pădua. In the chapel lay
The countess Laura at the altar's foot.
Her cŏronet glittered on her pallid brows;
A crimson pall, weighed down with gold*e*n work,
Sown thick with pearls, and heaped with early flowers,
Draped her still body almost to the chin;
And over all a thousand candles flamed
Against the winking jewels, or streamed down
The marble aisle, and flashed along the guard
Of men-at-arms that slowly wove their turns,
Backward and forward, through the distant gloom.

11. When Carlo entered, his unsteady feet
Scarce bōre him to the altar, and his head
Drooped down so low that all his shining curls
Pōured on his breast, and veiled his countenance.
Upon his easel a half-finished work,
The secret labor of his studio,
Said from the canvas, so that none might err,
"I am the countess Laura." Carlo kneeled,
And gazed upon the picture—as if thus,
Through those clear eyes, he saw the way to heaven.
Then he arose; and as a swimmer comes
Fōrth from the waves, he shook his locks aside,

Emerging from his dream, and standing firm
Upon a purpose with his sovereign will.

12. He took his palette, murmuring, "Not yet!"
Confidingly and sŏftly to the corpse;
And as the vĕriĕst drudge who plies his art
Against his fancy, he addressed himself
With stŏlid resolution to his task.
Turning his vision on his memory,
And shutting out the present, till the dead,
The gilded pall, the lights, the pacing guard,
And all the meaning of that solemn scene
Became as nothing, and creative Art
Res̩olved the whōle to chaos, and reformed
The elements according to her law—
So Carlo wrought, as though his eye and hand
Were Heav*e*n's unconscious instruments, and wȯrked
The settled purpose of Omnipotence.

13. And it was wondrous how the red, the white,
The ochre, and the umber, and the blue,
From mottled blotches, hazy and opaque,
Grew into rounded forms and sensuous lines;
How just beneath the lucid skin the blood
Glimmered with warmth, the scarlet lips apart
Bloomed with the moisture of the dews of life;
How the light glittered through and underneath
The gold*e*n tresses, and the deep, sŏft eyes
Became intelligent with conscious thought,
And somewhat troubled underneath the arch
Of eyebrows but a little too intense
For perfect beauty; how the pose and poise
Of the lithe figure on its tīny foot
Sugġested life just ceased from motion; so
That any one might cry, in marveling joy,
"That creature lives—has senses, mind, a soul
To win Gŏd's love or dare hell's subtleties!"

14. The artist paused. The ratifying "Good"
Trembled upon his lips. He saw no touch
To give or sŏf*te*n. "It is done," he cried—

"My task, my duty! Nothing now on earth
Can taunt me with a work left unfulfilled!"
The lŏfty flame which bore him up so long
Died in the ashes of humanity;
And the mere man rocked to and fro again
Upon the centre of his wavering heart.
He put aside his palette, as if thus
He stepped from sacred vestments, and assumed
A mortal function in the common world.

II.

89. COUNTESS LAURA.

PART SECOND.

"NOW for my rights!" he muttered, and approached
The noble body. "O lily of the world!
So withered, yet so lovely! what wast thou
To those who came thus near thee—for I stood
Without the pale of thy half-royal rank—
When thou wast budding, and the streams of life
Made eager struggles to maintain thy bloom,
And gladdened heaven dropped down in gracious dews
On its transplanted darling? Hear me now!
I say this but in justice, not in pride,
Not to insult thy high nobility,
But that the poise of things in Gŏd's own sight
May be adjusted, and hereafter I
May urge a claim that all the powers of heaven
Shall sanction, and with clarions blow abroad.

2. "Laura, you loved me! Look not so severe,
With your cold brows, and deadly, close-drawn lips!
You proved it, countess, when you died for it—
Let it consume you in the wearing strife
It fought with duty in your ravaged heart.
I knew it ever since that summer-day
I painted Lila, the pale beggar's child,
At rest beside the fountain; when I felt—
Oh, heaven!—the warmth and moisture of your breath
Blow through my hair, as with your eager soul—

Forgetting soul and body go as one-
You leaned ăcrŏss my easel till our cheeks—
Ah, me! ’t was not your purpose—touched, and clung!

3. “Well, grant ’t was genius; and is genius nought?
I ween it wears as proud a diadem—
Here, in this vĕry world—as that you wear.
A king has held my palette, a grand-duke
Has picked my brush up, and a pope has begged
The favor of my presence in his Rome.
I did not go; I put my fortune by.
I need not ask you why: you knew too well.
It was but natural, it was no way strange,
That I should love you. Everything that saw,
Or had its other senses, loved you, sweet!
And I amongst them.

4. “Martyr, holy saint—
I see the halo curving round your head—
I loved you once; but now I worship you,
For the great deed that held my love aloof,
And killed you in the action! I absolve
Your soul from any taint. For from the day
Of that encounter by the fountain-side
Until this moment, never turned on me
Those tender eyes, unless they did a wrŏng
To Nature by the cold, defiant glare
With which they chilled me. Never heard I word
Of sŏftnĕss spoken by those gentle lips;
Never received a bounty from that hand
Which gave to all the world.

5. “I know the cause.
You did your duty—not for honor’s sake,
Nor to save sin or suffering or remorse,
Or all the ghosts that haunt a woman’s shame,
But for the sake of that pure, loyal love
Your husband bōre you. Queen, by grace of God,
I bow before the lustre of your throne!
I kiss the edges of your garment-hem,
And hold myself ennobled! Answer me—

If I had wrŏnged you, you would answer me
Out of the dusty pōrches of the tomb—
Is this a dream, a falsehood? or have I
Spoken the vĕry truth?"

6. "The very truth!"
A voice replied; and at his side he saw
A form, half shadow and half substance, stand,
Or, rather, rest; for on the solid earth
It had no footing, mōre than some dense mist
That wavers ō'er the surface of the ground
It scarcely touches. With a reverent look,
The shadow's waste and wretched face was bent
Above the picture—as if greater awe
Subdued its awful being, and appalled,
With memories of terrible delight
And fearful wonder, its devouring gaze.

7. "You make what Gŏd makes—beauty," said the shape,
"And might not this, this second Eve, console
The emptiëst heart? Will not this thing outlast
The fairèst creature fashioned in the flesh?
Befōre that figure Time, and Death himself,
Stand baffled and di̧sarmed. What would you ask
Mo̧re than God's power, from nothing to creäte?"
The artist gazed upon the boding form,
And answered: "Goblin, if you had a heart,
That were an idle question. What to me
Is my creative power, bereft of love?
Or what to God would be that selfsame power,
If so bereaved?"

8. "And yet the love thus mōurned
You calmly forfeited. For had you said
To living Laura—in her burning ears—
One half that you professed to Laura dead,
She would have been your own. These contraries
Sort not with my intelligence. But say,
Were Laura living, would the same stale play
Of raging passion, tearing out its heart
Upon the rock of duty, be performed?"—

"The same, O phantom, while the heart I bear
Trembled, but turned not its magnetic faith
From God's fixed center."

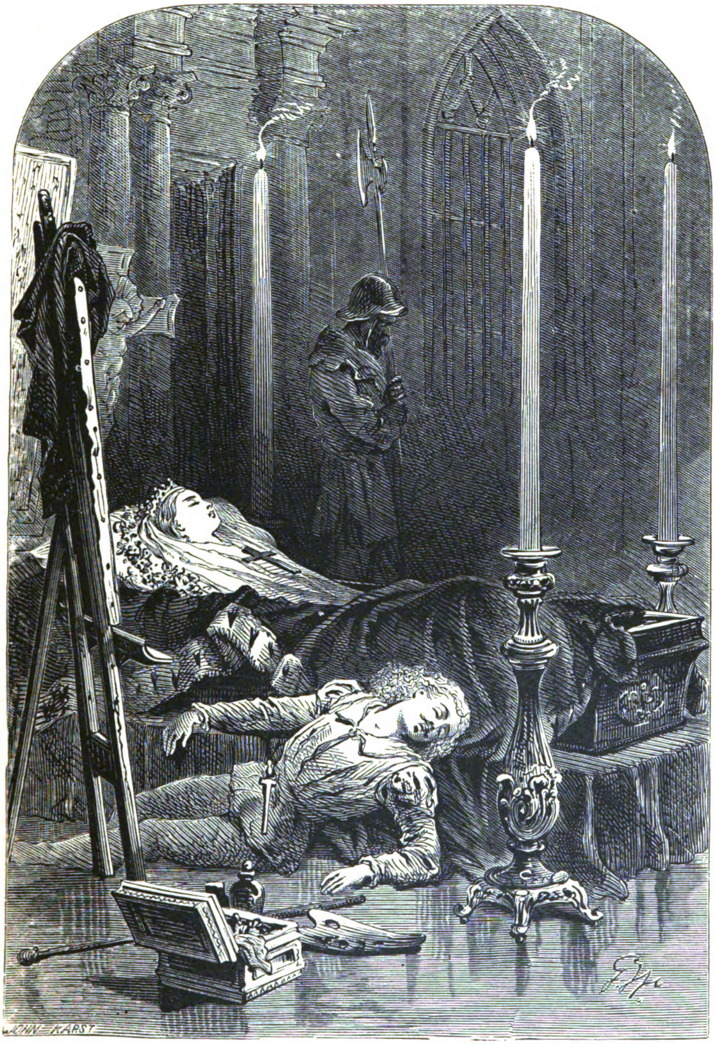
9. "If I wake for you
This Laura—give her all the bloom and glow
Of that midsummer day you hold so dear—
The smile, the motion, the impulsive heart,
The love of genius—yeā, the very love,
The mortal, hungry, passionate, hot love,
She bōre you, flesh to flesh—would you receive
That gift, in all its glōry, at my hands?"
A cruel smile arched the tempter's scornful lips,
And glittered in the caverns of his eyes,
Mŏcking the answer. Carlo paled and shook;
A woful spasm went shuddering through his frame,
Curdling his blood, and twisting his fair face
With nameless torture. But he cried aloud,
Out of the clouds of an̲guish, from the smoke
Of very martyrdom, "O Gŏd, she is thine!
Do with her at thy pleasure!" Something grand,
And radiant as a sunbeam, touched the head
He bent in awful sorrow.

10. "Mortal, see"—
"Dare not! As Christ was sinless, I abjure
These vile abominations! Shall she bear
Life's burden twice, and life's temptations twice,
While God is justice?"—"Who has made you judge
Of what you call God's good, and what you think
God's evil? One to Him, the Sōurce of bōth,
The God of good and of permitted ill.
Have you no dream of days that might have been,
Had you and Laura filled another fate?
Some cottage on the sloping Apennines,
Roses and lilies, and the rest all love?
I tell you that this tran̲quil dream may be
Filled to repletion. Speak, and in the shade
Of my dark pinions I shall bear you hence,
And land you where the mountain goat himself
Struggles for footing."

11. He outspread his wings,
And all the chapel darkened, as if hell
Had swallowed up the tapers; and the air
Grew thick, and, like a cŭrrent sensible,
Flowed round the person, with a wash and dash,
As of the waters of a nĕther sea.
Slōwly and cālmly through the dense obscure,
Dove-like and gentle, rose the artist's voice:
"I dare not bring her spirit to that shame!
Know my full meaning—I that nēither fear
Your mystic person nor your dreadful power.
Nor shall I now invoke God's potent name
For my deliverance from your toils. I stand
Upon the founded structure of His law,
Established from the first, and thence defy
Your arts, reposing all my trust in that!"

12. The darknĕss eddied ŏff; and Carlo saw
The figure gathering, as from outer space,
Brightness on brightness; and his former shape
Fell from him, like the ashes that fall off
And show a core of mĕllōw fire within.
Adown his wings there pōured a lambent flood,
That seemed as molt*e*n gold, which plashing fell
Upon the floor, enringing him with flame;
And ō'er the tresses of his beaming head
Arose a stream of many-colored light,
Like that which crowns the morning. Carlo stood
Steadfast, for all the splendor, reaching up
The outstretched palms of his untainted soul
Toward heav*e*n for strength. A moment thus; then asked,
With reverential wonder quivering through
His si̱nking voice, "Who, spirit, and what art thou?"

13. "I am that blessing which men fly from—Deaṭh."—
"Then take my hand, if so God orders it;
For Laura waits me."—"But bethink thee, man,
What the world loses in the lŏss of thee!
What wondrous Art will suffer with eclipse!
What unwon glōries are in stōre for thee!



And gently, as the sky-lark settles down
Upon the clustered treasures of her nest,
So Carlo softly slid along the prop
Of his tall easel, nestling at the foot
As if he slumbered.

What fame, outreaching time and temporal shocks,
Would shine upon the letters of thy name
Graven in marble, or the brazen height
Of columns wise with memories of thee!"—
"Take me! If I outlived the Patriarchs,
I could but paint those features ō'er and o'er;
Lo! that is done."

14. A pitying smile ō'erran
The seraph's features, as he looked to heaven,
With deep inquī'ry in his tender eyes.
The mandate came. He touched with downy wing
The sufferer lightly on his aching heart;
And gently, as the sky-lark settles down
Upon the clustered trĕasures of her nest,
So Carlo softly slid along the prop
Of his tall easel, nestling at the foot
As if he slumbered; and the morning broke
In silver whiteness over Padua. **Boker.**

George Henry Boker, an American poet, was born in Philadelphia in 1823. He graduated from Princeton College in 1842, studied law, but did not pursue the profession. His first work, "Lessons of Life, and other Poems," appeared in 1847. "Calaynos, a Tragedy," his second volume, extended his reputation in this country, and was successfully played in London. His next production, "Anne Boleyn," was succeeded by the tragedies of "Leonor de Guzman" and "Francesca da Rimini." "Betrothal," a play, the "Widow's Marriage," a comedy, and several minor poems have since appeared. His "Poems of the War" was published in 1864, and "Our Heroic Themes," a poem, in 1865.

III.

90. THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

PART FIRST.

[*This poem is founded upon a story in* Boccaccio. *A young lover,* Julian, *whose cousin and foster-sister,* Camilla, *has been wedded to his friend and rival,* Lionel, *endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel of it. He speaks of having been haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the event, and a witness to it completes the tale.*]

He flies the event: he leaves the event to me:
Poor Jūlĭăn—how he rushed away; the bells,
Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and heart—
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,

As who should say, "continue." Well, he had
One gold*e*n hour—of triumph shall I say?
Sŏlace at least—befōre he left his home.
Would you had seen him in that hour of his!
He moved through all of it majestically—
Restrained himself quite to the close—but now—

2. Whether they *were* his lady's marriage-bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never asked: but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother's house among the pines.
But there, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,
The whōle land weighed him down as Ætna does
The Giant of Mȳthŏlogy: he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, "Go not yet,"
Some warning, and dĭvīnely as it seemed
By that which followed—but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told—the event
Glanced back upon them in his after life,
And partly made them—though he knew it not.

3. And thus he stayed and would not look at her—
No, not for months: but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once mōre the tōlling bell, and said,
"Would you could toll me out of life," but found—
All softly as his mother broke it to him—
A crueler reason than a crazy ear,
For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse:
All that looked on her had pronounced her dead.
And so they bōre her (for in Julian's land
They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heav*e*n,
And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

4. What did he then? not die: he is here and hale—
Not plunge headfōremost from the mountain there,
And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:

He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. "This, I stayed for this;
O love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no mōre:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead."

5. The fancy stirred him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drowned in the gloom and hŏrror of the vault.

6. "It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Pealed on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her—
He sŏftly put his arm about her neck
And kissed her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrŏng him,
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
"O, you warm heart," he moaned, "not even death
Can chill you all at once": then starting, thought
His dreams had come again.

7. "Do I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal, or my love

Mortal once more?" It beat—the heart—it beat:
Faint—but it beat: at which his own began
To pulse with such a vē'hemence that it drowned
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
So bore her through the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

8. There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With hälf a night's appliances, recalled
Her fluttering life: she raised an eye that asked
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer: then she spoke,
"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think)
At once began to wander and to wail,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back:
Send! bid him come;" but Lionel was away,
Stung by his loss had vanished, nône knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That seeming something, yet was nôthing, born
Not from believing mind, but shattered nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.

9. Then, when her own true spirit had returned,
"Oh yes, and you," she said, "and none but you.
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns."
"Stay then a little," answered Julian, "here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of him
When he returns, and then will I return,

And I will make a solemn ŏffering of you
To him you love." And faintly she replied,
"And I will do *your* will, and none shall know."

10. Not know? with such a secret to be known.
But all their house was old and loved them bōth,
And all the house had known the loves of both;
Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary:
And then he rode away; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Ŭpon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

11. And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him: myself was then
Traveling that land, and meant to rest an hour;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I hēard a groaning overhead, and climbed
The mouldered stairs (for everything was vile)
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seemed, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts.

12. A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush!
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet.
For while we rōamed along the dreary cōast,
And waited for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier stōry of his life;
And, though he loved and honored Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
Even by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

13. Suddenly came her notice and we past,
I with our lover, to his native Bay.—

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:
That makes the sequel pure; though some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I: and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbor whis*t*le answers him—
What matter? there are others in the wood.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed,
Though not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers—
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
But all from these to where she touched on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's seemed
No less than one dĭvīne apology.

14. So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."
Talk of lost hopes and brok*e*n heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid plĕasure hit him there.
But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they bōth had bōrne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land forevermore;
And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scatteringly about that lonely land of his,
And băde them to a ban̲quet of farewells.

IV.

91. THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

PART SECOND.

AND Jūlĭăn made a solemn feast: I never
Sat at a cŏstlier; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,

Not such as here—an equatorial one,
Great garlands swung and blossomed; and beneath,
Heirlooms, and āncient mĭracles of Art,
Chalice and sălver, wines that, Heav*e*n knows when,
Had sucked the fire of some forgott*e*n sun,
And kept it through a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and gŏd ran ever round in gold—
Others of glass as cŏstly—some with gems
Movable and resettable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—

2. Ah heavens!
Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought befōre the guest: and they, the guests,
Wondered at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his gold*e*n hour),
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seemed
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev*e*n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

3. And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funēreäl curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years befōre, and falling hid the frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp:
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seemed stepping out of darkness with a smile.

4. Well then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank,
And might—the wines being of such nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something wēird and wild about it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touched the meats; but ever and anon

A pricelĕss goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, showed he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

5. "There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his trĕasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—"
Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—"Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"

6. The lover answered, "There is mōre than one
Hėre sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Befōre my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honored to the uttermost.
For after he has shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearĕst to his heart—
'O my heart's lord, would I could show you,' he says,
'Even my heart too.' And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too.

7. "But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, nor many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master mōre than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But băde his mēniăls bear him from the dōor,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherished him, and saved his life.

I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belŏng to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"

8. This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced ēither way by each, at length
When some were doubtful how the law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.
Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he beginning languidly—his lŏss
Weighed on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as ēither lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strŏng conclusion—"Body and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

9. Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down befōre them all.
And crŏssing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diămond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seemed no more than gilded air,
Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,
Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crowned
With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flashed, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in:—

10. I am long in telling it—
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—flōated in—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose—
And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Befōre the bōard, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gilt and jeweled world
About him, looked as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

11. "My guests," said Julian: "you are honored now
Even to the uttermost: in her behold
Of all my trĕasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearĕst to me."
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like!"

12. And then he suddenly asked her if she were.
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other questioned if she came
From fŏreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers: but she
To all their queries answered not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "*Her spectre!*" But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"

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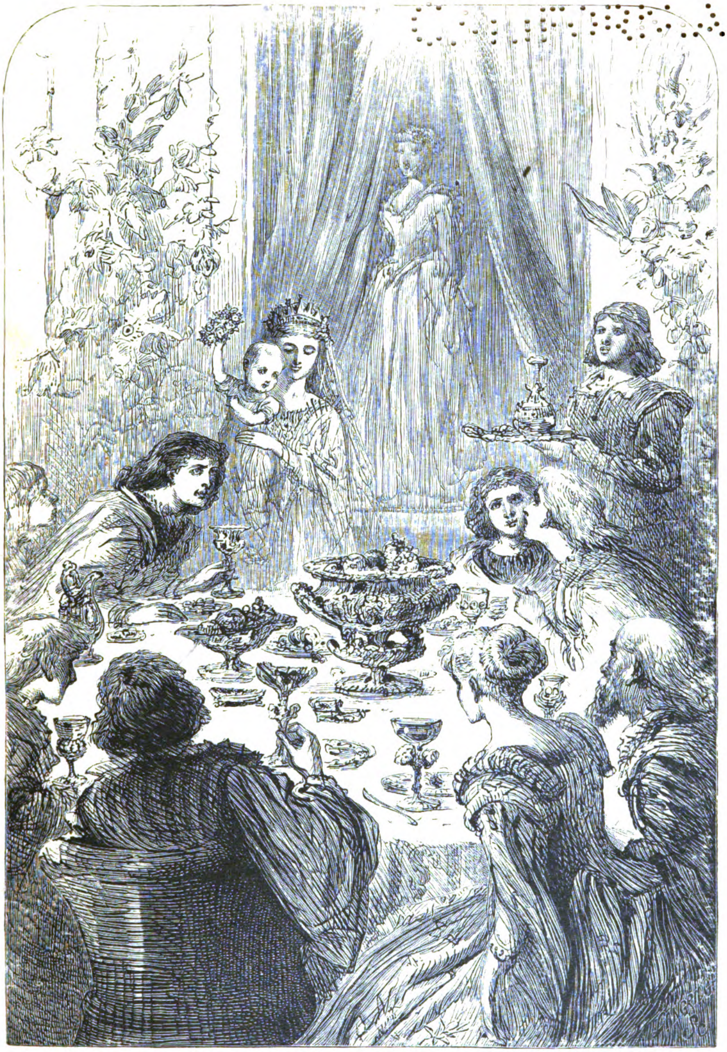

And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.

13. But Julian, sitting by her, answered all:
"She is but dumb, because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to night a guest
So bound to me by common love and lŏss—
What! shall I bind him mōre? in his behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, *giving* him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not ōnly *showing?* and he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is whōlly mine to give.
Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart."

14. And then began the stōry of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Past through his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:
Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it ōnly for the giver's sake,
And though she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever." Here he ceased.

15. Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them bōth to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rushed each at each with a cry, that rather seemed
For some new death than for a life renewed;
At this the very babe began to wail;
At once they turned, and caught and brought him in
To their charmed circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that turning to me
And saying, "It is over: let us go"—
There were our horses ready at the doors—
We băde them no farewell, but mounting these
He past forever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine. TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, poet laureate of England, the son of a clergyman, was born in Lincolnshire, in 1810. He received his university education at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems was published in 1830; his second, three years afterward. Some of his early minor pieces, as well as his selections from "The Princess," are simple, true to nature, and exquisitely beautiful. "In Memoriam," one of his most characteristic poems, is the most important contribution which has yet been given to what may strictly be entitled Elegiac Poetry. It first appeared in 1850, nearly twenty years after the death of young Hallam, the son of the celebrated historian, to whom he was bound by many endearing ties, and to whose memory the work is a tribute. Careful study, and reflection on the reader's own inmost being, are required to fully reveal the imaginative power, the wisdom, and the spiritual beauty of this work. The poet's early fame is fully sustained by his later writings. "Idyls of the King," for vigor, exquisite utterance, and varied interest, is probably inferior to no corresponding poem in any language. His latest volume, "The Holy Grail, and Other Poems," from which the above is selected, was published in 1870. In person, the poet is of dark complexion and imposing stature and appearance. His poems have passed through many editions both in England and America.

SECTION XXI.

I.

92. TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA.

[VIPSANIA, *the daughter of* AGRIPPA, *was divorced from* TIBERIUS *by* AUGUSTUS *and* LIVIA, *in order that he might marry* JULIA, *and hold the Roman empire by inheritance.*]

TIBERIUS. Vipsāniă, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

Vipsania. Whom do I see? my Tiberius?

Tib. Ah! no, no, no! but thou seest the father of thy little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the mōre closely for this meeting, and give him——

Vip. Tiberius! the altars, the gŏds, the destinies, are between us. I will take it from this hand; thus, thus shall he receive it.

Tib. Raise up thy face, my belovèd! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Lĭviă! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania! I may kiss thy head—for I have saved it. Thou sayest nòthing. I have wrŏnged thee; ay?

Vip. Ambition does not see the earth she treads on: the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her. Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius. It has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

Tib. My ambition, I swear by the immortal gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world—

Vip. Overawed Tiberius. I knew it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

Tib. And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any should look down on us and spurn us! Augustus, my benefactor, I have wrŏnged thee! Liviă, my mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign forsooth is a lovely thing! O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyed the sun as he swang his golden censer athwart the heavens, or his image as it overstrode the sea.[1] I have it before me; and though it seems falling on me, I can smile at it; just as I did from my little favorite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis,[2] when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stădium[3] away from it, to mitigate its effulgence.

These too were happy days: days of happiness like these I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow. Ŏ land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and floŭrish.

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[1] **The Colossus** was thrown down by an earthquake during the war between Antiochus and Ptolemy, who sent the Rhodians three thousand talents for the restoration of it. The first residence of Tiberius in Rhodes was when he returned from his Armenian expedition, the last was after his divorce from Vipsania and his marriage with Julia.

[2] **Thetis** (thē′ tĭs), in Greek mythology, a Nereid, the wife of Peleus, and the mother of Achilles.

[3] **Stā′ di um**, 606 feet 9 inches.

Why can not one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return?

Vip. Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I thought I heard my name, as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

Tib. Who dared to call thee? Thou wert mine before the gods—do they deny it? Was it my fault—

Vip. Since we are separated, and forever, O Tiberius, let us think no mōre on the cause of it. Let nēither of us believe that the other was to blame; so shall separation be less painful.

Tib. O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was? patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

Vip. Did you say that too? but I think it was so: I had felt little. One vast wave has washed away the impression of smaller from my memòry. Could Lĭviä, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me—

Tib. The wife of Cæsar did it. But hear me now, hear me: be cälm as I am. No weaknèssès are such as those of a mother who loves her ōnly son immoderately; and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very, very kind; but she regards me only; and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother? So good she ever was to me! so loving!

Vip. I quite forgive her: be tran̲quil, O Tiberius!

Tib. Never can I know peace —— never can I pardon —— any one. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! remind me that another climate might endanger thy health! There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us! our one boy! our helpless little one! him whom we made cry because we kissed him bōth together. Rememberèst thou? or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

Vip. I hear; I hear. O cease, my sweet Tiberius! Stamp not upon that stone: my heart lies under it.

Tib. Ay, there again death, and mōre than death, stood befōre me. Oh! she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me —— she threw me to where I am, at one breath. The gods can not replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly? to whom can I open my heart? to whom speak plainly? There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing: there was a woman too I could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father,[1] O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

Vip. These words cool my breast like pressing his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

Tib. My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropt from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied: and tossed away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh! Your merits may be yet rewarded —— be of good cheer! Counsel me, in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

Vip. This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

Tib. They had not then congratulated me.

Vip. On what?

Tib. And it was not because she was beautiful, as they thought her, and virtuous, as I know she is, but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be: worthy to succeed them.

Vip. Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness?

Tib. Where is my love? my love?

Vip. Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in the place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

Tib. And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania! why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is below us. Methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buzz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, and should hear the rattle of its rōōfs, and shout with joy.

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[1] **The regret of Tiberius** at the death of Agrippa may be imagined to arise from a cause of which at this moment he was unconscious. If Agrippa had lived, Julia, who was his wife, could not have been Tiberius's, nor would he and Vipsania have been separated.

Vip. Calm, O my life! calm this hŏrrible trănspōrt.

Tib. Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lŏst sound, to bring it back; and thou fancied it an echo? Wilt not thou laugh with me, as thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee, my tender love, when I commanded —— I know not whom —— to stand back, on pain of death? Why starèst thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them: now let me look! Thou turnèst thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal gods! I cursed then audibly, and before the sun, my mother!

W. S. LANDOR.

II.

93. THE COURT SCENE.

Characters: King HENRY VIII.; *Queen* KATHARINE; WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS, *Cardinals;* GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen* KATHARINE; *Scribe and Crier.*

WOLSEY. Whilst our commission from Rome is read
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authŏrity allowed:
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the cōurt.
Crier. Henry, King of England, come into the court.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katherine, queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.
[*The queen rises, comes to the king, kneels at his feet, and then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions: having here
No judge indifferent, nor no mōre assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displĕasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me ŏff,
And take your good grace from me? Heav*en* witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yeā, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined.
When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your an̲ger, did I
Continue in my liking: nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the cōurse
And prŏcess of this time, you can repōrt,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in Gŏd's name,
Turn me aẇay; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut dōor upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpèst kind of justice.
Please, you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before: it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel

I will implōre. If not, i' the name of God,
Your plĕasure be fulfilled!
Wol. You have here, lady
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yeā, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootlĕss
That lŏnger you desire the cōurt;[1] as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Camp. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly. Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, [*To* WOLSEY.
To you I speak.
Wol. Your plĕasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dreamed so), certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire!
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will when you are humble; nay, befōre,
Or Gŏd will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects

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[1] **Desire the court,** desire to protract the business of the court.

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yeā, the whōle consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal. I do deny it.
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? Yea as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your repōrt, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouthed;
You sign[1] your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly ō'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their ŏffice. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Befōre you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whōle cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him. [*She offers to depart.*
Camp. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and

---

[1] Sign, hear means *show*.

Disdainful to be tried by it: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katherine, queen of England, come into the court.
Grif. Madam, you are called back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor evermore,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their cōurts. [*Exeunt Queen and* GRIFFITH.
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world, who shall repōrt he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,[1])
The queen of earthly queens. She is noble born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself toward me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed: although not there
At once and fully satisfied,)[2] whether ever I
Did brōach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

---

[1] **Could speak thee out,** had tongues to speak thy praise.

[2] **The sense of the parenthesis,** so incumbered with words, is, I must be *loosed,* though when so *loosed,* I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once;* that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied.

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered; oft
The passages made toward it:—on my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,[1]
And thus far clear him.

SHAKSPEARE.

SECTION XXII.

I.

94. VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far ăwāy,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lāy:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral[2] flushes sent
Along the wavering vista[3] of his dream.

2. Not ōnly around our infancy
Dȯth Heaven with all its splendors lie,

---

[1] **The King** breaks off from addressing *Wolsey*, and here declares upon his honor to the whole *court*, that he speaks the *cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question, and clears him from any attempt or wish to stir in that business.

[2] **Au rō' ral,** belonging to, or resembling, the aurora, or the northern lights.

[3] **Vista** (vĭs' tȧ), a view, especially a distant view, through or between intervening objects, as trees; a prospect through an avenue.

Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sīnā*i*s climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fall*e*n and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountaĭn strīves,
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

3. Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrīves us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of drŏss costs its ounce of gold;
  For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whōle soul's tasking:
  'Tis heav*e*n alone that is giv*e*n away,
'Tis ōnly God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

4. And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heav*e*n tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it sŏftly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we lis*te*n,
We hear life murmur, or see it glis*te*n;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

5. The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace.

6. The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
   Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being ō'errun
   With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

7. Now is the high-tide of the year,
   And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
   Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

8. The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
   That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
   We could guess it all by yon heifer's lōwing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
   Tells all in his lusty crowing!

9. Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Every thing is happy now,
   Every thing is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
   'Tis the natural way of living.

10. Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

II.

95. VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PART FIRST.

"MY golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;[1]
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

2. The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,

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[1] **Holy Grail.**—According to the mythology or the Romancers, the San Greal or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it.

  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree.

3. Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

4. The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them fŏrth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

5. It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
  And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
  And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
  Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

6. As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
  He was 'ware of a lĕper, crouched by the same,

Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came:
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—
So he tŏssed him a piece of gold in scorn.

7. The lĕper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true ălms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand can not clasp the whōle of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

III.

96. VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare.

2. The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;

All night by the white stars' frŏsty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight.

3. Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frŏst-leaved fŏrest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diămond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

4. No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

5. Within the hall are sŏng and läughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and råfter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's rōaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;

And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

6. But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

7. The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the pōrch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

IV.

97. VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PART SECOND.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed ŏff the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

2. Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;

Little he recked of his earldom's lŏss,
No more on his surcōat was blazoned the crŏss,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

3. Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago:
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and lēapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of pälms.

4. "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees ōnly the grewsome thing,
The lĕper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate hŏrror of his dis̤ease.

5. And Sir Launfal said—"I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns—
And to thy life were not denied
The wo̤unds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

6. Then the soul of the lĕper stood up in his eyes
   And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
   He had flung an alms to leprosie,

When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set fōrth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his siṉgle crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of cōarse brown bread,
  'Twas water out of a wood*e*n bowl—
Yet with fine wheat*en* bread was the leper fed,
  And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

7. As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shōne round about the place;
The lĕper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.
His words were shed sŏfter than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they flōat down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:

8. "Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

9. Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!

Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with strŏnger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

10. The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is ō'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the dōor,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whōle year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he. LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838; studied law in the university, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but soon abandoned the profession and devoted himself entirely to literature. His first volume of poems, "A Year's Life," appeared in 1841; his second, "Poems," in 1844. His first volume of prose, "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," was published in 1845. In 1848 appeared another series of his "Poems," the "Biglow Papers," a satire, and the "Vision of Sir Launfal." In January, 1855, on the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, he was appointed professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College. Mr. Lowell has written much for the "London Daily News," "Putnam's Monthly," the "North American Review," and the "Atlantic Monthly," of which last he has long been the editor. Of his recent works, "Fireside Travels" appeared in 1864; the "Biglow Papers," 2d Series, in 1866; "Under the Willows, and Other Poems," in 1869; and "Among my Books," in 1870. His writings are "singularly high-minded, vigorous, and pure." He has a fine imagination, is original in his conceptions, and entitled to rank among the very first of American authors.

V.

98. CHARITY.

[*From an Address delivered for the benefit of various charitable institutions in* BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CHARLESTON, S. C., *and many other cities, during the severe financial crisis of* 1857.]

A YOUNG man in one of our large cities—I need not say which—applied to one of the benevolent institutions of the place, in a destitute, friendless, and truly pitiāble condition.

His case was carefully investigated and favorably viewed: he was not ōnly mōre than once relieved from immediate wa̤nt, but pụt in the way of earning a livelihood by his independent exertions; and being thus guided into the path of self-supporting ĕffōrt, rose steadily, and at length, by a happy turn of affairs, rapidly to competence, prosperity, and affluence.

2. The change of his cir′cumstances unfortunately failed to enlarge his sympathies. On the contrary, the sordid passion for accumulation stole in and grew upon him with the means of indulging it; prosperity turned his head and hardened his heart; and when at length formally solicited to contribute a trifle, from his abundance, to the funds of the vĕry institution which had rescued him from the street, he coldly declined. Nay, when urged by one who knew his hĭstòry, and who adjured him by the remembrance of his own straits, and by the charity which helped him through them, to have pity on a fellow-sufferer, he bid him begŏne, and turned from him unmoved.

3. Do you ask me the name of this hard-hearted, thankless cumberer of the ground? Are you anxious to point the slow unmoving finger of righteous indignation and scorn at this monster of ingratitude? Good Heavens! you know him, he lives among us, takes his daily walks in our streets, always on 'change, ŏf*te*n at church—what if I should tell you that he is here in the hall this evening? I dare not call him by name: I leave one to do it who has a better right; one who spoke three thousand years ago, with a voice of thunder, in the ears of a guilty king. "*Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man.*"

4. Yĕs, you, my comfortable fellow-citizen, with your town-house and your country-house and your marïne villa, and your purple and your fine linen and your daily sumptuous fare; you, my gracious lady, whose life is a glittering mĕl′odrāme of ĕquipäġe, dress, and entertainments. You, my poor young friend, who are driving to destruction as fast as your fast horses can carry you, in the mad pursuit of the ghastly cheats which you call plĕasure—pleasures of an hour, curses of a life; an empty purse, a blighted name, fever in the veins and rottenness in the bones. You, my sweet young sister—and most it grieves me to speak the words to you—who have already set up the gilded idols of fashion in "the moving toyshop" of your little heart;—

thou art the man, thou art the woman, thou art the youth, thou art the maid*e*n.

5. My pitiful tale is a parable. Thou thyself art the helpless being that crept wailing and destitute into life. Loving parents, kind friends, are the benefactors that shielded your dependent years. This vast and thriving country, that protects you and shares with you its prosperity, is the charitable association which helped you forward in life. A gracious Providence is the ălmoner that sends you daily bread.

6. Health, strength, talents, opportunity, successful ĭn′dustry, are the largesses that have at length filled your cŏffers; and the poor creatures that shiver along the streets, the modest want that pines at home; the discoŭraged men, the over-worked, heart-brok*e*n women, the wretched chĭldrĕn whose eyes never kindle with one beam of light-hearted, youthful gladness; all the sons and daughters of want, who are passing this very night in cold garrets, in noisome cellars two stōries deep, which a breath of whōlesome air, summer or winter, never enters—these are the poor brethren who adjure you to remember them as Heav*e*n has remembered you.

7. You are all familiar, I doubt not, with that pathetic and well-told anecdote of the rescue of the Eūropē′ans in the residence at Lucknow, in India, by the arrival, at the vĕry crisis of their fate, of that noble Havelock, whose own untimely end has been so lately mōurned by the whōle civilized world. The anecdote is of doubtful authenticity, at least as far as concerns its details, but the condition of the Europeans at the time of their relief is a matter of histŏrical fact. The imperfect defences of the residence were undermined and ready to be fōrced; a remorselĕss enemy surrounded them on ĕvĕry side; the exhausted garrison was on the point of sinking under the toils and anxieties of the protracted defence; and death in its most dreadful forms stared them in the face.

8. The women in the residence had bōrne their full part in the labors and dangers of the defence, tending the wǫunded and sick, conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men at the guns with needed refreshments, night and dāy. On what was at the time believed to be the morning of the last day the enfeebled garrison could possibly hold out, the wife of a superior ŏfficer (and it is she who is supposed to tell the exciting and pathetic tale) had gone to the lines to render such aid as she might be able, accompanied by the wife of a subaltern officer in the same regiment.

9. This last poor young woman had fallen into a state of nervous excitement during the siege, and for the last few days a constant fever had preyed upon her. Her mind wandered at times—she thought, she dreamed of home—her heart in fact was in her distant Highlands. At length, overcome with fatigue, she wrapped herself in her plaid; threw herself on the ground, her head resting on the lady's knee, and fell asleep, praying ōnly to be waked up—poor soul—"when her father should come home from the plowing."

10. In a short time, in spite of the continual rōar of the cannons and bursting of the shells, the lady herself sunk to sleep also. Suddenly, however, she was awakened by an unearthly but a rapturous scream, and beheld the young woman starting to her feet—her arms raised, her head bent forward in the most earnest attitude of listening. Soon a look of wild and intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped the lady's hand, and drawing her close to her side, exclaimed in frantic joy, "Dinna ye hear it, dinna ye hear it, I'm no dreaming—it's the slogan of the Highlanders, the Campbells are coming, we are saved, we are saved!"

11. The warfare of life has its perils, its sufferings, its extremities, its rescues, as urgent, as nărrōw as the warfare of arms. The greatest dangers, the most deplōrable sacrifices, the most thrilling escapes, are not those of the tĕntĕd field or "the imminent deadly breach." It is not necessary to go to the antĭp′odĕs, and search amidst the crash of old effete despotisms, for scenes of hŏrror which make the blood run cold at their bare mention. Here in the heart of our great cities, here in the neighborhood of spacious squares and magnificent avenues, here in the shadow of palatial walls, hundreds, thousands of our fellow-creatures are beleaguered this moment by the gäunt and ru̇thless legions of wa̤nt and temptation.

12. Poor creatures, born with all your susceptibilities and wants; some of them to all of your hopes and expectations, clasped in their infancy to bosoms as fond and warm as those which nursed you into health, strength, and beauty;—their memories running back in their delirious dreams to homes as pleasant as those which sheltered your childhood—overtaken by calamity, by disease, by the hard times—besieged, shut in by the dreadful enemy.

13. The fires of necessity (fiercer than those which spout from rōaring artillery or rage like an open hell along the embattled lines) girding them round—nearer and nearer, hotter and hotter, with every feverish unfed morning's light and every fainting evening's watch—the last piteous appeal for employment unsuccessfully made; the ill-spared cloak stripped from the shivering shoulders; the last sorely needed blanket tōrn from the miserable bed and taken to the pawnbroker's; the last fond trifles of better days—the poor little gold ring which her sailor brother put upon her finger when he went upon the voyage from which he never came back—the bracelet of flaxen hair cut from the head of a little sister, as she lay in her cŏffin, white as the pale roses that decked it;—the cherished locket that clasped the tender secret of her young affections (for these poor creatures have hearts as warm as any that beat in those glittering rows), the very Bible that her mother placed in her trunk when, joyous and hopeful, loaded with the blessèd burden of a parent's tears and prayers and benedictions, she left her native village for the city; all pawned, all bartered for bread, all parted with for ever.

14. O Heavens! how can they bear it? How can virtue, conscience, holy shame itself hold out under another day's craving, gnawing hunger, another night's hateful, devilish temptation? They will, they must give way. O Christian men, and still more, dear Christian women, have mercy upon them! Let them, as they are just about to fall "like stars that rise no mōre"—let them hear in the distance the footsteps of manly aid—let hope come sŏftly rustling to the strained ear like the flutter of an angel's wing, in the robes of mātronly and maiden sympathy flying to their rescue, and from the lips of your poor sisters just ready body and soul to perish, let the blessèd cry be heard, "*We are saved, we are saved!*"

Adapted from EDWARD EVERETT.

VI.

99. HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

PART FIRST.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe of him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wạnton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

2. Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maid*e*n-white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

3. But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dĭvīding;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

4. No war or battle's sound
Wạş heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hŏstĭle blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was by.

5. But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

6. The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer[1] that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

7. And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could bear.

8. The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row:
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan[2]
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Were all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

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[1] **Lucifer,** Latin *Luciferus,* as here used, the light-bringer; the morning star. A name of the devil, from the rhetorical figure of the ruined king of Babylon, in Isaiah, as a fallen star: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" From this figure of a fallen monarch, Milton also uses Lucifer as the title of his demon of pride, and thus this name of the pure herald of daylight has become hateful to us.

[2] **Pan,** in Grecian mythology, the god of flocks and shepherds.

9. When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal fingers strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such plĕasure lōath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolŏngs each heavenly close.

10. Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cȳnthiă's[1] seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

11. At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim,[2]
And swōrdèd seraphim,[3]
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir,

12. Such music, as 'tis said,
Befōre was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

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[1] **Cȳn' thi a,** the moon, a name given to Diana, derived from Mount Cynthus, her birthplace.

[2] **Cher' u bĭm,** the Hebrew plural of *cherub,* one of an order of angels usually regarded as distinguished by their superior knowledge.

[3] **Sĕr' a phĭm,** angels of the highest order, distinguished from cherubim by the ardor of their love.

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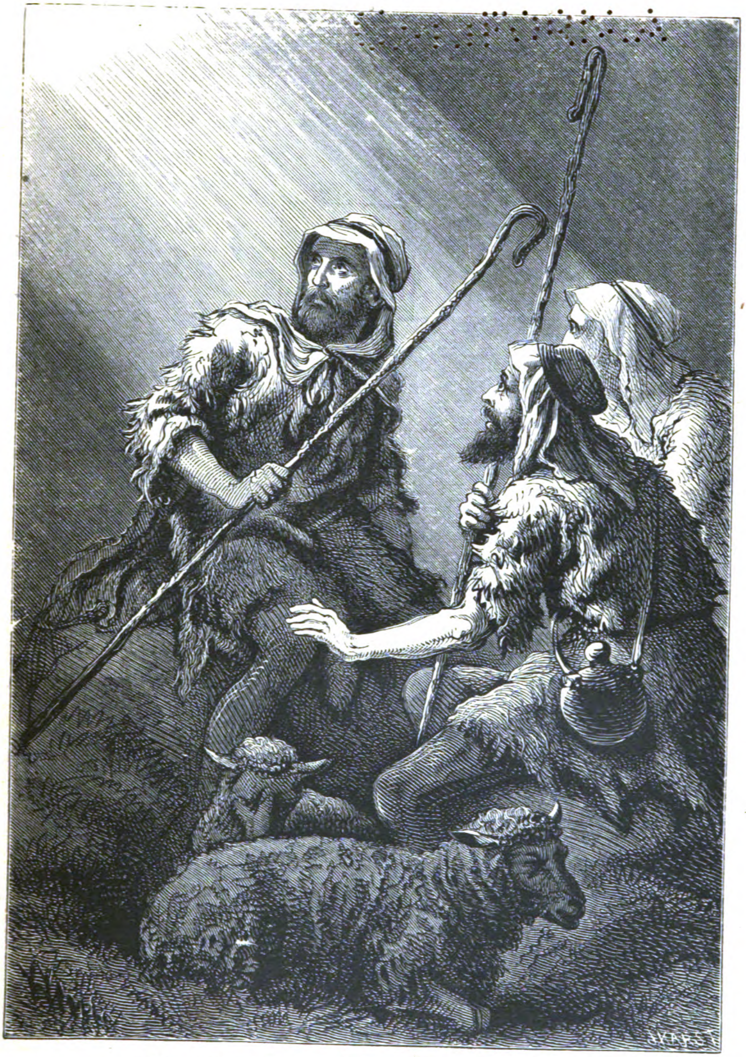

When such music sweet their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal fingers strook;
Divinely-warbled voice answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

13. Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bāss of Heav*e*n's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

14. For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sick*e*n soon and die,
And lĕprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dŏlorous mansions to the peering day.

VII.

100. HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

PART SECOND.

YEA, Trụth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heav*e*n, as at some festival,
Will op*e*n wide the gates of her high palace hall.

2. But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yĕt be so;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter crŏss
Must redeem our lŏss,
So bōth himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those enchained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

3. With such a hŏrrid clang
As on Mount Sinaï rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds outbrake:
The agèd earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

4. And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, underground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not hälf so far casts his usurpèd sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly hŏrror of his foldèd tail.

5. The ŏracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd rōōf in words deceiving.
Apollo[1] from his shrine
Can no more dĭvīne,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

6. The lonely mountains ō'er,
And the resounding shōre,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edgèd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses tōrn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mōurn.

7. In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,

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[1] **Apŏllo,** one of the principal gods of Grecian mythology. Homer represents him as a revealer of the future, a function which he exercised especially at the temple of Delphi.

The Lars[1] and Lĕmūreş[2] mourn with midnight plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens[3] at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wônted seat.

8. Peör and Baälim[4]
Forsake their temples dim
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtoreth,[4]
Heaven's queen and mother bōth,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyac Hammon[5] shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz[6] mourn.

9. And sullen Moloch,[7] fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

10. Nor is Osīris[4] seen
In Memphian grove or green,

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[1] **Lar** (lär), plural lā′ rēz, though here pronounced lärz, a household deity among the Romans, regarded as the soul of a deceased ancestor.

[2] **Lĕm′ ū rēs,** though here pronounced lē′ mūrz, spirits or ghosts of the departed; specters.

[3] **Flā′ men,** a priest devoted to the service of one particular god.

[4] **Peor and Baalim,** from Bāäl, a Chaldean god, worshiped extensively in antiquity, even by the Israelites. Baäl, the male deity, was worshiped as the sun, and Ashtoreth, or Astarte, as the moon or "queen of night."

[5] **Hăm′ mon,** same as *Ammon,* an ancient god usually represented in the form of a ram, or a human being with the head of a ram.

[6] **Thăm′ muz,** an ancient Syrian deity in honor of whom the idolatresses held an annual lamentation; the same with the Phenician Adonis.

[7] **Mō′ loch,** the deity of the Ammonites to whom human sacrifices were offered in the valley of Tophet.

[8] **O sī′ ris,** one of the three deities to whom supreme honor was paid in ancient Egypt. The originator of civilization, in a contest with Typhon, or evil, he was slain and his dead body fitted into a chest, thrown into the Nile, and swept out to sea.

Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stōlèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark.

11. He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gŏds beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

12. So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

13. But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable. MILTON.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

101. DEATH IN JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glōrious sky,
And the green mountains round;
And thought that, when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

2. A cell within the froz*e*n mold,
A cŏffin bōrne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempĕsts beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and sŏft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mold gently pressed
Into my nărrōw place of rest.

3. There, through the lŏng, long summer hours,
The gold*e*n light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build, and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

4. And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or sŏngs of maids beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?

And what if, in the evening light,
Betrŏthèd lovers walk in sight
  Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around,
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

5. I know, I know I should not see
  The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightnèss shine for me,
  Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
  They might not haste to go:
Soft airs, and sŏng, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

6. These to their softened hearts should bear
  The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who can not share
  The gladnèss of the scene:
Whose part, in all the pŏmp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
  Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

W. C. BRYANT.

II.

102. VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

SUDDENLY I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant rōad. It stole upon the air for a moment: I lis*te*n*e*d in awe; but then it died ăwāy. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learnèd in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality, as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies, when the signal is flying for *action*.

2. But, on the other hand, this accursèd gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune, I see its total evolution;[1] in the radix[2] of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence, I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us*, our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of läughter to look back upon, the first face of which was hŏrror—the parting face a jest, for any anxiety to rest upon *our* ĭnterèsts. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remark this ominous accident of our situation. We were on the wrŏng side of the rōad.

3. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road—viz., the luxury of the sŏft beat*en* sand, as contrasted with the paved center—would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would thĕrefore, to a certainty, be traveling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crŏssing over to the other would, of cōurse, be looked for from *us*. Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us, would rely upon *us* for quartering. All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times mōre, I saw, not discursively, or by ĕffōrt, or by succession, but by one flash of one hŏrrid sīmultāneous intuition.

4. Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard? A whisper it was —a whisper from, perhaps, four miles ŏff—secretly announcing a ruin that being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not, therefore, healed. What could be done—who was it that could do it—to check the storm-flight of these manī′acal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible.

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[1] **Evolū'tion**, a series of things unrolled or unfolded; development.

[2] **Rā'dix**, a root; a base; that from which anything springs.

5. The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it ĭn′dustry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gayety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yĕt the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travelers, something must′ be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us*—and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered self—rests the responsibility of warning.

6. Yet how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident of the fŏreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside traveling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept around an angle of the road, which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished, and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The cōurt was sitting; the case was hēard; the judge had finished; and the ōnly verdict was yet in arrear.

7. Befōre us lay an avenue, straight as an ărrōw, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in regular line from ēither side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though reãlly I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a-half.

8. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the "Iliad" to prompt the sole resōurce that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles,[1] and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Pēleūs, aided by Pallas?[2] No; but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asiä militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

9. Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done: mōre on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for Gŏd. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will, at least, make some ĕffōrt to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save.

10. But, if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not?

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[1] **Achilles**, properly *Achilleus*, was the son of Peleus, and third in descent from Zeus, or Jove. His mother was the sea goddess, Thetis. He was the hero of Homer's Iliad.

[2] **Pallas**, the same as *Minerva*, was the goddess of wisdom and skill. She was the patroness and teacher of just and scientific war, and, therefore, on the side of the Greeks.

Whêrefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations—must, without time for a prayer—must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

11. But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was mĕasuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does coŭrage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day: ah! what a sŭblime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hŭrricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two cōurses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn for ever!" How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *him!*

12. For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mŭsed on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little ĕquipāge in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nôthing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered dĭrĕction.

13. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hŭrry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the dŏcĭle creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching center of the rōad. The larger half of the little ĕquipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow; *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight.

14. But it mattered little that one wreck should flōat ŏff in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of ăngel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and dĭvīde the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light mōre indivisibly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping ĕffōrts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned upon us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do thou finish above what I on earth have attempted."

15. Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inĕx′orable flight. Oh, raving of hŭrricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in hŏrror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down and back upon the scene, which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

16. Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whōle party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished.

17. But the lady ——! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, lēaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage (ĕk′wĭ pĕj) of his terrors, and the tiger rōar of his voice.

18. The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former dĭrĕction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever. DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester, England, on the 15th of August, 1785. He passed his childhood in rural retirement. He was matriculated at Oxford, at Christ-

mas, 1803, being then in his nineteenth year, where he remained till 1808. He resided for twenty years, between 1808 and 1829, among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, and occupied Wordsworth's cottage seven years of the time. De Quincey's first work, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," which appeared in the London Magazine, in 1821, and was printed in book form in 1822, was immediately and immensely popular. It passed through several editions in Europe and this country, and at once placed its author in the front rank of vivid and powerful writers. After this period, his numerous contributions to the periodical press were paid for at a large price. He wrote upon a wider and more diversified range of subjects than any other author of his time. He was noted for his original genius, stores of learning, depth of insight, and subtlety of thought. His matter was always abundant and good, and his style of the rarest brilliancy and richness. He was the author of the admirable memoirs of Shakspeare and Pope in the Encyclopædia Britannica. He died Dec. 8, 1859.

III.

103. DEATH.

BENEATH the endless surges of the deep,
  Whose green content ō'erlaps them evermōre,
A hōst of măriners perpetual sleep,
  Too hushed to heed the wild commotion's rōar:
The emerald weeds glide sŏftly o'er their bones,
And wash them gently 'mid the rounded stones.
  No epitaph have they to tell their tale—
Their birth-place, age, and stōry all are lŏst—
  Yet rest they deeply as, within the vale,
Those sheltered bodies by the smooth slates crŏst;
And countlèss tribes of men lie on the hills,
And human blood runs in the crystal rills.

2. The air is full of men who once enjoyed
  The healthy element nor looked beyŏnd:
Many, who all their mortal strength employed
  In human kindness—of their brothers fond;
And many mōre who counteracted fate
And battled in the strife of common hate.
  Profoundèst sleep enwraps them all around—
Sages and sire, the child, and manhood strŏng,
  Shed not one tear; expend no sorrowing sound;
For oh, Death stands to welcome thee and me;
And life hath in its breath a deeper mystery.

3. I hear a bell that tōlls an empty note,
The mōurning anthem and the sobbing prayer;
A grave fresh-opened, where the friends devote
To mouldering darkness a still corpse, once fair
And beautiful as morning's silver light,
And stars which throw their clear fire on the night.
She is not here who smiled within these eyes
Warmer than Spring's first sunbeam through the pale
And tearful air.—Resist these flatteries;—
Oh lay her silently alone, and in this vale
Shall the sweet winds sing better dirge for her,
And the fine early flowers her death-clothes minister.

4. O Death! thou art the palace of our hopes,
The stōrehouse of our joys, great labor's end.
Thou art the bronzèd key which swiftly opes
The cŏffers of the past; and thou shalt send
Such trōphies to our hearts as sunny days
When life upon its golden harpstring plays.
And when a nation mourns a silent voice
That long entranced its ear with melody,
How must thou in thy inmost soul rejoice
To wrap such trĕasure in thy boundless sea;
And thou wert dignified if but one soul
Had been enfolded in thy twilight stole.[1]

5. Triumphal arches circle o'er thy deep,
Dazzling with jewels, radiant with content;
In thy vast arms the sons of genius sleep;
The carvings of thy spheral monument,
Bearing no recollection of dim time
Within thy green and most perennial prime.
And might I sound a thought of thy decree,
How lapsed the dreary earth in fragrant plĕasure,
And hummed along o'er life's contracted sea,
Like the swift pĕtrel, mimicking the wave's mĕasure;
But though I long, the sounds will never come,
For in thy majesty my lesser voice is dumb.

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[1] **Stōle**, a long, loose garment reaching to the feet.

6. Thou art not anxious of thy precious fame,
But comèst like the clouds sŏft stealing on;
Thou soundèst in a careless key the name
Of him who to thy boundlèss trĕasury is won;
And yet he quickly cometh̆—for to die
Is ever gentlest to bōth low and high.
Thou therefore hast humanity's respect;
They build thee tombs upon the green hill-side,
And will not suffer thee the least neglect,
And tend thee with a desolate sad pride;
For thou art strong, O Death! though sweetly so,
And in thy lovely gentleness sleeps woe.

7. Oh what are we, who swim upon this tide
Which we call life, yet to thy kingdom come?
Look not upon us till we chās*te*n pride,
And preparation make for thy high home;
And, might we ask, make mĕasurely approach,
And not upon these few smooth hours encroach.
I come, I come, think not I turn away!
Fold round me thy gray robe! I stand to feel
The setting of my last frail earthly day.
I will not pluck it ŏff, but calmly kneel—
For I am great as thou art, though not thou,
And thought as with thee dwells upon my brow.

8. Ah! might I ask thee, spirit, first to tend
Upon those dear ones whom my heart has found,
And supplicate thee, that I might them lend
A light in their last hours, and to the ground
Consign them still—yet think me not too weak—
Come to me now, and thou shalt find me meek.
Then let us live in fellowship with thee,
And turn our ruddy cheeks thy kisses pale,
And listen to thy sŏng as minstrelsy,
And still revere thee, till our hearts' throbs fail—
Sinking within thy arms as sinks the sun
Below the farthest hills, when his day's work is done.

W. E. CHANNING.

IV.

104. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when mĕadōw, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem appareled in celestial light—
The glōry and the frĕshnĕss of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yōre;
Turn wheresoe'er I may, by night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no mōre.

2. The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose;
The moon dȯth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glōrious birth;
But yĕt I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glōry from the earth.

3. Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous sŏng,
And while the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound,
To me ălōne there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strŏng.
The cataracts blōw their trumpets from the steep—
No mōre shall grief of mine the season wrŏng.
I hear the echoes through the mountains thrŏng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May doth every beast keep holiday;
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

4. Ye blessĕd creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival, my head hath its cŏronal—
The fullnĕss of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning, this sweet May-morning,
        And the children are culling
On every side, in a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
        I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
        —But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon—
Bōth of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glōry and the dream?

5. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
        Hath had elsewhere its setting,
          And comèth from afar.
Not ĭn entire forgĕtfulnèss, and not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glōry, do we come
        From Gŏd, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
        Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
        He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
        Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid is on his way attended:
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

6. Earth fills her lap with plĕasures of her own.
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
        And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
        Forgĕt the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

7. Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—
A wedding or a festival, a mōurning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her ĕquipage;
As if his whōle vocation were endless imitation.

8. Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best phĭlŏsopher, who yĕt dȯst keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, dĕaf and silent, rēad'st the eternal deep
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darknèss lŏst, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master ō'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glōrious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9. O joy! that in our embers is something that doth live,
That nature yĕt remembers what was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, befōre which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—

10. But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never—
Which nēither lĭstlĕssnĕss, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy, nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of cälm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children spōrt upon the shōre,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermōre.

11. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous sŏng!
And let the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your thrŏng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the rādiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

12. And O ye fountains, mĕadōws, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yĕt in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I ōnly have relinquished one delight
To live benēath your mōre habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even mōre than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that găther round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch ō'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other pälms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tendernèss, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanèst flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. **Wordsworth.**

William Wordsworth, the greatest of metaphysical poets, and one of the purest and most blameless of men, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland county, England, April 7, 1770. He read much in boyhood, and wrote some verses. He received his early education at the endowed school of Hawkshead; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, and graduated in 1791. In the close of the same year he went to France, where he passed nearly a year; and there he wrote the poem called "Descriptive Sketches," which, with "The Evening Walk," was published in 1793. In 1795 he received a legacy

of £900 from his friend, Raisley Calvert, and at the close of the same began to live with his sister, their first residence being at Racedown, Dorsetshire. He here made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and wrote many of the fine passages that afterward appeared in "The Excursion." In the autumn of 1798 he published the first edition of his "Lyrical Ballads," and then went to Germany with his sister and Coleridge; and, the party separating, Miss Wordsworth and her brother passed the winter at Goslar, in Hanover. Here were written "Lucy Gray," and several beautiful pieces. His long residence among the lakes of his native district began immediately after his return to England. His second volume of "Lyrical Ballads" appeared at the close of 1800. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, to whose amiability his poems pay warm and beautiful tributes. In the spring of 1813, after various changes of residence, he took up his abode at Rydal Mount, two miles from Grasmere, which was his home for 37 years, and the scene of his death. There, too, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland; an office which was executed by a clerk, and yielded about £500 a year. In the summer of 1814 was published "The Excursion," a poem which, if judged by its best passages, has hardly an equal in our language. The following year appeared "The White Doe of Rylstone." From his 50th to his 80th year the poet traveled much, suffered a great deal, and wrote but little. In 1842 he resigned his distributorship in favor of one of his two sons, and received from Sir Robert Peel, a pension of £300 a year. In 1843 he was appointed poet-laureate. He died April 23, 1850.

V.

105. AT THE GRAVE.

AND do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their ro͞ot and pụt fōrth buds,
And their sŏft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech
And make it send fōrth winning harmonies—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no mōre?—
To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

2. O, lis*ten*, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound fōrth still
The sŏng of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,

The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

3. O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glōries; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

4. Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest,
In these shaped stones and lettered tablets, figures
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with Gŏd
Brought to the old Judeans—types are these
Of thine eternity.

5. I thank Thee, Father,
That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy. R. H. Dana.

INDEX TO NOTES.

☞ *THE FIGURES REFER TO THE PAGES OF THE NOTES.*

ABAFT, 313.
Achilles, 459.
Advantage, 319.
Æsthetic, 275.
Again, 91.
Al Borak, 129.
Annihilation, 194.
Antennæ, 166.
Antique, 130.
Apathetic, 270.
Apathy, 143.
Apollo, 452.
Apuleius, 129.
Arborescent, 212.
Arcadian, 88.
Ariosto, 280.
Aristotle, 238.
Armada, 301.
Armida, 146.
Arras, 177.
Ascetic, 210.
Assiduous, 88.
Atahuallpa, 343.
Atheistical, 205.
Aureole, 256.
Auroral, 431.
Austere, 154.
Azote, 149.

BAALIM, 453.
Bacchus, 130.
Beagle, 185.
Beneficent, 236.
Blasphemous, 205.
Blazes, 113.
Bonheur, Rosa, 243.
Boom, 316.
Boreas, 205.
Bosom, 98.
Bouquet, 94.
Breda, 302.
Burke, Edmund, 210.

CÆSAR, 322.
Calendar's horse, 129.
Calmuck, 133.
Cape la Hogue, 309.
Cenotaph, 141.
Centrifugence, 149.
Centripetence, 149.
Cerberus, 288.
Cestus, 388.
Chaleur Bay, 130.
Chastisement, 143.
Cherubim, 448.
Cicero, Marcus Tullius, 334.
Cimmerian, 291.
Class, 278.
Claude, 242.
Cleanthes, 332.
Colossus, 123.
Colossus, The, 423.
Columbus, Christopher, 234.
Comminution, 236.
Condorcet, Marquis de, 359.
Connubial, 355.
Contemplated, 314.
Contrite, 100.
Copernicus, 235.
Could speak thee out, 430.
Crates, 332.
Crosier, 357.
Cue, 104.
Cynosure, 292.
Cynthia, 448.

D'ALEMBERT, 358.
Dapper. 104.
Decatur, Stephen, jr., 313.
Degage, 284.
Demesne, 284.
Derivatum est, 154.
Desdemona, 278.
Desire the Court, 428.
Devereux, Robert, 176.
Diabolical, 354.
Dight, 292.
Dilemma, 122.
Dimension, 191.
Disaster, 121.
Dissonance, 93.
Dolor, 179.
Dost, 87.
Doth, 87.
Doughty, 176.
Drake, Sir Francis, 176.
Ducat, 346.

ECSTASY, 92.
Elysian, 295.
Emollient, 122.
Epictetus, 331.
Equanimity, 128.
Equilibrium, 270.
Etna, 145.
Eurydice, 295.
Evoked, 237.
Evolution, 457.
Execrable, 122.
Exemplary, 358.
Exhaustion, 92.
Exhibited, 127.
Exhorted, 126.
Exponent, 330.
Exquisite, 119.
Extraordinary, 143.
Eyry, 101.

FACTITIOUS, 197.
Fairies, Q. of, 146.
Falcon, 101.
Fastidiousness, 197.
Flamen, 453.
Fervent, 88.
Function, 91.

GALA, 356.
Galileo, 235.
Garniture, 91.
Genii, 146.
Gertruydenberg, 302.
Grotesquely, 113.
Guelph, 134.
Gunwale, 313.

HAMMON, 453.
Harold, 240.
Haunting, 87.
Hawser, 317.
Haze, 114.
Hebe, 291.
Hieroglyphic, 276.
Hoary, 104.
Holy Grail, 434.
Homer, 154.
Horizon, 143.
Horoscope, 221.
Hudson, Henry, 164.
Humanity, 123.
Hydra, 260.

IAGO, 258.
Ides of March, 120
Idlesse, 153.
Illusion, 90.
Immaculate, 189.
Imogen, 278.
Imperceptibly, 99.
Impervious, 347.
Implacable, 144.
Impregnable, 350.
Incantation, 349.
Ineffable, 94.
Ingot, 176.
Innate, 93.
Insipidity, 143.
Interminable, 147.
Intersected, 283.
Intrepid, 174.
Isocrates, 330.
Italian, 302.
Ithuriel, 116.

JAQUES, 272.
Jets d'eau, 318.
Jew, the Wandering, 125.
Johnson, Ben, 294
Juvenal, 127.

KETCH, 313.

LABYRINTH, 348.
Lamentable, 102.
Landseer, Sir Edwin, 243.
Languid, 87.
Lar, 453.
Larboard, 314.

Legend, 180.
Lemures, 453.
Levee, 344.
Leviathan, 151.
Loathing, 100.
Loch, 98.
Lucifer, 447.
Lugubrious, 348.
Lydian, 294.

MÆNADS, 130.
Magic, 88.
Malison, 187.
Manse, 101.
Marie Antoinette, 357.
Mark, 346.
Marry, 259.
Maurepas, Count, 357.
Maurice, 303.
Mediatorial, 144.
Mellifluous, 189.
Melodramatic, 320.
Menstruum, 148.
Metaphorical, 214.
Michel Angelo, 361.
Misanthrope, 272.
Misnomer, 154.
Mizzen, 313.
Moloch, 453.
Montaigne, 273.
Montserrat, 145.
Morasses, 356.
Morland, Geo., 243.
Morat, 183.
Mortmain, 367.
Mottled, 114.
Mustaches, 123.
Myriads, 95.

NAPOLEON, 298.
Nascent, 102.
Nauseous, 121.
Necromancy, 256.
Negation, 270.
Nero, 335.
Neutral, 91.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 235.
Nothing, 106, 128.

OBLIVION, 201.
Occult, 375.
O'Conner's Child, 181.
Old Man of the Sea, 124.
Olympus, 205.
Optimist, 282.
Oracle, 97.
Oracular, 229.
Orpheus, 294.
Orts, 230.
Osiris, 453.
Ostentatious, 196.

PÆAN, 271.
Pageant, 201.
Pallas, 459. Pan, 447.
Panegyric, 120.
Paracelsus, 397.
Path, 113.
Peace, The prayer, 396.
Peag, 352.
Pensive, 153.
Peor and Baalim, 453.
Peremptory, 316.
Perfumes, 191.
Peso, 346.
Perturbation, 367.
Perused, 99.
Petal, 94.
Phenomena, 143.
Picturesque, 242.
Piscataqua River, 119.
Pitt, William, 361.
Pizarro, 343.
Plato, 154.
Plebeian, 285.
Pliny the Elder, 238.
Pluto, 295.
Poignant, 355.
Polypus, 124.
Port, 309.
Portent, 205.
Potter, Paul, 243.
Precariously, 233.
Precedence, 197.
Predator, 233.
Predominant, 120.
Prescience, 237.
Probationer, 127.
Profundity, 191.

QUEEN MAB, 146.
Quick, 148.

RADIANT, 87.
Radix, 457.
Raillery, 127.
Raleigh, Sir W., 176.
Raphael, 361.
Ravine, 113.
Rebec, 293.
Renegade, 350.
Reverberated, 163.
Reverie, 94.
Risibility, 127.
Rosseau, 279.
Routine, 120.
Rude, 106.
Rueful, 101.
Rustle, 189.

SACHEM, 349.
Sagacious, 215.
Salvator Rosa, 242.
Sanguine, 143.
Saturnine, 274.
Screwing, 126.
Scrupulous, 196.
Semblance, 197.
Seneca, Lucius Annæus, 331.
Senile, 179.
Sentient, 149.
Sequestered, 164.
Seraph, 189.
Seraphim, 448.
Severn, 169.
Sheeling, 102.
Sheer, 108.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 176.
Sign, 429.
Simultaneous, 347.
Sinister, 204.
Sinuous, 113.
Siren, 321.
Skipper, 132.
Solon, 120.
Spectacle, 318.
Spinney, 133.
Spinoza, 154.
Spinster, 131.
Spontaneously, 233.
Stadium, 423.
Stael-Holstein, Baroness de, 298.
Starboard, 309.
Sterile, 284.
Stickit, 127.
St. Nicholas, 163.
Stole, 464. Stolid, 272.
Stygian, 288.
Suborned, 353.
Subtle, 148.
Suffice, 150.
Surveillance, 344.
Swamp, 348.
Sweep, 317.
Sympathy, 119.
Symphony, 92.

TABLE-D'HOTE, 320.
Tacit, 214.
Taciturn, 126.
Tarpaulin, 317.
Teneriffe, 145.
Tether, 132.
Thammuz, 453.
The, 87.
Thetis, 423.
Tiberius, 296.
Tiberius, Regret of, 425.
Timon, 296.
Trafalgar, 301.
Transcendental, 132.
Transfigured, 96.
Transubstantiation, 319.
Troubadour, 146.
Truths, 230.

UBIQUITY, 349.
Ulysses, 321.
Umbrage, 98.
Unpredestinate, 230.
Unwonted, 101.
Uriel, 195.

VACUITY, 144.
Venus, 285.
Vernal, 100.
Versailles, 356.
Visage, 126.
Vista, 431.
Volition, 126.
Voluptuary, 92.
Voluptuous, 94.
Votive, 398.
Vulpine, 176.

WAS, 101.
William of Nassau, 303.
William the Conqueror, 240.
Wont, 110.
Wound, 229, 259.

YCLEPED, 291.

ZENO, 332.

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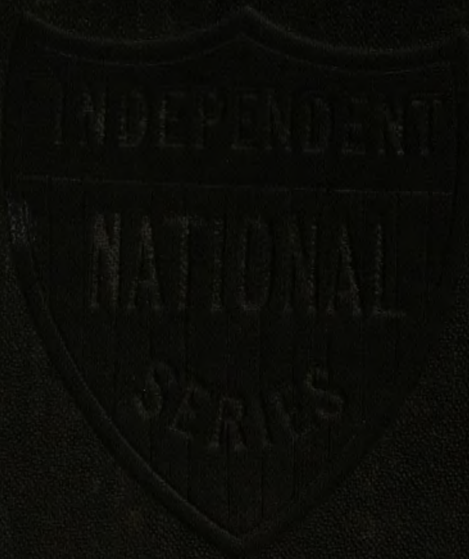
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